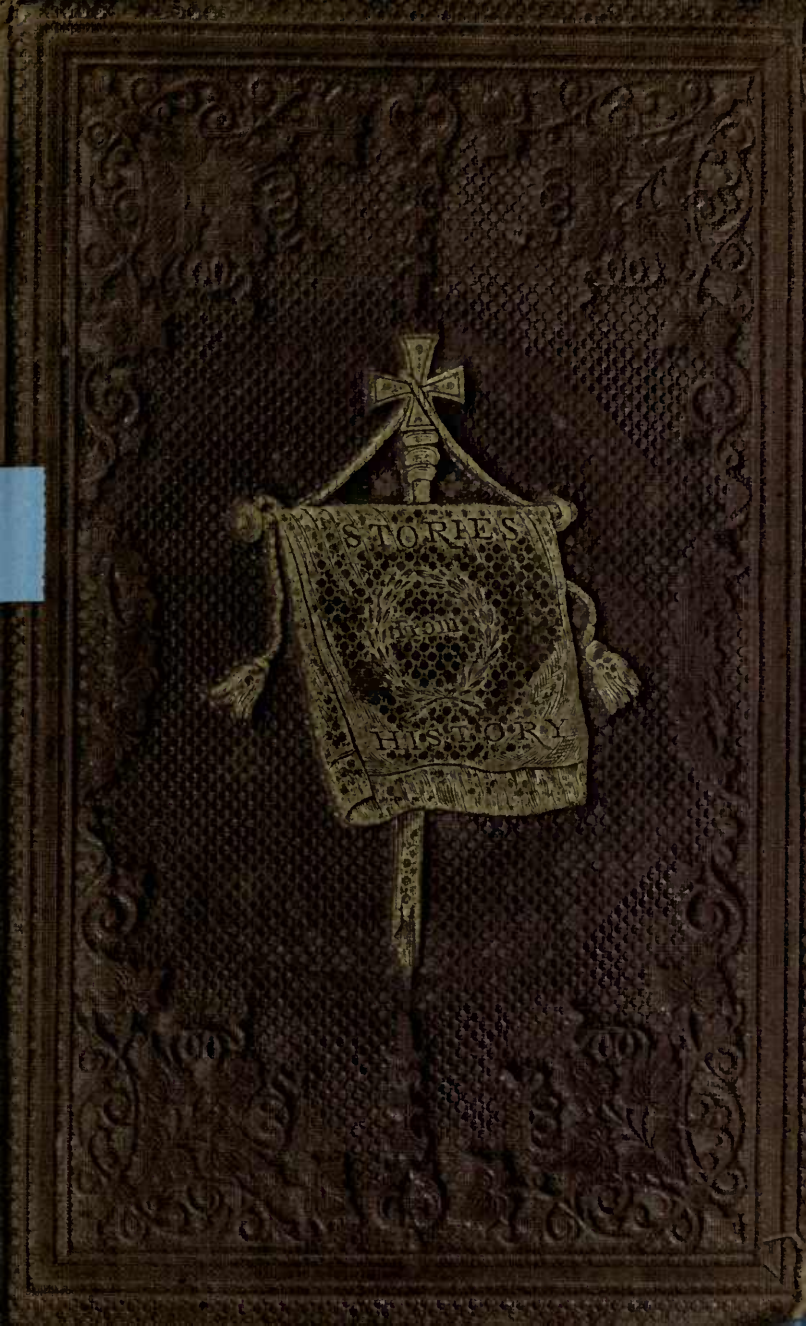
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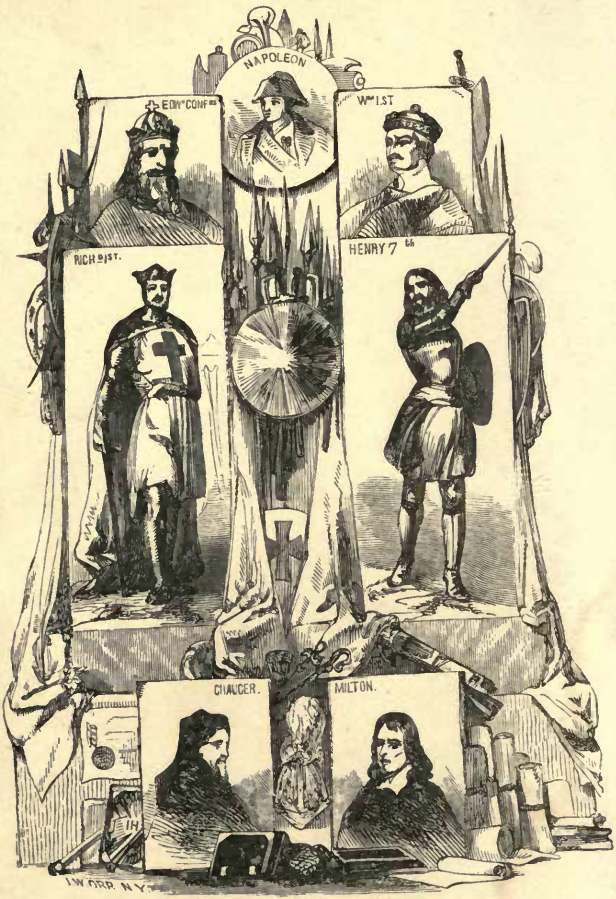
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CHAUCER.
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# TRUE STORIES

FROM

# MODERN HISTORY.

New York:
E. S. Francis and Company.

# TRUE STORIES,

FROM

# MODERN HISTORY:

CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED,

FROM THE DEATH OF CHARLEMAGNE TO THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

---

BY THE AUTHOR OF TRUE STORIES FROM ANCIENT HISTORY, ALWAYS HAPPY, ETC.

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"The study of History may contribute to our improvement in self-knowledge."—*Mrs. H. More.*

Revised and amended.

New York and Boston:
C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY.
1854.

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# TRUE STORIES

FROM

# MODERN HISTORY.

## CHAPTER I.

### EGBERT, FIRST KING OF ENGLAND.

I HAVE already told you,* that the Saxons, a people from Germany, had conquered England, and divided it into seven kingdoms, each ruled by its own prince; and that this was called the Saxon Heptarchy, or sevenfold government.

Egbert, one of these princes, having become sovereign of more than one of these kingdoms, by the right of succession, resolved to make himself master of the rest. He therefore raised an army; and soon conquering all the other princes, he succeeded in his plan, and united all the small principalities into one great monarchy.

* See "True Stories from Ancient History."

Thus, almost four hundred years after the first arrival of the Saxons under Hengist and Horsa, Egbert became sole king of England.

Egbert was a brave and polite prince; for he had resided in France during the reign of Charlemagne, and there he had learned not only polished manners, but many useful arts. He was crowned at Winchester; and the southern part of the island was then first called England.

The English had become very wise and civilized in comparison of the naked Britons, who so bravely opposed the Romans under Julius Cæsar. Good houses, neat furniture, decent clothing, were to be seen; instead of mud hovels, wooden bowls, platters, stools, and fur garments.

The Christian religion was established, and the clergy had acquired much learning. The greater portion of the people were, however, still very ignorant; and you will smile to hear that an eclipse of the sun was deemed an omen of approaching calamity. Even you children now know an eclipse of the sun to be caused by the moon coming between the earth and the sun, and hence keeping from us the light of that luminary.

Egbert did not long enjoy his dominions in peace; for the Danes invaded his kingdom. The Danes were one of those rude nations which

swarmed from the north of Europe? They were anciently called Cimbri, one of the Gothic tribes, and are said to have been governed by a king, named Schiold, sixty years before Christ. Ragner Lodbrog, one of their monarchs, was killed in England, which he had invaded with a strong army.

On some future day, you will have much amusement in reading of Odin, or Woden. He lived in the time of Pompey; and, being driven from the south, fled to the north, where he laid the foundation of a city, on the island of Funen, in the Baltic Sea. Look in the map of that place, and you will see the name of Odensee. This Odin was worshipped as a god by the Scandinavians, the general name for many of the northern nations.

When Egbert was attacked by the Danes, Norway, Sweden and Denmark were united under one king; but the English monarch, after many battles, drove away the invading barbarians, and for a short period procured peace for his country.

After the death of Egbert, the Danes again attacked England, and kept the island in continued alarm. Ethelwolf, the son and successor of Egbert, tried in vain to subdue the invaders: they yearly gained ground. His son Ethelbald

was equally unfortunate; and on the death of this last prince, A. D. 871, England was in a most wretched state.

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## CHAPTER II.

### GERMANY SEVERED FROM FRANCE.

CHARLEMAGNE, you may remember, was the sovereign of a very extensive empire; of France, Germany, and Italy. But great changes took place after his death. I think you must observe how generally the dominions of great conquerors fall away from their successors; and that the only permanent advantage which great men can bestow is in instructing and improving mankind; for virtue and wisdom, once attained, are not soon lost.

Louis I. the son of Charlemagne, was of so mild and kind a disposition, that he obtained the surname of *Debonnaire*, or *Gentle;* yet, though he possessed many and great virtues, his reign proved very unfortunate, in consequence of his second marriage to Judith of Bavaria, a very haughty bad woman. To secure the crown for her son Charles, she sowed

dissensions between Louis and his three sons by his former marriage, so that they rebelled against him, and forced him to take refuge in a monastery, whilst one of them, named Lotharius, assumed the title of Emperor. Some time afterward, Louis regained his dominions, and forgave his sons; but they soon again rebelled; and Lotharius was so wicked and cruel as to make his father do public penance, that is, confess himself in fault before the people, clothed in a mean, coarse dress. Lotharius now thought his father would be too much despised, ever to be able to regain his throne; for, in those days, the doing penance exposed a man to the contempt of all the world. His subjects, however, did not believe Louis to be guilty of the crimes he had been forced to confess; and therefore, finding a proper opportunity, they took him out of the cell in which his unnatural son had confined him, and once more proclaimed him Emperor. With his usual good nature, Louis pardoned Lotharius, and even made him king of Italy, but commanded him never to leave that country without his permission. Some time afterward, the three brothers again quarrelled with him, and, in marching against one of them, he was so overcome by fatigue, vexation, and a fright occasioned by a total eclipse

of the sun, that he fell ill, and died at the age of sixty-two.

Those who could wickedly abuse a parent, were not likely to regard any of the other ties of life. The brothers quarrelled among themselves; and, after many contests, made a division of the empire: Charles was declared King of France, and Lotharius was established as Emperor of Germany.

This Charles, to whom I have just alluded, was surnamed "the Bald;" for in those days it was customary to give even kings what we should call nicknames, derived from some personal quality, defect, or circumstance. He was son of Louis the Debonnaire and the wicked Judith; and, being as bad as his mother, was hated by all his subjects. He was only seventeen years of age when he became king, and is to be pitied rather than condemned, on account of his youth and his want of a proper education. He lived extravagantly, and dressed gaudily and effeminately; so that everybody despised him. When he grew up to be a man, he had children, who proved as undutiful to him as he had been to his father; a just retribution for his former conduct. Carloman, one of his sons, rebelled against him; but Charles took him

prisoner, had his eyes put out, and confined him for the rest of his days.

After the death of Lotharius and his son Louis II. Charles recovered the empire; but he had held it not quite two years, when one of his nephews led an army against him, to wrest it from him. Charles marched into Italy, to meet his adversary; but being betrayed by his nobles, he fled, and was poisoned, it is said, by his physician, a Jew, in a miserable cottage near Mount Cenis. He was at first buried near Lyons; but, seven years afterward, his remains were removed to St. Denis, where he had desired to be interred. His son Louis succeeded to the throne of France; but the empire was dissevered from it.

It was during the reign of Charles the Bald that the Normans, one of the Gothic tribes from Scandinavia, first appeared in France, and, sailing up the Seine, burned a great part of the city of Paris; and Charles, instead of fighting, gave them large sums of money to retire; a certain method of ensuring their return. They then entered Germany, where they committed extensive depredations, and had laid siege to the city of Hamburgh, when the Germans attacked them and put them to flight.

The Pope of Rome was now gaining much

power: he ruled not only in religious affairs, but had great territorial possessions. I shall make you laugh, when I tell you, that about this time a woman named Joan, in male attire, obtained the papal dignity. It is said that Pope Joan governed a couple of years without her sex being known; but this report is not universally believed.

The Saracens were still in great power; and, attacking the Venetians, destroyed their fleet.

But now that the states of Europe are rising into consequence, and each offering matter for a distinct history, it will be impossible for me to notice all the events that occurred in every separate kingdom. What I shall here relate must be of a general nature; and I can only record *remarkable* circumstances that have happened throughout the world.

So you must bear in mind that Italy under the Popes (thence called the Papal dominions), France, Spain, Germany, England, under their respective sovereigns, and the Eastern or Greek Empire (the last relic of Roman dignity), under its Emperor, are each and all subsisting, whilst I, perhaps, am confining my narrative to one of them.

The Scots had now a king who deserves notice, Kenneth M'Alpin. This warlike monarch

fought and conquered the Picts, a people who had long dwelt in the northern part of the island; and, having completely mastered them, joined their territories to his own. Scotland was anciently called Caledonia; but, from a people named Scoti, who passed over from Ireland in the eleventh century, and settled in that country, it was thenceforth denominated Scotland.

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## CHAPTER III.

### ALFRED THE GREAT.

I HAVE told you, that England was in a miserable condition at the time of Ethelbald's death. But I can now tell you how England was rescued from foreign foes, and the foundation of her present greatness laid.

A younger brother of Ethelbald, Alfred the Great, was this preserver and benefactor.

Alfred was only twenty-two years old when he became king of England. The Danes were then in possession of much land in the northern part of the island, and Alfred at first was unsuccessful in his attempts against them.

But he was too brave and too wise to de-

spair. He knew that "perseverance conquers all things;" and he therefore continued his efforts and gained some advantages. But when the Danes received fresh troops from their own country, the English were so disheartened that many of them deserted their valiant king; and, as he could not fight without an army, he retired from the unequal contest.

It was not from the base motive of saving his life, that he thus retired; no, he retired to gain time for making farther preparations; he preserved his life for the future service of his country. It is not courage, but foolhardiness, to attempt impossibilities.

Alfred dismissed his friends and attendants, and, without even a single servant, he wandered about in the dress of a peasant; but still he contrived to become acquainted with all that was going on, as well among his enemies as among his friends; and when he supposed his presence might be serviceable to the latter he left his retirement.

The Earl of Devonshire had just conquered some of the Danes, and slain Hubba, one of their principal generals. Before he discovered himself, Alfred desired much to know many particulars respecting the main army of his foes; and he resolved to undertake the hazardous task of

entering the Danish camp, for the purpose of observation.

For the sake of his country he had formerly preserved his life; for the sake of his country he was now willing to lose it. This was true courage. Disguised as a minstrel, and with a harp in his hand, Alfred went into the midst of his foes, where he so well acquitted himself, that he was carried before Guthrum, the Danish prince, and was by him much admired. The youthful harper made every necessary observation; and, when he had informed himself of the force of the enemy, their plans and arrangements, he retired in safety, and soon afterward summoned his people to take up arms in their own defence.

From this time prosperity crowned the endeavors of Alfred. The few soldiers his friends had collected were soon joined by numbers of the bravest English. The Danes were repulsed, and driven out of the country; and though they returned again, they were again vanquished.

Alfred having procured that first of blessings, peace, to his beloved country, and having taken measures to ensure a continuance of tranquillity, next devoted himself to improve the condition of his subjects. He only loved arms when they were necessary for defence. Unlike many other

men, also called Great, he did not think all glory consisted in war. You have seen how little good came of Alexander's mighty conquests: you shall hear what were the effects of Alfred's labors.

That his subjects might improve in knowledge, he not only wrote books for their instruction, but he also founded colleges, or public schools, at Oxford, and invited thither learned men from all parts of Europe.

He encouraged the useful manufactures, and thus not only increased the comforts and conveniences of life but aroused the industry of his people. Idleness is fruitful of vice and misery; when Alfred, therefore, encouraged honest industry, he discouraged the miserable vice of idleness.

To ensure a better administration of justice, Alfred drew up a code or book of laws, some of which were so good, that they are still acted upon.

He built ships and provided soldiers to guard the land; so that when foes appeared, they were quickly repulsed.

You will ask, how did he contrive to perform so much? I will tell you. He regulated his time, and was never idle. He divided the day into three portions. He gave eight hours to

public business, and the duties of government; eight hours he devoted to study and devotion, reading and writing; and eight hours to sleep, meals, and recreation. Of all this excellent king's sage rules, this last is most suited for general acceptation. To be kings, generals, and lawgivers, is the lot of only a few; but all can in some degree *govern their time*, and, by early rising and persevering industry, render every hour valuable.

Alfred, it is said, was twelve years old before he began to acquire any learning. But the queen, his mother, being a sensible woman, gave him afterward so much encouragement, that when he had once begun to improve himself he rapidly advanced in learning. He was sent to Rome for his education, and was careful to take advantage of every opportunity of instruction.

He was handsome in his person and pleasing in his manners; mild in peace, though valiant in war; severe in duty, but merciful in government. His subjects loved him as much as his enemies feared him.

After a busy life, unremittingly employed for the benefit of his fellow-creatures, Alfred died, in the fifty-second year of his age, and the thirtieth of his reign, A. D. 900.

What think you of him? Did he, or Alexander of Macedon, best deserve the title of Great?

Alfred first divided England into counties, tithings, and hundreds.

At this period, Wales was a distinct principality, and had a king of its own, who, however, did homage to his neighbor Alfred, king of England.

Of Ireland little was known at this era, except that, like England, it was occasionally ravaged by the Danes, and that the Norwegians also made inroads into it. These latter once were masters of the cities of Dublin, Waterford, and Limerick, reckoned the finest in Ireland.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### ICELAND PEOPLED FROM NORWAY.

At the death of Ragner Lodbrog, his three sons divided the kingdoms of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, among them. About this time, a colony from Norway, under Ingolfr, emigrated to Iceland, an interesting island, lying between Greenland and Norway. These Norwegians are supposed to have been the first inhabitants

of this northern island; they built there the town of Reykeavik, and were joined by some families from Ireland and Scotland.

Iceland is full of natural wonders. Though it has a very cold climate, it contains numerous springs of water, that issue from the earth, *boiling hot*. It has also many volcanoes, the most remarkable of which is Mount Hecla. This, like Vesuvius (of which I have already spoken), is a high hill, from which fire and hot ashes are frequently thrown out. Pray contrive to read a full account of the interesting island of Iceland.

About the time that Alfred subdued the Danes, Carloman began to reign in France, of whom I have a little anecdote worth recording. He was son of Louis the Stammerer, and grandson of Charles the Bald; and he reigned jointly with his brother Louis III. They were always united and happy together; but their reign was short and full of trouble. Carloman was killed accidentally, and at his death showed a generosity of character, which deserves to be remembered. He was very fond of hunting the wild boar, an exercise then much in fashion, and in which great courage was often displayed. One day, when he was following that diversion, one of his guards, aiming at the boar, had the

misfortune to wound the king mortally, by striking him instead of the animal. Carloman, aware that, although the poor man had done it unintentionally, he would be put to a cruel death, if it were thought that he had slain his sovereign, generously attributed the wound to the boar, and, by so doing, saved the life of his guard.

Not long after the death of Alfred, the Normans continued their depredations in France; and Rollo, one of their chiefs, obliged the French king, Charles the Simple, to give him his daughter in marriage, with a large tract of land, called Neustria. Rollo built there the city of Rouen, and the province was called Normandy, after its conquerors. I beg you will remember this early history of the Normans, and how they first settled in France. You will find that their after-history is connected with that of England.

About the year 600, it is reported, some Christians entered China, and were graciously received by the Emperor Tay-tsong. You know, I told you he was one of the best sovereigns that ever reigned in China. His empress was also good and learned, and wrote a book on the duties of women.

His successor allowed himself to be governed

by Vooshu, a beautiful but wicked woman, whom he called the "Queen of Heaven," but whom his subjects were disposed to call by a very different name.

She was base and cruel beyond parallel, and caused the death of the Empress, who had used her most kindly. She poisoned one of her own sons, and banished another, on purpose that her third son might reign. She pursued this system of oppression and tyranny even after the death of the Emperor, until one of her sons, at the head of some troops, dispossessed her of her usurped and abused power.

When she found all resistance would be fruitless, she patiently submitted to necessity: with her own hands she placed her conquering son on the throne, and retired to the private apartments of the women; for in China women live shut up in their rooms and secluded gardens, and do not appear in public. Vooshu died soon after her retirement.

During the reign of Alfred, another emperor of China was seized by his mutinous subjects, and confined in a small and strong apartment, where he was fed through a hole in the wall. He regained his liberty for a short time, but was at last beheaded, A. D. 889.

## CHAPTER V.

### FROM THE DEATH OF ALFRED TO THE REIGN OF HAROLD.

ALFRED had three sons and three daughters. His eldest son dying, he was succeeded by Edward, his second son.

Edward was a very valiant prince; and, though not so fond of study as his father, he encouraged learning among his subjects, and founded the university of Cambridge.

Athelstan came to the throne on the death of his father, Edward. A nobleman raised a conspiracy against him; but, when charged with the crime, he stoutly denied it, and offered to take an oath that he was innocent; accordingly, he solemnly swore that he was guiltless of any plot against the king. But it is recorded that he had scarcely taken this false oath when he was seized with convulsions, and died within three days; an awful instance of the power of conscience!

During the reign of Athelstan, Wales was benefited by the services of its celebrated king and lawgiver, Howel-Dha.

When Athelstan died, his younger brother,

Edmund I., wore the crown of England. He gave the county of Cumberland to Malcolm, king of Scotland, and promised to be worthy of his grandfather, Alfred; but he was prematurely murdered.

One day, when sitting down to dinner, he observed that Leolf, a notorious robber, whom he had banished for his crimes, had the boldness to place himself at the same table. Edmund, provoked at this insolence, unwisely gave way to his passion, and seized him by the hair; but the ruffian instantly plunged a dagger into the king's bosom. Thus died Edmund, a victim to indulged anger. He might have calmly ordered his attendants to seize the traitor; but it was beneath his dignity—it is beneath any person's dignity—to yield to rage.

Edred, another grandson of Alfred, succeeded his brother. Edred allowed himself to be too much ruled by Dunstan, abbot of Glastonbury; but he died before England had greatly suffered from his weak superstition.

Edwy, his nephew, was the next king; he married a lovely young woman, called Elgiva. The day on which he was crowned, instead of remaining to drink and carouse with his courtiers, he went to spend a quiet hour with his wife and her mother. The audacious Dunstan,

not approving of the marriage, entered the apartment, and forcibly drew the king out of it. The courtiers afterward persuaded Edwy to banish the abbot.

But this king was doomed to suffer by the insolence of his clergy. Odo, Archbishop of Canterbury, pretending that Elgiva was too near a relation of the king's to be his wife, divorced them; and, obliging Edwy to give up his consort, had her face burned with hot irons to spoil her beauty. Elgiva was afterward carried to Ireland; and, because she returned to her husband, she was again seized, and put to death in a most cruel manner.

The history of Edgar, the successor of Edwy, is also rendered remarkable by his marriage. The Earl of Devonshire had a beautiful daughter, of whom the king had often heard; so he despatched Ethelwald, his friend, to visit her, and bring an account whether she was really so charming as rumor had described.

Ethelwald was quite a young man, and so beautiful did he find Elfrida, that he fell in love with her, and secretly married her; then he returned to court, and told the king the lady was more rich than lovely, and persuaded him to consent to his own marriage with her. All falsehoods are certain of detection.

Edgar soon discovered the deceit that had been practised by his favorite, and resolved to behold the lady. He therefore took a journey to that part of the country where Elfrida lived, and, without saying that he had discovered the trick, he begged Ethelwald to introduce him to his wife. Ethelwald, however shocked at the request, could not refuse the wishes of his sovereign; and he hastened forward, under pretence of preparing his wife for the honor. Falsehood —pretence—you see how one lie brings on another; you see how Ethelwald is entangling himself in a net of his own weaving—pray mark the end of his deceptions.

Ethelwald hastened to his wife, told her of the falsehood he had uttered, and implored her to veil her beauty from the king. Elfrida was a vain, unfeeling woman; and, vexed at having lost her royal admirer, instead of dressing plainly, put on her most becoming garments.

Edgar beheld her, and was enchanted with her charms. Ethelwald was soon after found murdered, some say by the hand of the king—doubtless by his order. Elfrida was married to Edgar; but he shortly died, and then she farther showed her wicked disposition.

Edward, surnamed the Martyr, succeeded his father, Edgar; but his widow, having a son of

her own, though she affected to love Edward, secretly plotted against his life. One day, the young monarch called upon his mother-in-law, at her residence, Corfe Castle, in Dorsetshire; he was alone, and, being thirsty, requested to have a draught of wine. Whilst drinking, a servant of Elfrida's, by her order, stabbed him in the back. Feeling the wound, he galloped from the spot; but, becoming faint from loss of blood, he fell from his horse, and was found mangled and dead. His domestics privately buried his body at Wareham.

Ethelred, for whose advancement Elfrida had performed this bloody deed, was a feeble prince; and in his reign the Danes, under Sweyn, their king, gained possession of a large part of England.

Under the reign of his son Edmund, surnamed Ironside, they completed their conquest; and, murdering this brave but unfortunate prince, Canute the Great, King of Denmark, became also King of England.

Of this Canute you will read a pretty drama, in the "Evenings at Home." He was considered a wise and good monarch; and, as he possessed three crowns, at his death he gave one to each of his sons. Sweyn had Norway; Hardicanute, Denmark; and Harold, England.

Hardicanute, or Canute II., after the death of Harold, possessed the English throne.

Edward the Confessor, a Saxon prince, next reigned. He was supported in his claims by Godwin, Earl of Kent. This Godwin was so much loved by the people, that his son Harold became king after the death of Edward. Edward's nephew, Edgar Atheling, the great-nephew of King Edward, was too young to reign; so, it is said, the dying king thought of calling in William, Duke of Normandy.

Harold reigned only a few months.

You see, England was first conquered and governed by the Romans; secondly, by the Saxons; thirdly, by the Danes; and, fourthly, you will find a Norman king wearing the English crown. It was in the time of Ethelred and Canute, that France was governed by Robert, son of Hugh Capet. This Hugh Capet was originally a high officer in the kingdom, and bore the title of Duke of France; but, in consequence of the feeble government of the descendants of Charlemagne, the people chose him for their king, instead of the rightful heir; and from him are descended the present royal family of France. Robert, as I have just said, was son of Hugh Capet, and ascended the throne at the age of twenty-five. He married Bertha, a

very amiable princess, who was the delight of his life; notwithstanding which, this marriage caused him great misery; and I will tell you how this happened. In France, the people are of the Roman Catholic religion; and the highest of all the priests of that religion is called the *Pope*. Now the Roman Catholics are very much afraid of offending the Pope, for they believe his power to be greater than that of any king on earth, and think that whatever he orders is the will of God himself, and that he can even forgive sins. Well, the Pope was very angry with Robert for marrying Bertha, because he had not asked his consent; so he dissolved the marriage, and condemned the king and queen to do penance continually for seven years. Robert, loving his wife very much, refused to obey; upon which the Pope became quite furious, and excommunicated him. Now this was a very terrible thing; for it means laying a person under the curse of the Pope; and when any one is excommunicated, he is not allowed to go to church; all people are forbidden to receive him into their houses, or to have any kind of intercourse with him; and if he dies in that state, he is not buried in holy ground, no prayers are read, nor is any kind of ceremony used at his funeral; so that every one considers ex-

communication as the most dreadful thing in the world. Poor Robert was thus shamefully persecuted by the Pope, without having done anything that deserved punishment. All the people, and even the nobles, deserted him; only two of his servants remained with him; and these were so superstitious, that they purified with fire the plate he made use of at his table, as if it had been infected by touching his hands. Every one had such a hatred of an excommunicated person, that he did not appear any longer as a man, but a monster. At last, Robert was obliged to give way, and to break his marriage with the good Bertha, whom he dearly loved, and who was an excellent wife. He then married Constance, a proud, imperious woman, who made him very unhappy; and was such a tyrant that, when he did a good action, he was obliged to conceal it from her. If he rewarded any of his servants, he always said to them, "Take care that Constance does not know of it." Robert died at the age of sixty, universally regretted, for he was an excellent prince, mild, pious, and diligent. His greatest praise is, "that he was sovereign over his own passions as well as over his people." In his reign there was a dreadful famine, which was the cause of many crimes and calamities.

## CHAPTER VI.

### EVENTS OF SCOTTISH HISTORY.—VLADIMIR THE GREAT.

You have not yet read Shakspeare's plays; but at some future day you will, and I almost envy you the pleasure of their first perusal. Many of his plays are founded on historical facts, so that they are instructive as well as amusing. Among them is a tragedy called Macbeth; the horrid deed which forms the story of this play was perpetrated in the reign of Hardicanute, 1040.

Macbeth, a usurping noble, after procuring the death of his royal master, "the gracious Duncan," caused himself to be proclaimed king; and the sons of Duncan fled from the villany of the usurper.

Malcolm, one of these sons, afterward collected a force, and fought successfully against Macbeth. He finally defeated him, and ascended the throne of Scotland, under the title of Malcolm III. surnamed Canmore. Before this period, the history of Scotland is not well known.

When Harold II., son of Godwin, Earl of Kent, ascended the English throne, the rightful

successor, Edgar Atheling (the great-nephew of the last Edward), fled with his two sisters, Margaret and Christina, to the court of Scotland. The King of that country, Malcolm, received them kindly, and soon after married Margaret. Pray fix in your memory this marriage of a Saxon princess with the Scottish monarch. I shall hereafter call upon you to recollect the union.

You have heard of the lake of Geneva, and the city, of the same name, situated on its banks. This city was visited by Julius Cæsar; and the successors of Charlemagne added it to the German empire. The Saracens pillaged it in the reign of Athelstan.

The Turks also ravaged the neighborhood of Bagdad. This magnificent city had been for many centuries the residence of the Caliphs; but the Turks burned a great part of it; and their chief, Togrul, very much diminished the power of the Caliphs.

The Turks also possessed themselves of Jerusalem, after subduing the Saracens, who had long been its masters. Observe this event—the city of Jerusalem in the hands of the infidel Turks! The Turks were called Infidels, because they did not believe in the Christian religion.

The Saracens were driven out of the island of Sicily by Robert Guiscard, a Norman. In short, the Normans were in great power; they possessed a large portion of Italy, a fine province in France, and, to crown all, gave a king to England.

The Russians, a people descended from the Sclavonians, and settled in the north of Europe, though in a very rude state, had been long governed by a king. They were pagans, and none of the Russian monarchs showed more devoutness in the adoration of their heathen deities than Vladimir, who began to reign toward the close of the tenth century. It was his practice to express his gratitude for the success which they granted to his arms by offering on their altars some of the prisoners whom he had taken in war. About the year 1000, Vladimir became a Christian, and thenceforward set his subjects a shining pattern of charity and benevolence. He not only abjured idolatry himself, and destroyed the idols which he had caused to be raised in his dominions, but used every exertion to persuade and compel his subjects to follow his example. To convince them how senseless and worthless these idols were, he ordered one of them to be tied to the tail of a horse, beaten with sticks, and dragged to the

river; and, as this was doing, he observed to his subjects—"How can this wooden image be a god to let us beat and abuse it in such a manner!"

As a pagan, Vladimir had been lavish of human blood, and set but a trifling value on the life of a man; but after he had adopted the religion of Jesus, he could scarcely be persuaded to sentence to death a single highway robber. His former delight had been in storming towns and gaining battles; but he now found his greatest pleasure in building churches and endowing seminaries of education. On great festivals, he gave entertainments to the inhabitants of his capital, and was accustomed to send refreshments to those who, by sickness and infirmity, were prevented from attending them. By these and other marks of regard for the welfare of his people, he contributed to wean them from their former idolatry, and to win them over to the mild doctrines of the religion which he himself professed.

## CHAPTER VII.

### WILLIAM I. SURNAMED THE CONQUEROR.

William was the son of Robert, Duke of Normandy. Ethelred had married Emma,* sister of Richard, Duke of Normandy. Edward the Confessor was their son; and William, thus related to him on his mother's side, pretended that Edward had called him, as his kinsman, to the throne.

At the head of a fine army, composed of French and Normans, William landed at Pevensey, on the Sussex coast; and sending back his fleet, proceeded to Hastings.

Harold, son of Earl Godwin, who had got possession of the crown, soon appeared with some gallant troops to oppose the invader. They fought. Harold performed all that skill or courage could inspire, and died in the thickest of the fight, with his sword in his hand, amidst heaps of fallen foes. His death decided the struggle, and William was proclaimed king of England.

The English had formerly paid a tax, called

* After the death of Ethelred II. Canute married his widow Emma, and Hardicanute was their son.

Danegelt, either to be sent as a tribute *to* the Danes, or as a fund to protect the kingdom *from* the Danes. Edward had abolished this tax: William revived it. He was fond of hunting; and, to enjoy this recreation, he destroyed several villages, and sent their houseless inhabitants to wander abroad, without homes, or without any compensation for the homes he had taken from them. You know the New Forest, in Hampshire; that was the scene of this iniquitous proceeding; and thirty miles of land were there planted with trees, to serve as sporting ground for the King.

He caused an account of all lands, their value, and their inhabitants, to be compiled in regular order; and this account, when completed, was called *Domesday Book.*

Do you remember what has been said about the feudal laws? William introduced this feudal system into England, dividing the land into portions, and requiring from those to whom he gave them a promise of military service for the gift.

He tried to make the French language generally spoken: but in this he could not succeed. In the courts of law, business was done in that foreign tongue; and there, even to this day, some French phrases are in use. Indeed, you

can suppose, what is the truth, that the English language has many words derived from the French and Saxon tongues, and also several from the Latin; and, as Greece was the country where the arts and sciences early flourished, the terms of art and science are generally taken from Greek words.

One excellent service was performed by William for the people he had conquered. He established the trial by jury,* which the Saxons and Normans had long practised. A jury means twelve men of nearly the same rank in life with the person about to be tried. These twelve men hear all that is said for and against the prisoner, and then declare, on their oath, whether they think him "guilty" or "not guilty;" according to what they declare, the judge condemns or acquits the prisoner. Before this admirable regulation, the English had strange modes of trying offences: sometimes the accused was made to walk blindfold among red-hot ploughshares; and if he escaped being burned, he was pronounced guiltless. You plainly perceive that chance, not justice, determined the point.

Sometimes the accused person was tied hand

* First known in the time of Ethelred I. and afterward revived by Alfred.

and foot, and thrown into water; if he sank, he was pronounced innocent; if he swam, he was deemed guilty, as accomplishing so difficult and unnatural an act. Observe, that in either case the accused lost his life; this plan then was worse than the other.

Sometimes the accused and the accuser fought together, and the victor was proclaimed guiltless. Skill and strength were in these cases the deciders.

William, as a king and a conqueror, might be thought an object of envy; but his heart was wounded by piercing sorrows, by that keenest of foes—the ingratitude of children.

Robert, his eldest son, a rash, impetuous youth, strove to seize upon Normandy. William hastened to punish him. In a skirmish, the father and son met: their helmets so covered their faces that neither knew the other. The prince threw his father from his horse, wounded him in the arm, and would in another moment have killed him, had not William called aloud for help. Robert instantly recognized his father's voice; and, shocked at the crime he was about to commit, jumped from his horse, and assisted his parent to rise. Then, throwing himself on his knees, he showed that some goodness yet remained in his bosom, some wis-

dom in his mind, by confessing his fault, imploring pardon, and promising amendment.

So great a fault could not be easily overlooked; but, after some time, Robert was forgiven by his justly offended father. The reason of this young prince's rebellion was a quarrel with his brothers. When they were boys at play together, the three younger sportively threw water at their elder brother: this offence Robert never properly forgave; yet, whilst thus harboring animosity, he presumed to ask pardon of his father for a fault how much greater! Do not copy this bad example, but freely forgive others, as you would be freely forgiven.

William died at a village near Rouen, in Normandy, in the sixty-first year of his age; twenty-one of which he had sat on the English throne.

Like all other usurpers, he was always afraid of plots against him; and therefore, to prevent secret and nightly meetings of the people, he ordered that at eight o'clock every evening, at the sounding of a bell, all fires and candles should be extinguished. *Couvre-feu*, the Norman term, was the origin of *curfew*, the English name for this law. You remember the line of Gray's,

"The *curfew* tolls the knell of parting day."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### RODERIGO, THE CID.* 1080.

HUGH CAPET, as I have already mentioned, seized upon the crown of France in 987, and established his family on the throne. A grandson of his, Philip I., reigned there when William I. conquered England. This Philip greatly incensed the Pope by marrying a second wife whilst his first wife was alive. The Pope, as head of the church, always interfered in such affairs, and in this case punished the King by excommunication.

Philip was afterward relieved from this heavy judgment; and a gallant son rescued him from the contempt and misery that his disgrace had drawn upon him, and also saved him from his domestic and foreign foes.

Louis was a wise and virtuous prince, and not only gained many battles for his father, but, by steady good conduct, caused his own and his parent's name to be feared and respected. How much may be done by a single person, active and well-disposed!

* *Cid*, a chief, a commander; from *El Seid*, the Arabic for *Lord*.

The Emperors of Germany were struggling to be considered as chiefs of all the states of Europe; and affected to have a right to elect kings for every country, calling themselves Head of all. This supremacy the Pope denied; and hence various contests between these two potentates.

The Emperors sometimes succeeded in choosing a Pope; but, in the end, the Pope obtained the long-desired privilege of being at the head of the states of Europe. Henry IV. of Germany, after besieging Rome, and twice making the Pope his prisoner, was at length so completely subdued by his antagonist, that he was obliged to do him homage. When on his knees before the Pontiff, humbly suing for mercy, it is said, the Pope insolently kicked the crown from the head of the Emperor. This was taking a base, ungenerous advantage of power.

Spain was almost all in the possession of the Moors, and Portugal was also in their hands. Roderigo di Bivar, a very valiant captain, of whom you will often hear under his other title of Roderigo the Cid, now much distinguished himself. He fought bravely for his sovereign, Alphonso, King of Old Castile, and gained for him the kingdom of New Castile. For this

service he was rewarded by the gift of the province of Valencia.

You have heard us all talk of the adventures of Don Quixotte, a pretended knight-errant, going about relieving distressed damsels and punishing disloyal knights. Well, this famous Cid was a real knight, who performed many gallant and chivalrous actions, and was deemed the noblest of that class of warriors, for he fought for the unfortunate, and combated for his country.

Under him, Henry, Count of Burgundy, son of Robert, King of France, was trained to war. This Henry rescued Portugal from the Moors, and was the father of its first king, Alphonso. Thus, without being a king, he raised a kingdom, and bequeathed a crown.

In those times, chivalry, or knighthood, greatly flourished. The rank of knighthood was only conferred on men of good character, and honorable lineage. The ceremonies by which a knight was installed were very curious, and the vow he took upon himself was very solemn and binding. He received a sword blessed by the priest, and he promised to *speak the truth*, to help the distressed, to be courteous, temperate, and vigilant, to maintain the right, and to fight for the protection of his religion. The knight devoted himself to martial duties; at home, he was mild

and polite; abroad, fierce and valiant. He was the particular friend and protector of women; and every lovely lady had in those days a gallant knight.

Knighthood, at its first institution, dispensed benefit and procured esteem; but when, afterward, it degenerated into folly and extravagance, it promulgated evil and was despised. The romance of *Don Quixotte* was written to ridicule this degenerate state of knighthood.

## CHAPTER IX.

### WILLIAM II. RUFUS.

ROBERT, as the Conqueror's eldest son, ought to have succeeded him; but he had too much offended the King to expect much favor. Robert, therefore, had only the dukedom of Normandy; and William II. became King of England; he was surnamed *Rufus*, from the red color of his hair.

The youngest brother, Henry, was very ill-used by both his elder brothers; and, being despoiled of even his father's legacy of five thousand pounds,* he wandered about without

* A large sum of money in those times, when the pre-

a home for many years. He did not, however, yield his rights without a struggle; for he entered a small fortress in Normandy, and defended it against the attacks of Robert and William.

One day, when William had carelessly strayed from his camp, he was attacked by two armed horsemen, who were on the point of slaying him; but on William crying out, "Stop, ruffians! I am the King of England!" the soldiers instantly desisted: one of them gave up his horse to the fallen monarch, and William, bidding this man follow, liberally rewarded him. Meanwhile the garrison of the little fortress were enduring the greatest distress from want of water. We, who have abundance of this purifying and refreshing fluid, know not how to estimate its real worth; so it is, that we discover the value of our best blessings, not in their possession, but in their loss.

Robert, hearing of this distress, not only ordered that Henry should be supplied with water, but also sent him some wine. William did not like this generosity, and said so: to which Robert replied, "Shall we let a brother die for thirst? Where shall we find another, when he is gone?"

cious metals were scarce, and the articles of life cheap. An ox, 6s.; a sheep, 1s.; a cow, 4s.

This tender and generous action, this feeling speech, is not in character with what is elsewhere said of Robert's implacable temper. So, as it is always best to judge kindly, we will *believe* this story, and hope the other was not true.

Robert afterward, wanting a sum of money to go on the crusades, or holy wars, persuaded William to lend him some, and mortgaged (that is, pledged — put in pawn) his dukedom for the amount. William immediately made his clergy, who were the wealthiest of his subjects, produce the sum. Robert departed toward Jerusalem, and William took possession of his dukedom. Normandy was thus again attached to the English crown. It was this province that afterward occasioned many wars between France and England.

William was as fond of hunting as his father, and he lost his life by his favorite sport, and on the very spot which had been disgraced by his father's tyranny, as I have already related in the English Stories.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE CRUSADES.

JERUSALEM was the capital of Palestine: a country in which Jesus Christ was born, and

lived, and died: Palestine was therefore called the Holy Land; it was always reverenced and loved by Christians, and they frequently travelled thither to offer up their prayers. In process of time, a very fierce and warlike people, called Turks, became masters of this venerated country; and, as they were very great enemies to the Christians, they oppressed them heavily, and all the sovereigns of Europe, as well as their subjects, were sadly grieved that this sacred spot should belong to these infidels, as they were called.

There lived at that time, in Amiens, a town of Picardy, in France, a man remarkable for his piety, zeal, and secluded life; he was called Peter the Hermit. He had made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem; and, shocked to think that the holy city should be in the power of infidels, he went to Rome, and described the wretched condition of the Christians living in Palestine.

The Pope was very willing to subdue the Turks, the followers of Mohammed, and to rescue the followers of Christ: he therefore sent Peter to all the states of Italy and France, to tell his mournful story, and describe the misery he had felt and seen.

By degrees, the different nations were aroused to fight in the cause; and, as the Pope gave

the soldiers leave to wear a figure of the cross on their shoulders, the enterprise was called the "Crusade."* An order was also instituted called "The Knights of Jerusalem." You will often hear of such institutions, and must understand that such titles were bestowed by kings and potentates as marks of honor and distinction.

Peter the Hermit himself led the first army that proceeded from Europe to Palestine; but this army was almost all cut to pieces, and Peter with a few troops only escaped.

Godfrey of Bouillon, Robert of Normandy, and several other illustrious personages, followed, with a second army, in 1096. These conquered the Turkish sultan, Solyman; and then advancing to Jerusalem, they besieged and took it. The inhabitants of this city were barbarously murdered, the Christians alone excepted.

After they had taken possession of the city, the crusaders began to think that they must have a king to govern it; and they chose Godfrey of Bouillon, a very brave and a very good man. The great princes, therefore, took him to the church of the Holy Sepulchre of our Saviour, and were going to crown him: but he refused a

* This term is taken from the Latin word *crux*, a cross.

crown of gold, which they offered him, saying—"They should never see him wear so magnificent a crown in the place where the Saviour of the world had been crowned with thorns." He also refused to be called king, and would only have the title of "Defender of the Holy Sepulchre."

After the city of Jerusalem had been taken, most of the troops returned to Europe; and on their arrival they so astonished their friends and neighbors with accounts of what they had seen and achieved, that numberless people left their homes, and travelled to Palestine to pay their devotions at the shrine of the blessed Saviour; and those who undertook this long journey obtained the name of *pilgrims*.

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## CHAPTER XI.

### HENRY I. BEAUCLERC.

As William Rufus left no children, his elder brother ought to have succeeded him. But Robert just then was in Palestine, far distant from England. He set off, to be sure, on his return when he heard of his brother's death; but, on his journey, he fell in love with a beautiful Italian lady, named Sibylla. He married her, and

trifled away so much time, that he lost the English crown.

Henry was in the New Forest when William was killed there; and, hastening to London, procured himself to be acknowledged king.

Robert, on his arrival in Normandy, strove to make Henry give up his usurped royalty. The brothers had many meetings and many battles on the subject. Henry was finally triumphant; but he did no honor to himself. The opportunity of doing so was before him, but he did not use it. How often we perform in fancy generous deeds, and utter in thought magnanimous sentiments! When favorable occasions offer for the real performance of noble acts, the audible expression of liberal feelings, how seldom are such occasions seized! It is better to perform the smallest deed of virtue than only in imagination project the most illustrious actions.

Unmindful of his brother's generous mercy toward him in his hour of need, Henry basely and ungratefully committed the gallant though imprudent Robert to a prison. In the castle of Cardiff, in Glamorganshire, Robert remained a captive twenty-eight years, and there he died. Mournful as must have been his life, and dear as liberty is to every heart, who would not ra-

ther have been the gallant prisoner than the ungrateful King!

Robert had unquestionably many faults: but it was not the duty of a brother to punish him—to punish him, too, so much beyond what he deserved! There is a horrid story, that Henry rendered his brother blind, by ordering red-hot copper basins to be held to his eyes: but it is difficult to believe such an act of wanton cruelty.

Robert left a son, named William; a brave and virtuous youth; and Henry, fearing his pretensions to the crown of England and the duchy of Normandy, tried to make him his prisoner.

Louis I. of France protected William; and the youth showed himself worthy of his protection by his valor and good conduct. The uncle and nephew fought many battles against each other; in one of which Henry was dreadfully cut in the head by Crispin, a valiant Norman knight. Wounded as he was, he rushed fiercely on the knight who had hurt him, and struck him to the ground. This bravery conduced to his victory: and, eight years afterward, William died, leaving his uncle without a competitor.

Henry was now surrounded with all he could desire. His daughter Matilda was married to the Emperor of Germany; and he had a prom-

ising son, whom he loved tenderly, and who was now eighteen; but this son was snatched from him by a melancholy catastrophe, of which an account has been given in the "Stories from the History of England."

No one but a parent can judge of a parent's affliction on the loss of a beloved and promising child!

Henry now seemed indifferent to all the honors and pleasures of the world. He made some efforts to secure the succession to his grandson, Henry, the son of Maud, who, on the death of the Emperor, had married Geoffrey Plantagenet the Count of Anjou's eldest son; and Henry was the son of Maud and this her second husband.

The Barons swore to receive this grandson of Henry for their king. The monarch died shortly after. It is supposed that his death was occasioned by eating too abundantly of lampreys, a fish of which he was uncommonly fond. He was sixty-seven years old, and had shown so much attachment to study and learning, that he was surnamed *Beauclerc*, the French for fine scholar.

## CHAPTER XII.

### ANNA COMNENA.

When the first crusade took place, Alexius Comnenus was Emperor of the East. The events of his reign were recorded by his daughter, the celebrated Anna Comnena. She was a woman of singular spirit and ability, and was only thirteen at the time of the first crusade. She was of a very ambitious temper; and it is related that she and her mother Irene endeavored to persuade Alexius to disinherit his son.

Disappointed in this wish, she conspired against the life of her brother; and when her husband opposed her cruel schemes, she exclaimed, in a rage, "that nature had mistaken his sex, and given him the soul of a woman."

Here we see to what dreadful lengths ambition may lead its votaries! Happier far the privacy and obscurity which virtue dignifies, than the highest eminence, the proudest rank, which vice taints and disgraces!

Had Anna Comnena devoted herself to domestic and studious pursuits, her life would have been happy and her memory respected.

Her brother, John Comnenus, when he became Emperor, hearing of her perfidy, banished her from court, but left her fortune untouched.

She was born at Constantinople, and died in retirement. Her father, Alexius, sat on his throne to receive the homage of the Latin princes, some of whom even condescended to kiss his feet. A French baron presumed to sit down by the side of the Emperor. Count Baldwin, a celebrated leader among the crusaders, reproved him for this audacity, exclaiming, "Who is this rustic that keeps his seat while so many valiant captains are standing round him?"

I told you that Margaret, the daughter of Edward, married Malcolm, King of Scotland. She was considered so wise and pious a princess, that after her death she was *canonized*, that is, declared to be a saint, and was thenceforth called Saint Margaret.

After the death of her brother, Edgar Atheling, her children became the lawful heirs to the crown of England. Henry I. married Maud, her daughter; by which marriage he strengthened himself on the English throne.

Malcolm, the husband of Margaret, and son of the murdered Duncan, after a glorious reign, was killed when besieging the town of Alnwick.

His son fell at the same time, and it has been thought that they were treacherously massacred.

The brother of Malcolm, Donald Bane, next wore the Scottish crown, but only for a short time; for he was dethroned by Duncan II. who reigned in his stead. Just before the accession of Henry I., Edgar, the son of Malcolm. ascended the throne of Scotland.

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## CHAPTER XIII.

### STEPHEN.

STEPHEN was the grandson of William the Conqueror; for his mother, Adela, was the youngest daughter of that king; consequently he was nephew to Henry I.

Stephen had been very kindly treated by his uncle: yet did he ungratefully usurp the throne, in disobedience to the will of the deceased King, and to the injury of his cousin Maud and her son Henry Plantagenet.

Stephen, having obtained the crown unjustly, found himself obliged to maintain it by submitting to undue concessions. He gratified the nobles in their excessive demands, indulged the

wishes of the clergy, and humored the whims of the people. Thus, in fact, by the very means he took to secure his power, he in reality undermined it. Whatever begins with injustice must end in shame.

The people, oppressed by the powerful barons, began to murmur loudly; and Maud appeared with an army to assert her rights. Numerous battles and skirmishes took place between the troops of both parties. Maud was at one time decisively successful. Stephen fought with the greatest bravery; though on foot and alone, and attacked by numbers, he defended himself with his battle-axe in a surprising manner. The battle-axe broke in his hand. The brave never despair. Stephen drew his sword, and continued manfully to guard himself. At last, his sword also was shivered to pieces; and, being without any farther means of defence, he unwillingly surrendered himself. Courage, you see, gives honor to the vanquished, as well as to the victor. Accident may bestow success, and we may despise the conqueror; but the brave are respected, even when overcome.

It was a pity that Stephen's valor was shown in so bad a cause. His injustice and ingratiude make us hear without regret that he was thrown into a prison and loaded with chains.

Maud reigned but a short time. It is said, she conducted herself with pride, and showed a hasty, irritable temper. Always listen with candor to the recorded characters of persons living or dead. Acquaint yourselves with their actions, and judge for yourselves how far they have done well or ill.

Stephen was taken from his dungeon; and, Maud fleeing before the arms of his party, he became once more a king. But his dominion was not tranquil; for as soon as young Henry was fit to wield a sword, he raised an army, and, entering England strove to possess himself of his rightful throne. His claim was so just that it was feebly disputed. Stephen entered into a treaty, by which it was determined that he should reign during his life, but that, at his death, Henry should succeed.

Stephen's eldest son, Eustace, died about this time; and his second son, William, inherited Boulogne and his patrimonial estate. The King died soon after the signing of this treaty, at Canterbury, and was buried in that city.

His life had been eventful: at one time a mighty monarch, at another a fettered captive. You cannot fail to remark that his ambition neither added to his happiness nor his honor.

In early times, when writing was not known,

the Britons had no laws but such as were authorized by custom. Thus what had once been done under certain circumstances was, in the same circumstances, again adjudged. Such a fine, or such a punishment, had been inflicted for a certain crime: when that crime was again committed, the same sentence was again decreed. To the present time, the *common law* of England is of this nature; not regularly written down, but adjudged from precedent, that is custom, or what had been done before.

In the reign of Stephen, the canon and civil laws were introduced into England. The canon laws relate to the government of the church and ecclesiastical affairs; the civil laws, to the government of cities, and matters of general business.

Some of these laws were derived from the famous code of laws collected by Justinian from those of ancient Rome.

You remember the twelve tables, instituted by the Decemviri, a set of men who visited Greece on purpose to select the wise rules and regulations of that refined and learned country. From these and other laws Justinian formed his celebrated code.

A portion of this code, called "The Pandects," containing, in fifty books, the opinions of the

most celebrated ancient lawyers, was accidentally discovered at Amalfi, in Italy, 1137. Numbers of learned men in Europe began to study these Pandects, and hence the opinions they contained found their way into the jurisprudence of most countries.

The "written laws" are laws made by the Parliament; but of these you shall hear more hereafter. For though, in the time of the Saxon princes, there were public assemblies of the people holden to transact business, yet these assemblies were not like the meetings which are now called the Parliament.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

GUELPHS AND GHIBELLINES.—SECOND CRUSADE.

Do you recollect what was told you of Henry, Count of Burgundy?

Alphonso, his son, following his example, was a great captain; and, after gaining many victories over the Moors, who had long ruled in Portugal, he at length so completely routed those warlike foes, that his soldiers proclaimed him King of Portugal. The States-General confirmed this august title, and made laws to preserve

it to the family of Alphonso. It was several years before he was able to reduce the whole country under his dominion. In 1146, he undertook the siege of Lisbon with a small army; but made little progress in it, owing to the strength of the place and the numerous garrison by which it was defended. At length a fleet of adventurers of various nations, going to the Holy Land, anchored at the mouth of the river Tagus; and with their assistance, which he solicited, the city was speedily reduced. His descendants long reigned in Portugal. Look for that kingdom in the map of Europe: you will find it adjoining to Spain, as Wales is united to England.

Alphonso I. ascended the throne of Portugal in the reign of Stephen, of England, 1139.

An occurrence, that obtained extensive notice, happened about this period; and, as it is often spoken of in history, you must understand its rise. The Pope, now possessing temporal dominion, desired to gain unlimited power in all spiritual matters. The Emperor of Germany opposed these pretensions. Two parties were thus created: the friends of the Pope were called Guelphs; the friends of the Emperor were designated Ghibellines.

The adherents of the Pope were called Guelphs,

because the family name of Henry of Bavaria was Guelf, or Guelph; and Henry opposed the measures of the Emperor of Germany, and favored the wishes of the Pope. The origin of the name of Ghibellines is unknown. At the head of that party was Frederick, Duke of Suabia. Frederick was brother to the Emperor Conrad III., whose election was opposed by Henry of Bavaria. Thus the parties of the Guelphs and Ghibellines were embroiled; and the rival factions took a prominent part in the general dissensions. Guelph, you know, is the name of the present royal family of England, as the House of Brunswick is descended from that of Bavaria.

You will frequently read of *the factions of the Guelphs and Ghibellines*, and will now comprehend something of what those terms mean.

It was about this time that the second crusade was undertaken. The Turks, after their defeat by Godfrey of Bouillon and the other European princes, continued greatly to harass the Christians. Their sultan, Solyman, still occupied the open country, and took every opportunity of annoying the conquerors of Jerusalem.

The Christians, harassed and distressed, again applied for succor to the states of Europe;

and the priest Bernard, like his predecessor, Peter the Hermit, exerted himself to arouse the people and the princes.

At this time, Louis VII. occupied the French throne. He was a very religious prince, but sometimes acted imprudently, from want of sufficient reflection. A civil war having broken out in his kingdom, Louis marched into Champagne, and made himself master of the town of Vitri. Some of the inhabitants took refuge in the principal church, and defended themselves in it; which enraged the King so much, that he ordered it to be set on fire, and more than thirteen hundred persons perished in the flames. Louis was afterward miserable at the recollection of his own cruelty, and reproached himself most bitterly for this barbarous act. He was very unhappy for some time; and at last resolved to go on a crusade to the Holy Land, in the hope that God would restore him to peace of mind, after going on so long and dangerous an expedition as a proof of his repentance. He therefore ordered an assembly of the people at Vézelai, in Burgundy, in the year 1146; and there the King and Bernard, who had persuaded him to go on this crusade, mounted a scaffold in an open field, and exhorted every one to enter into this holy warfare. All ranks of per-

sons were earnest to set off; and princes, nobles, bishops, in short, all sorts of people, took the cross with the greatest enthusiasm. The King and Queen received it from the hands of Bernard, whose advice was looked upon as the counsel of heaven. The crosses which had been prepared being insufficient for the number of people who wished to have them, Bernard made some from part of his own robe, and permitted every one present to do the same. The command of this army was then offered to the priest; but he was too prudent to accept it, because he knew that he was not fit for it; but he continued preaching to the people; and, after he had stirred up the whole kingdom, he went into Germany, to persuade the Emperor and his subjects to join this cause. Though he could not speak the German language, yet everybody hearkened to him; and even the Emperor, Conrad III., though he was not at first inclined to go on the crusade, suffered himself to be persuaded, and set out the first. Louis, contrary to the advice of his wise minister Suger, then began to march, accompanied by his queen. In each of the armies there were seventy thousand soldiers, completely armed; these consisted of the nobility, heavily armed, and followed by light cavalry. But this grand expedition cost

the Emperor and the King very dear; for everything went unfortunately with them, and, from various causes, the ruin of the Crusaders was brought about. Instead of conquering the Turks, the Emperor Conrad and Louis had no advantage but that of visiting devoutly the holy places; and they both returned to their dominions without glory, and almost without attendants.

The want of soldiers caused the institution of a new order of knights. Some monks entered the military service, under the title of Knights Templars and Knights Hospitallers. The pilgrims of Germany also enrolled themselves in an order, called the Teutonic Knights.

Before his departure, Louis had appointed Suger, his good minister, to be Regent, or Governor, of the kingdom, in his absence, with the approbation of the whole nation; and when he came back, he found all things flourishing under his wise management. But envious people endeavored to ruin Suger in the opinion of his master by misrepresenting his actions; but this wickedness was not successful; for the King did justice to his minister's virtues, and gave him the greatest of rewards, by calling him *Father of his country*. This great and good man had been, when young, in very humble life,

and it is not even well known where he was born; but he raised himself by his talents and integrity to a very high station. He was a monk of St. Denis, and that monastery was then a school where children of the highest nobility were educated; even those of the royal family were brought up there. Louis VI. had received his education there, and then he had an opportunity of knowing the virtues of Suger. When Louis became king, he took him out of the monastery, and made him his prime minister. At the death of Louis VI. his son Louis VII. retained him in the same situation; and he would have obtained the reputation of a great monarch, had he always followed the counsel of his wise minister, who was worthy of all his confidence. Suger died in 1152, aged seventy, after fulfilling his duty in an exemplary manner; and his death was a great loss to his country.

A celebrated warrior now began to make himself renowned; Saladin, from a comparatively humble station, raised himself to the highest rank. His father and uncle, by their bravery, had also elevated themselves to posts of high distinction.

In early youth, Saladin was idle, fond of pleasure, and much addicted to drinking; but

when his mind became capable of noble thoughts, he blushed for his former weakness, and ceased to indulge in unworthy gratifications.

The indolent and voluptuous can never become great, wise, or happy. Saladin, when he found himself sultan, resolved to act worthy of his high rank. He wore plain garments, drank only water, and was temperate, chaste, and religious.

A sincere Mohammedan, he was earnest to extend the influence of the creed he professed; and resolved to wrest Jerusalem from the Christians, and restore it to the Turks. You will soon see whether he succeeded in his design.

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## CHAPTER XV.

### HENRY II. PLANTAGENET.

According to the treaty with Stephen, Henry II. grandson of Henry I. ascended the throne of England. Henry was young, vigorous, and well educated, when he thus became the head of a powerful nation.

How elevating to a generous and virtuous mind, to be at once possessed of the power of

causing the felicity of thousands of one's fellow-creatures !

Henry was no usurper ; he therefore was not compelled to admit of faults, to prevent his own from being too closely noticed. He was the lawful prince : and had an undisputed right, as he seemed to have a wish steadily and wisely to govern.

By marriage and inheritance, he possessed many provinces in France ; and was considered the most powerful monarch of his age.

Thomas à Becket, the son of a London citizen, was made Archbishop of Canterbury by Henry, who, when he conferred this honor, was little aware of the troubles about to ensue from it. The clergy in those days were proud and licentious, rich and powerful, yet desiring increased riches and power. Henry did not like to hear of their oppression and luxury, and deemed it advisable that such oppression should be punished, and such luxury prevented.

He expected, by making Becket head of the church, that he should in him possess a ready and sagacious friend. But Becket disappointed his generous master, and was more anxious to increase the privileges of the clergy than to diminish them, more inclined to limit the prerogative of the crown than to enlarge it.

The offended King and his unworthy subject were involved in continual disputes. Becket, to win the favor of the Pope, submitted himself to severe austerities; he wore sackcloth next his skin, fed upon bread and water, and beat himself with rods, He daily washed the feet of thirteen beggars, and affected excessive humility and self-denial.

The Pope, as he expected, espoused his cause; and the Pontiff and the King were irritated against each other. By great concessions, a sort of reconciliation was effected between the Archbishop and his sovereign; but Becket, continuing his haughty, overbearing carriage, Henry, in a moment of anger and vexation, exclaimed—"I have no friends about me, or I should not so long have been harassed by the insults of that ungrateful hypocrite."

The words of the great are often powerfully impressive. Some courtiers who heard this exclamation, instantly retired from the presence-chamber, and, binding themselves by a solemn oath, hastened to fulfil what they considered the wishes of their monarch.

The conspirators proceeded to Canterbury, and entered the palace of the Archbishop. They reproached him with his faults, and, following him into his chapel, just as he had reached the

altar, and was about to begin his vespers (or evening prayers), they fell upon him and killed him with many blows.

This dreadful murder greatly shocked the King, who had tried to prevent it; and it was a long time before he recovered his spirits. The people, too, were much affected; and Henry projected an expedition against Ireland, to divert them from their mournful reflections.

Ireland was in ancient times considered as abounding in learned men; but the incursions of foreign foes, and the oppression of foreign rulers, had caused learning to be checked; and the people were now therefore reduced to a state of barbarism. The island was governed by many petty princes, all of whom were in turn subdued by the English King. Roderic O'Connor, King of Connaught, was the last that submitted; but Henry contrived finally to make himself master of the whole island; and from that period, 1172, Ireland may be considered as under the dominion of the sovereigns of England, although little intercourse subsisted between the nations for several centuries.

But this splendid conquest only for a short time amused the minds of the people; and, the Pope persisting in remembering the murder of Becket, Henry was constrained to remember it

too. To pacify his murmuring subjects, and soothe the incensed Pontiff, Henry consented to do penance.

Becket had been canonized, and a church at Canterbury was dedicated to his memory, as St. Thomas of Becket. To this church Henry repaired, walking barefoot through the town to the altar: there he fasted, prayed, and was beaten with rods. This ceremony was deemed a full expiation of his crime; and he was thenceforth considered pardoned.

The eldest son of Henry behaved insolently toward his father, though he had been raised to the throne, and made a sharer of the regal state. At his coronation, Henry, to do him honor, waited on him at table, and remarked how honorably he was attended. The prince scornfully replied, "What is there so wonderful in the son of a count waiting on the son of a king?"

These words bespoke a base and ungrateful character. For the young prince should have remembered that, if he had the greater dignity in being the son of a king, he owed that dignity to his father.

But young Henry died, and never obtained that undivided dominion for which he panted. He and his brothers had rebelled against their father; but the valiant Henry overcame them,

and widely spread around his fame. William, King of Scotland, who had abetted the rebellious sons, was vanquished, and obliged to do homage to the English monarch. The King of France also felt the power of his arms.

A second insurrection of the cruel and unfeeling young princes shortened their father's days. When Henry heard that his youngest and favorite son, John, had joined the rebellious brothers, he broke forth into bitter lamentation; and, falling ill, died soon after of that worst of maladies, a broken heart.

Henry deserved a better fate. He appears to have been brave, active, generous and wise. The fame of England was augmented by his valor; her domestic improvement and tranquillity were increased by his wisdom.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### BANK OF VENICE.

You daily see bank-notes, and you frequently hear of banks. A bank is an establishment for receiving and taking care of money, and paying it out again as it is wanted. One man, or two or three men, establish an office for this kind of

business; and as gold and silver and copper are heavy and unwieldy substances to pay large sums with, bills, or notes, are issued, of different value, bearing the name of the bankers, or keepers of banks; thus notes worth one dollar, twenty dollars, five hundred dollars, pass current, or for coin; and trade and commerce are more easily carried forward.

The first bank was established at Venice, 1157,* which at this period was a place of great trade. Before the discovery of a passage to the East Indies by the Cape of Good Hope, Venice was the resort of merchants from different parts of the world. Look at its situation, and you will quickly understand why it became the chosen spot for carrying on commerce between India and Europe.

The Crusades also caused other parts of Italy to be visited by numerous strangers; and thus trade was made to flourish in its different principalities. The bank of Venice was the only bank in Europe for two centuries and a half. The next establishment of the kind was opened in 1407, at Genoa, a city of Italy, also famous for its riches and commerce.

Since that period, banks have been instituted

* Bank-notes were contrived long after banks had been established.

in all parts of Europe. The Bank of England was established in 1694; and at present there is scarcely a small town in England or the United States, that has not one or two banks.

The Crusades, you see, encouraged the trade of some of the Italian states; they also produced a new species of writing. You can readily suppose that the youthful and valiant knights and their pages often met with strange adventures, which, when narrated, formed very amusing tales. To write such tales, and upon a few curious facts to engraft many fictitious adventures, was soon the occupation of writers, and the perusal of these compositions became the favorite entertainment of readers. The language then spoken at the court of France was called the Romant* language; hence these tales were called *romances;* a name still given to wild and improbable fictions.

After the disastrous termination of the second Crusade, Saladin, collecting his forces, made a vigorous attack upon Jerusalem. Guy de Lusignan was then king of the city; his wife was heiress of the Count Baldwin, who had succeeded Godfrey on the throne of Jerusalem.

Lusignan was vanquished by the valorous Sultan; and, being led captive into the tent of

* Romant, romans, or romantic.

his conqueror, he fainted from fatigue and affliction. Saladin instantly presented him with a cup of sherbet, cooled in snow (for in warm countries liquors so cooled are peculiarly refreshing), saying, as he did so, "The person and dignity of a king are sacred." The city soon after came into the possession of the Sultan.

It is said that Saladin used his power with clemency, and was as lenient in peace as daring in war: he behaved kindly to Sybilla, wife of Lusignan; and, after a short captivity, liberated her husband for a certain ransom. But the Sultan stained his glory by the execution of two hundred and thirty knights, whose only fault was their faithful valor. He converted the churches into mosques, and restored the Mohammedan religion. The golden cross, the symbol of the Christian faith, was thrown down, and the Koran supplanted the Bible. The word "Koran," like our word "Bible," means "Book," emphatically distinguishing the holy volume from all other books.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### RICHARD I. CŒUR DE LION.

RICHARD, the second son of Henry, ascended the throne, and, when it was too late, repented of his undutiful conduct toward his father. When he saw the pale corpse, he started with horror, and exclaimed, "Alas! it was I who murdered him!"

A horrible reflection! Few, probably, have just cause for such profound self-reproach; but how many act unkindly toward their best friends, and thus prepare for themselves future regret! It would be wise for all of us to meditate often how we shall wish to have acted toward those whom we love when they are no longer with us. If we desire to think upon our departed relatives and friends without remorse, we must behave toward them with duty and affection.

Richard showed his repentance by dismissing from his presence all who had encouraged his faulty conduct; and perhaps it was with a hope of expiating his filial misdemeanors that he turned his mind to an expedition against the infidels.

Jerusalem being again in the hands of the Turks, the Christians again solicited its deliverance.

Richard united his endeavors with Philip, King of France, in this holy cause. It is said, that the third Crusade was the only military expedition in which a king of England and a king of France ever fought under the same banners. Richard, by every means in his power, compelled his subjects to assist him with money and soldiers.

Valiant and enthusiastic, he too often resorted to oppressive and violent measures; so that a clergyman, incensed at his tyranny, advised him to part with his three daughters, Pride, Avarice, and Love of Pleasure. The King gaily replied: "You are right, my friend. I have already provided husbands for them all. I will give my pride to the lawyers; my avarice to the monks; and my love of pleasure to the clergy."

The monarchs of England and France, and their armies, met on the borders of Burgundy, and afterward took shipping, one at Genoa, the other at Marseilles. Overtaken by storms, they found shelter in the island of Sicily, and there some disagreements occurred between them. These were, however, made up, and at last the armies arrived at Palestine.

The city of Acre was taken; and Philip, perhaps disgusted at finding himself outdone in valorous acts by Richard, returned to France, leaving some troops under the command of the Duke of Burgundy. The English King gained many advantages, and took the city of Ascalon from the warlike Sultan. He was not so fortunate in his proposed attack on Jerusalem, the siege of which he found himself unable to prosecute. He had lost many of his best soldiers; and those who remained were weakened from fatigue and want of food.

Saladin willingly consented to a truce for three years, and agreed to yield some points to the Christians. This mighty warrior and the English monarch did not swear to the performance of the articles of their treaty. It is very truly remarked,* that "an oath must always imply a suspicion of falsehood and dishonor." The sovereigns simply gave their word; and why should not a simple assertion be always a sufficient bond between man and man? For the lowliest can be as faithful to truth as the mightiest; and to be false and treacherous is as great a crime in the meanest as the noblest

Saladin died a few months after this truce, and Richard set sail for his native country.

* Gibbon.

Arrived in Italy, he proceeded overland through Germany; for he feared the resentment of the jealous Philip: but he was stopped at Vienna by Leopold, Duke of Austria, who, being affronted by Richard's conduct toward him at the siege of Acre, basely took advantage of this opportunity of oppressing the man he hated.

Henry VI. Emperor of Germany, dishonorably seconded the measures of Leopold; and, loaded with fetters, Richard was thrown into a dungeon.

The intercourse between distant countries was not expedited, as now, by post and packets. It was long before the people of England knew of the imprisonment of their sovereign, and of the large ransom required for his liberation. A minstrel is said to have discovered the place of his confinement; for, accidentally playing a tune near the fortress in which the King was immured, he heard the voice of Richard responding to the well-known air.

Prince John endeavored to prevent the liberation of his brother; but, the people melting down the plate of the monasteries, and producing all their coin, the enormous sum demanded was at length collected, and Richard was set at liberty. It is said the unworthy Emperor repented of having released his royal captive, and

despatched soldiers to overtake him, but this base design was not accomplished; Richard was in a vessel, and out of sight of land, when his pursuers reached Antwerp, the place of his embarkation.

At the request of his mother, he forgave the plotting John, saying, "I forgive him; and wish I could as easily forget his offences as he will forget my pardon."

A rebellion of his subjects on the continent drew Richard from England, and he was severely wounded when besieging the castle of Chalus.

Surgery was not so well understood as now; for it has been thought that the King's life might have been saved, had his wound been properly treated; for want of this, Richard died, in the tenth year of his reign, and forty-second of his age, bequeathing his kingdom to his brother John.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

### FOURTH CRUSADE.

About three years after the death of Richard, the Pope announced the necessity of another

Crusade. Baldwin, count of Flanders, was the leader of this fourth expedition. With some other noble warriors, he proceeded to Venice, to solicit the aid of that rich and powerful republic.

The Venetians were not only great as merchants; they were also celebrated for possessing a fine fleet. The chief magistrate was called the Doge; and was elected by the votes of a general assembly. To him Baldwin and his friends applied for assistance; and by him and his council their suit was heard and granted.

The republic of Venice liberally assisted the Christian princes; and a numerous and well-filled fleet sailed from her port. Constantinople was then distracted by civil war; and it was determined that the taking of this city should be a prelude to the siege of Jerusalem.

After an interesting siege, in which Dandolo, the blind and aged Doge of Venice, conspicuously shone, Constantinople was taken by the Venetians and their French allies.

The young Alexius and his father, the venerable Isaac Angelus, were placed on the throne, from which they had been driven by the brother of Isaac, Alexius Angelus, the tyrant, who escaped in a small vessel.

The son of Angelus enjoyed only a short

reign. He was attacked in his bed-room by his chamberlain, Murtzuphlus, a wretch in whom he had confided, and who, under pretence of saving him from a conspiracy, inveigled him into a prison, and loaded him with chains. After being kept for some days in this wretched situation, it is said, he was beaten to death with clubs, in the presence of the traitor.

Isaac soon followed his son to the grave; and the usurper drew upon himself the forces of the allied princes. The Venetians again joined the armament, and, Constantinople being wrested from the grasp of the perfidious Murtzuphlus, Baldwin, count of Flanders, was proclaimed its Emperor.

Murtzuphlus, the assassin of his confiding prince, met with the fate he deserved. Some pretended friends of his, punishing treachery by treachery, seized him in his bath, put out his eyes, robbed him of his ill-gotten power and riches, and drove him forth to wander alone, despised and neglected. He was soon after taken by the Latins, and carried to Constantinople, where he was condemned to a cruel death. He was carried to the top of the Theodosian column, a pillar of white marble, 147 feet high, and cast headlong to the ground. Of course he was

dashed to pieces, and a crowd of spectators witnessed the event.

The Crusade, you have seen, was thus diverted from its original purpose; only a few knights reached Jerusalem; and the Christians of Palestine were left to groan in unrelieved oppression.

The Saracens continued to possess Jerusalem in undisturbed power; and Constantinople was the prize gained by the French and Venetians.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

### JOHN (LACKLAND).

RICHARD bequeathed the crown of England to his brother John; but he had no right to do so, because John's eldest brother, Geoffrey, had left a son, named Arthur.

John, however, profited by this improper will; and, by an act of injustice, doomed himself to a life of turbulence and strife.

Philip, King of France, supported the claim of Arthur, then a fine boy, twelve years of age. After a short struggle, Arthur and his mother Constance, thinking Philip fought more for his own aggrandizement than for theirs, put themselves under the protection of John.

PRINCE ARTHUR AND HUBERT. Page 55.

This king had, however, so offended his subjects, by marrying a lady while her husband and his own wife were alive, that it was conjectured he began to fear Arthur might gain friends as he lost them. Constance, therefore, fled with her son. She escaped; but Arthur was taken prisoner by his uncle, and never heard of more. How he died is not positively known; but it was reported, and is believed, that the poor youth was murdered in prison, some say, by John himself; and this is their story: the king had desired some persons might be found to destroy the prince; Hubert, his chamberlain, offered to execute the deed, but made the offer only that he might save the innocent child. John, having discovered Hubert's mercy, resolved to make himself sure of Arthur's death, by perpetrating it with his own hand. He had the prince carried to a castle near Rouen, in Normandy, and at midnight went down the river Seine to the place. Arthur, alarmed by this late visit and the ferocious looks of his uncle, saw his danger and besought his life. As he knelt imploring mercy, the tyrant, without speaking a word, stabbed him to the heart, and, fastening heavy stones to his body, threw it into the river.

This is the common account: when you grow

older, and have read history, you can better judge how far it is likely to be true. John's subjects believed that the murder happened as here described, and hated him for the bloody deed. They afterward despised him for the weakness of his conduct.

The Pope, Innocent III., presumed to name a cardinal, Stephen Langton, to be archbishop of Canterbury, in opposition to the wishes of the King, who had selected another person. The Pope announced this nomination in a plausible letter, accompanied by four gold rings, desiring him to consider the nature of the present.

He insinuated that the rings, being round, signified eternity, for which he must prepare. The number represented the four cardinal virtues,* which he must practise. The material, being gold, the most precious of the metals, denoted wisdom, the most precious acquirement. Their color was thus explained: the emerald's green, faith; the sapphire's yellow, hope; the ruby's red, charity; the topaz, good works.

John persisted in his choice, and the Pope put him and his kingdom under the sentence of an *interdict*. This sentence stopped all religious services; and, being followed by excommunica-

* Justice, Temperance, Fortitude, and Prudence.

tion, completed the dismay of the nation and the unpopularity of the King.

He increased in violence and cruelty as he diminished in power, and performed several cruel and tyrannical actions.

The Pope next absolved the English from their oath of allegiance to their sovereign. It is always supposed that the subjects of the reigning monarch are bound to serve and obey him in all lawful commands; therefore, though they may not have *sworn* to do so, yet such a vow is implied, by their consenting to his becoming their sovereign. You may guess what disorders must follow the dissolution of all bonds between the ruler and the ruled. Innocent completed the ruin of John's government by giving the crown of England to Philip, King of France. How unbounded at that time were the prerogatives of the holy Pontiff!

Philip II., King of France at this juncture, was surnamed Augustus, on account of his great exploits. He had succeeded his father Louis VII. at the age of fifteen, and was one of the greatest soldiers that ever governed France. In war, he directed everything himself; and in peace, he allowed himself no kind of luxury. Before a battle, he was calm and prudent; but in the midst of it, terrible as a lion. After a

victory, he was most humane to his prisoners; and his own soldiers idolized him.

During the whole of his reign, many dreadful wars raged all over Europe, in which he was constantly engaged; and, though his enemies were very numerous, yet, through his valor and good fortune, he was always a conqueror.

Otho IV., Emperor of Germany, John, the wicked King of England, who, as we have seen, had murdered his nephew Prince Arthur, and the Count of Flanders, united in a war against Philip; and they made themselves so sure of conquering him, from the numbers of their troops, that they had even determined how they would divide his kingdom among them. They had an army of 150,000 men, and Philip only 60,000; notwithstanding which, he gained a complete victory over them, in the plain of Bouvines, on the 27th of July, 1214. It was a most desperate battle, and both armies distinguished themselves on that day by their bravery and determination not to yield: every nobleman and every soldier displayed the most heroic valor; and, among others, Philip de Dreux, bishop of Beauvais, was particularly remarked by the havoc he made among the enemy; for he knocked down the English general with an iron club, with which he killed all who came within

his reach; and he chose this method, because, as a bishop, he pretended to abhor the shedding of human blood, though his victims died from the violence of the blow. King Philip was himself the bravest and most skilful knight in his army, showing the genius of a general and the courage of a hero. He received a wound in his throat from a lance, and his horse was killed under him. Thrown down under the feet of the horses, he rose more terrible than ever, and, mounting another horse, he put himself at the head of a troop of cavalry which had flown to his assistance, and charged a squadron of Germans, in the midst of which was the Emperor himself. This prince, thrown from his horse, was on the point of being made prisoner; but his soldiers, arriving in crowds to protect him, opened a way for him to escape; he got on horseback again in haste, and saved himself by a precipitate flight. Philip, seeing him set off at full gallop, could not help smiling, and said to the nobles who were near him: "My friends, we shall see no more of him than his back this day." The flight of the Emperor was the signal of defeat; the French pursued his troops, and made a great slaughter of them. In this manner Philip conquered and dispersed the most formidable army that had appeared against

France for an age. The number of dead on the field was immense ; and it is said that more than half of the enemy's troops were killed. Philip then marched to Paris, which he entered in triumph. The counts of Flanders and Boulogne, who were the most violent of his foes, were taken prisoners, and followed the triumphal car of the conqueror ; after which they were both confined in the large tower of the Louvre. The Louvre, which was partly rebuilt by King Louis XIV., was then a sort of citadel, situated at the entrance into Paris, upon the banks of the river, surrounded by large moats or ditches, and flanked by towers. The large tower, which Philip Augustus built, but which was afterward pulled down by Francis I., stood by itself, in the middle of the court and in the centre of the whole building, the apartments of which it made still more gloomy and dark. The Louvre now forms, in connection with the Tuilleries, one of the many fine palaces belonging to the Kings of France.

It was this Philip to whom the Pope gave the English crown ; but this was only done to frighten John ; for, when Philip proposed to take possession of his new kingdom, the Pope interfered, and, finding he had brought John to due submission, sent over a legate, Pandolph, to accom-

modate matters. John was now willing to submit to any concessions. He made Langton the primate; paid a large tribute; solemnly gave up his kingdom to the Pope; and, humbly kneeling, received his crown back as a gift.

Thus humbled, but not amended, John continued to be despised by his people, and to harass and oppress them. The barons, at length, worn out by the injustice, weakness, and violence of their monarch, roused their vassals, and collected an army. At first, they were willing to expostulate, and come to an amicable settlement, without shedding blood; but, finding John deaf to their remonstrances, they unsheathed their swords, and resolved to gain by force that justice which reason could not procure.

The kingdom was now ravaged by civil war, until the King, finding himself deserted by all ranks, at length consented to listen to terms of accommodation.

On the 19th of June, 1215, he signed, at Runnimede, near Windsor, that famous charter, entitled "Magna Charta," which is considered as the corner-stone of English liberty.* This bill confirmed certain privileges to the clergy,

* Magna Charta, or *The Great Charter*, was so called to distinguish it from all others.

the barons, and the gentry, limited in some degree the King's power, and paved the way for the greater freedom of the lower classes.

John was not long pacific; he was again embroiled with his nobles. Louis, son of the King of France, landed with an army against him; and he was about to make one great effort for the preservation of his dominion, when, after being deprived of all his treasures and baggage by the rising of the tides, as he passed along the coast of Lincolnshire, he died at Newark, of an illness caused by despair and fatigue, aged forty-nine.

In his reign, London obtained the privilege of having and electing a mayor and other magistrates; that is, it then became a corporation.

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## CHAPTER XX.

### THE INQUISITION ESTABLISHED.

I HAVE told you of various institutions: I have now to describe one, which was made the instrument of extensive authority and of most shameful despotism. You will have perceived how the popes and the clergy gradually increased in consequence and dominion, wealth and

honors; you will therefore be prepared to hear that they asserted and confirmed their power by every means they could devise.

The inhabitants of Alby, in the Pays de Vaud (a province of Switzerland,) presumed to avow religious opinions contrary to the Catholic church. The Pope, as the peculiar head of the Catholic church, established a commission to try and punish these heretics. A crusade was sent against the Albigenses, for so were these people called; and Simon de Montford was its leader.

The tribunal instituted to judge these dissenters from the Catholic religion was found so useful, and so likely to extend and confirm the papal authority, that Pope Innocent III. rendered it a permanent establishment, under the name of the Inquisition. Thus it became a perpetual court, to try all offenders against the church and the clergy.

St. Dominic, a monk, the founder of the order of Dominicans, was allowed, with his followers, to control and have the principal management of this new tribunal.

Pope Innocent III. was the pontiff who not only sanctioned the foundation of the institution, but established its perpetual authority. "The Inquisition," or "Holy Office," long held

the minds of men in slavery and awe. Its laws were despotic, its power unquestioned, its decrees unhesitatingly obeyed. The accused were seized in the midst of their families and friends; not one arm was raised, not one word was uttered, to rescue them. The most prominent blemish in an institution, in which every part was faulty, was, that the accused was never confronted with his accuser, was never told who had informed against him; hence, the evil-minded and revengeful could, by a few words of whispered malice, cause the imprisonment, and perhaps the death, of the innocent and happy. Nay, sometimes the accused never discovered what they were suspected of; all justification was therefore impossible.

The head of this new court was the "Inquisitor-General," who acknowledged no other superior than the Pope. The name of the tribunal explains its office, to inquire for, and discover, all offenders. As soon as detected, the unhappy person was secretly and forcibly dragged from his home and his family, thrust into a damp dark cell, tried in the dead of night, and punished by torture, imprisonment, flagellation, or death, according to the will of his merciless judge, the Inquisitor-general.

The faults that drew down this mysterious

and merciless condemnation were sometimes very trivial; a few words carelessly spoken against the clergy, an unintentional incivility to an officer of the holy office, &c.

Numbers of human beings were annually hurried from their friends, without the shortest notice; and if they ever emerged from their secret dungeons, it was generally after long captivity and severe sufferings, weakened in body and in mind: melancholy evidences of the detestable system under which they had been groaning.

The first courts of Inquisition were established in Italy. Afterward, Spain and Portugal were disgraced and gloomed by institutions of the same kind. In those barbarous times, when one half the people were cunning, and the other half ignorant, and all were comparatively unrefined, such horrid tribunals were not so much to be wondered at; but, I regret to say, in Spain there are persons friendly to this institution at the present moment, desirous, should they come into power, to re-establish the Inquisition.

The procession of the "Auto da Fé" was a horrible and imposing spectacle. The poor wretches condemned to death by the Inquisition appeared clothed in a strange and terrific garb: the Inquisitor-general, richly attired, and seated on a white horse, surrounded by nobles,

attended the unhappy culprits; monks, familiars, and various officers, also followed in the train.

The whole procession moved slowly forward to the place of execution, the bell of the cathedral mournfully tolling, and crowds of persons of both sexes attentively watching the melancholy scene.

Arrived at the appointed place, some of the devoted sufferers were strangled, and then burnt; whilst others were more cruelly burnt alive; the mob shouting and approving the severity of their inhuman rulers.

Hideous and exquisitely painful as must have been the sufferings of the condemned, yet their previous misery must have been almost greater. Imagine a solitary wretch, immured perhaps for years in a small dark dungeon, a bundle of rushes his only bed, bread and water his only food: perhaps ignorant of his crime, certainly uninformed of his accusers: not only without friends, but surrounded with hideous-looking men, who were doing all in their power to alarm and terrify him: with a body wasted by confinement and bad food, not unfrequently lacerated by torture and various inflictions.

This is no exaggerated picture of a prisoner of the Inquisition.

You will not easily forget under what Pope this tribunal was erected. It was the most iniquitous that ever existed; but the pontiff who established it assumed the name of Pope Innocent III.; a curious and remarkable misnomer!

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## CHAPTER XXI.

### HENRY III.

PRINCE Henry, the son of John, succeeded his father when he was only nine years old. Louis of France was defeated and driven from the island, and Henry III. proclaimed King.

In his reign, the first parliament, properly so called, was assembled. You often hear of the parliament, and you know that it is a meeting of gentlemen and noblemen, who assemble to consider what must be done for the good of the nation. They make laws, which are written down, and are called "Acts of Parliament." The Magna Charta, which John signed, and which his son Henry III. confirmed, was the first of these *written* laws.

There are two rooms in Westminster, near the Abbey, which are called the two houses of

parliament. In one of these, the dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, barons, and bishops meet, and it is therefore called the House of Lords, or Peers. In the other apartment, the wealthy and respectable gentlemen, chosen by counties and towns for their members, assemble; hence it is called the House of Commons. All the people of the kingdom could not go to London to transact public business; they therefore send some opulent and sensible person to act for them. Thus every county sends its members, and almost every large town does the same. These members are therefore considered as the representatives of the people.

The parliament meets every year, and the same members keep their seats during one parliament. A parliament cannot last more than seven years; but the King can dissolve it whenever he pleases. This assembly consists of three estates; that is, the lords temporal (dukes and earls, &c.); the lords spiritual (archbishops and bishops); and the commons, or gentlemen. The King is deemed the head of all, and sits on a throne in the House of Lords.*

Before an act, or law, can be established, it must be approved by the King, the Lords, and the Commons; without this general consent no

* Blackstone.

act is completed. When money is to be raised, for the paying of soldiers, &c., or any new loan is desired, the members of the House of Commons first debate the matter, and determine the amount of the sum and the means by which it shall be raised. They then send to inform the House of Lords of what they think ought to be done. The lords consider the affair, and if they also approve of it, the bill, as it is called, is sent to the King for his approbation. It is curious that the King's decision is always expressed in the French language. If he consents, the clerk of the parliament declares aloud, "*Le roy le veut*," the King wills it; or "*Soit fait comme il est dêsiré*," be it as it is desired. If the King does not assent, his refusal is graciously expressed thus: "*Le roy s'avisera*," the King will consider it. The royal assent to a money bill is yet more courteous: "*Le roy remercie ses loyaux sujets, accepte leur bênêvolence, et aussi le veut;*"* the King thanks his loyal subjects, accepts their benevolence, and wills it so to be.

Henry was mild and yielding; and his barons took advantage of his gentleness of temper. One of them, Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, headed an army against him, and took

* Blackstone.

him and his son Edward prisoners. The young prince contrived to escape by an ingenious stratagem. When riding out with his guards, he proposed that *they* should run races for amusement, whilst he only looked on. Thus the horses of the guards became fatigued and out of breath, while Edward's horse was fresh and unwearied. Now this horse was remarkable for its swiftness. The prince, watching his opportunity, bade his guards farewell, and galloped away. Their tired horses could not overtake the fleet steed of Edward, and therefore he was soon out of their reach.

He made good use of his freedom; for, joining his friends, he soon appeared with a fine army against the rebel lords. Leicester, astonished at the spirit and activity of the young prince, called out, on beholding his army, "Heaven have mercy on our souls! for our bodies, I see, are doomed to destruction." He, however, did all in his power, as all wise and brave men do, to retrieve his fortune.

One of his arrangements was very cruel; for he obliged Henry to put on armor, and fight against his own son. The feeble old King was placed in the front of the battle, and was soon wounded. A soldier was on the point of killing him (for the helmet and other parts of armor

almost entirely cover the face, and disguise the figure); but Henry, seeing his danger, cried out, "I am Henry of Winchester, your King!" Prince Edward happened to be valorously fighting near the spot, and, recognizing the voice of his father, instantly hastened to his relief. He arrived in time to rescue him, and bore him in safety to his own camp. Leicester was killed, and his troops were put to flight. Edward thus not only preserved his father's life, but restored him to liberty and dominion.

It is pleasant to talk of the virtuous and the brave; the young prince not only reduced the barons to submission, but afterward gave a charming instance of mercy and self-command.

In a contest with a powerful rebel, Adam Gordon, he was led on by his ardor and prowess to the enemy's camp, and, leaping the trenches that encircled it, found himself with a few followers amidst many foes. Gordon instantly distinguished and attacked his royal antagonist; a single combat ensued, during which, the rebel's foot slipping, he fell, and lay at the mercy of his prince. Edward scorned to take advantage of an unlucky accident, or to stain his sword with the blood of a fallen enemy. He checked his ardor, stayed his uplifted arm, and bade his vanquished adversary "Live!" This

was truly heroic; for it showed that Edward could govern himself, and that his nature was merciful as well as courageous.

This gallant prince had just sailed with an army to join the fifth Crusade, under Louis King of France, when his father died. Henry III. reigned fifty-six years; the longest reign of any English monarch, except the late King George III. You can easily remember which Henry reigned so long, by recollecting that he, as well as the late King, was the *third* of his name.

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## CHAPTER XXII.

### ZINGIS KHAN, THE TARTAR CHIEF.

When Henry III. became King of England, an Emperor of Constantinople, called Peter De Courtenay, ruled in that famed city. The present family of Courtenay, of Devonshire, England, are descendants of this French Emperor of Constantinople, being a branch from the first Earl of Devonshire, Hugh De Courtenay.*

Not very long after the death of this Emperor Peter, and in the reign of his son, Baldwin II.,

* Gibbon.

Constantinople fell again under the dominion of a Greek Emperor, and the French and Venetians were driven from a throne which they had conquered and enjoyed.

You will perhaps have remarked, that some warlike chief, or warlike nation, was always ruling and desolating the world. Alexander and his Macedonians; Hannibal and his Carthaginians; the Romans, under their various generals; Alaric the Goth; Attila the Hun; Charlemagne and his brave Franks; the Saracens, headed by daring chiefs.

You will now have to observe a hitherto unnoticed race changing the destiny of empires and states.

You have heard of the Turks, a northern tribe of barbarians. The Tartars and Moguls were also wild hordes that issued from the north, carrying war and desolation along with them.

Zingis Khan* was a Tartar of noble family, and son of a warrior chief. His private appellation was Temugin; but, when he became renowned in arms, he was recorded in history as Zingis, or Genghis Khan. Though a barbarian, he believed in God, acknowledged His power, and revered His mercy.

* Gibbon.

He led his rude and daring troops into China, Persia, Greece, Russia, and Poland; but rapine and blood marked his steps. He desolated a great part of China, and added five of her provinces to his own empire. He made large conquests in India, and subjected almost all Persia. In Russia, his victories were great and extensive. In short, it is said that his conquests extended eighteen hundred leagues from east to west, and a thousand from north to south.

His descendants completed the subjugation of the nations which he had partly vanquished. After his death, his grandson, Hulaku, made himself master of Bagdad, and, overturning the government of the Caliphs, put an end to the Saracen empire.

Batau Sagin, another of his grandsons, fixed himself in Russia, and rendered that country subject to the Tartars; a dominion which they held for three centuries.

Zingis Khan raised the Tartar name to a high rank, and is celebrated as the greatest, as well as the first, Emperor of the Moguls. He died full of years and honors, with his last breath exhorting and instructing his sons to continue their warlike exploits, and, if possible, to subdue the vast empire of China.

The year before this Tartar chief died, Louis

IX., called *the Saint*, ascended the throne of France, at twelve years of age. His mother, Blanche of Castile, was appointed Regent till Louis should be old enough to govern; and she united benevolence of disposition to firmness of mind, in a very eminent degree. The young King applied himself diligently to the study of his duties; and when he attained the age of twenty-one, he assumed the government, but without withdrawing his confidence from his mother, whose advice he still followed. He was a very great, as well as a very extraordinary man; fierce and terrible in battle, but so mild and gentle in his private character, that his mother commanded him, and his domestics gained too much influence over him. Religion was the first object of his life; and he was deeply grieved at the accounts of the hardships which the Christians endured in the Holy Land, from the cruelty of the Turks and other infidels. The city of Jerusalem was taken and pillaged by the Persians; and Louis, being dangerously ill at the time this afflicting news arrived, made a vow that, if he recovered, he would go himself to the relief of the Christians. In vain did his mother, the Bishop of Paris, and all the wise people of his court, unite their endeavors to dissuade him against so dangerous an under-

taking; all they could say was useless, and they were obliged to yield to him. Most of the nobles followed his example, and took up the cross. After three years' preparation, he entrusted the care of his dominions to his mother, and embarked, and arrived safely in the Island of Cyprus. He first determined to turn his arms against Egypt, thinking, if he conquered that country, it would make the taking of Jerusalem very easy. In this expedition he performed acts of valor almost beyond belief: his fleet being dispersed in a violent storm, he collected the remains of it, and arrived off Damietta, a very strong city, at the mouth of the river Nile. The ships and army of the infidels lined the coast, and made the landing very dangerous; but Louis feared nothing; the vessel he was in was scarcely within reach of the shore, when he threw himself into the sea with his sword in his hand, and, advancing through showers of arrows, landed, followed by his soldiers, whom he ranged in order of battle, and then they put the Saracens to flight. He took the city of Damietta, and gained many other advantages; but the Saracens received great reinforcements. Louis resolved, in spite of this, to besiege the city of Grand Cairo, the capital of Egypt: but during the march, which was

long and difficult, the Saracens made many attacks upon his army. The Count d'Artois, brother to the King, pursuing a squadron of these infidels with too much ardor, entered with them and some of his own soldiers into the town of Mansoura, where he was attacked in the streets and killed, after fighting like a hero, and being covered with wounds. Louis, hearing of the danger of his brother, flew to his assistance with the bravest of his army; but it was too late: the battle then became general, and the King was surrounded by enemies, who tried to take him prisoner, but he defended himself so bravely that he dispersed them on all sides. New battles, though equally glorious, weakened the French army considerably; they also began to be in want of provisions, and many of them fell sick. All the camp was like a hospital; and the King distinguished himself by his humanity and kindness to his soldiers as much as by his bravery. They had now no chance but to return to Damietta, which was very dangerous, surrounded as they were by the victorious army of the Saracens. On the march, the French were attacked and beaten; and the King himself, after many efforts of valor, was taken prisoner, with all the nobles who accompanied him. Sick and in prison, without hope,

and with only one single attendant near him, he displayed such heroic patience and so much true grandeur of soul, that he astonished all the infidels. At last, after great sufferings, he entered into a treaty with them, by which he agreed to restore to them the city of Damietta in exchange for his own liberty, and to pay them a large sum of money for the ransom of his army. His Queen, whose name was Margaret, had accompanied him in this expedition; and he had left her at Damietta, when he set off for Grand Cairo. When she heard that the King was a prisoner, she threw herself at the feet of an old knight who attended her, and made him swear to grant the request she was going to make. After he had taken the oath she required, she said, "It is, that if the Saracens take possession of this city, you will cut off my head before they make me a prisoner." "Most willingly," replied the knight, in his honest language; "I had before thought of doing so, if that event should come to pass:" and without doubt he would have kept his word, had not the Queen been included in the ransom.

Louis concluded a truce with the Saracens for ten years; after which he assembled the remains of his little army, and went to the Holy Land, where he passed four years in acts of de-

votion, in pilgrimages, and in endeavoring to convert the infidels to the religion of Jesus Christ. At last, the death of his mother made it necessary for him to return to France, in the year 1254, where he was received with transports of joy by all his subjects. After he had been at home a little while, he undertook to visit the various parts of his dominions; and wherever he went, he left behind him tokens of his generosity and wisdom.

Though the first expedition of St. Louis to the Holy Land had been unfortunate, he was always desirous of going on a second crusade. News of the most afflicting nature was received from Palestine, in the year 1267. Some societies of knights, some called Templars, and others Hospitallers, which had been established for the defence of that country, were spreading desolation all around them, in consequence of quarrels among themselves. The infidels took all the strong places from the Christians, and persecuted them with great cruelty. The King longed to go to their assistance; and though he was too weak to sit on horseback, or to support the weight of his armor, yet he determined upon another crusade, and engaged almost all his nobles to accompany him.

The preparations were very long, and in pro-

portion to the greatness of the undertaking; so that the crusaders did not embark till the year 1270. Every one thought he was going to Egypt, or Palestine; but, all at once, the King steered his course toward Tunis, as he flattered himself that the conquest of that kingdom would open the way for him to make himself master of Egypt; without which he saw that it was in vain for him to hope for success in the Holy Land. Before he landed, the infidels threatened to kill all the Christians in their country if the French came on shore: but this threat did not prevent the army from disembarking; and they encamped near the ruins of a celebrated ancient city, called Carthage.

Louis could not attack Tunis till he had received some succors from his brother Charles, King of Sicily; and, whilst he was waiting, his army was attacked by the plague, which carried off half his soldiers in a few days. To add to the sufferings of the crusaders, the Saracens, by means of machines, showered burning hot sand upon the Christians; and so continually attacked them, that the strength of the army was completely exhausted. The living were not enough to bury the dead: most of the nobles were among the number of the latter; and the Count de Nevers, the beloved son of

Louis, expired in his arms. The King himself was seized with the disorder, and he felt from the first that he should not recover; but he tried to conceal his sufferings; and, with every appearance of death upon his countenance, he visited the hospitals, and administered all the consolation he could to the sick and dying. From the duties of charity, he passed to those of a King, watching over the safety of the camp, and attending to the affairs of his subjects. Philip, his son and successor, never quitted his father, who was at last confined to his tent; and then he wrote, on his death-bed, instructions and advice to his son, which can scarcely ever be read without tears.

On the morning of the 25th August, 1270, feeling his death to be near, he made those around him lay him on a bed of ashes, in token of his humility, where he remained extended, with his arms crossed over his breast, and his eyes raised to heaven. In the midst of the ruins of Carthage, the camp of the Christians presented a mournful spectacle: not the least noise was heard; and the dying soldiers crawled out of the hospitals, and dragged themselves through the ruins to approach their expiring King. Louis was surrounded by his afflicted family; the deputies from the Emperor of Con-

stantinople were present; and all were filled with admiration for the dying Christian hero. At last, giving a deep sigh, Louis pronounced distinctly these words, "Lord, I will enter into Thy house, and I will adore Thee in Thy holy temple!" and at that moment he breathed his last.

The fleet of the King of Sicily now appeared in view; the trumpets of these new crusaders were heard, and they arrived full of hope and joy, bringing large succors with them. No answer being given to their signals, Charles, their King, was astonished, and began to fear that some dreadful misfortune had happened: he landed, and seeing the sentinels with their spears reversed, he flew to the tent of his brother Louis, and found him dead, extended upon his bed of ashes; he threw himself on the dead body, and gave marks of tenderness and feeling, such as could never have been expected from so haughty a soul. The countenance of St. Louis had yet no appearance of death; and even his lips retained their color. His body was brought to Europe, to be buried at St. Denis; but the soldiers would not let it depart before themselves, saying, that the precious remains of their beloved sovereign would be the safeguard of the army.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### EDWARD I.

EDWARD heard on the same day of the death of his father and of his son; and exclaimed that the loss of the first was most terrible; "For," said he, "I may have other sons, but I can never have another father." Reflect on the justness of this sentiment, and cherish your parents whilst they are yet with you, for their loss can never be repaired.

There was a people in Persia and Syria called Hassassins, from Hass, the Arabic term for *to kill*, because they thought the crime of murder a great virtue. Hence arose the expression *assassin*. The chief of these savages was called "The Old Man of the Mountain;" and at his command they travelled to all places, far and near, to slay whomsoever he ordered them. Hulaku, the conqueror of Persia, mentioned in the last chapter, exterminated this sanguinary race. Before the race was so exterminated, one of these assassins attempted to murder Edward. He entered the royal tent, when the Prince was with his army in Palestine, and tried to stab him with a dagger. Edward caught the blow on his arm, and throwing down

the ruffian, soon despatched him. It was feared the wound on the arm might have been given with a poisoned dagger; but the Prince happily recovered, to the great joy of his army and his nation.

He returned to England, and was crowned at Westminster. The Welsh had often harassed their English neighbors, and laid waste the adjacent counties; Edward therefore resolved to bring that people under his dominion, and, raising an army, attacked Llewellyn, Prince of Wales. Llewellyn was killed in battle; and from that period Wales became a part of England.

Edward sullied the glory of his victory by ordering all the Welsh bards to be massacred. He excused this barbarity, by saying he did so to preserve tranquillity in the kingdom; the bards being likely to keep up a spirit of dissension, as they were always reciting verses about the prowess of their ancestors.

The Welsh, provoked at this cruelty, and proud of their long-preserved independence, did not seem disposed to submit patiently to the yoke of their conqueror; but Edward softened their anger by an ingenious arrangement. He promised the Welsh a prince, born in Wales, and who could speak no English.

His Queen soon after had a son, born in the castle of Caernarvon. Edward presented the infant to the Welsh lords, as their native prince; certainly he could not speak one word of English. The Welsh lords smiled at the trick, yet joyfully accepted of the little prince for their future ruler.

It happened that the King's eldest son, Alphonso, died soon after; thus the little Edward became heir to the throne of England; and from that time the eldest son of the English King is called Prince of Wales. Pray remember how that title was acquired, and when it was first conferred.

Another very interesting event marked the reign of Edward I. The King of Scotland, Alexander III., died, and left a grand-daughter for his successor; but, she also dying, the crown of Scotland was claimed by many competitors. Three of these had nearly equal claims; John Hastings, John Baliol, and Robert Bruce. The pretensions of these were laid before Edward, for his opinion; who, after some deliberation, astonished the claimants by declaring himself to be the rightful heir.

The Scots were not willing to admit his pretensions; but at last acknowledged his superiority, and received from his hands Baliol as their King.

But Baliol, uneasy at the dominion exerted over him by Edward, intrigued with Philip, King of France. New dissensions arose; and Baliol was made prisoner by the English monarch, and confined in London. He was afterward released, and spent the rest of his life in France, in peace and privacy.

William Wallace, the illustrious Scottish hero, next essayed to rescue the freedom of his native land. But, after many glorious efforts, he was *betrayed* (I write it with indignation) by a pretended friend into the hands of Edward, brought to trial, and hanged as a traitor: a most undeserved punishment for a brave man, whose only political sin was his heroic patriotism!

Do you not think the ignominious death of Wallace is a disgrace to the memory of the first Edward?

Robert Bruce, grandson to that Robert who opposed Baliol, instructed and inspired by the gallant Wallace, resolved to emulate his deeds, and rescue Scotland from a state of vassalage. Edward was aware of his intentions, and surrounded him with spies. Bruce was warned of his danger by the ingenious present of a friend, who sent him a pair of gilt spurs and a purse full of money. Flight being thus insinuated

Bruce ordered his horse to be shod with the shoes turned the wrong way, to elude pursuit, and happily escaped. He afterward fought so bravely, and planned so wisely, that he soon found himself at the head of a fine army. He was crowned King of Scotland at Scone, and the English were compelled to retire into their own country.

Edward, though advanced in age, was not enfeebled in mind, and he immediately determined to humble the new monarch. He himself appeared at the head of his forces; and, directing his anger against the Scottish nobles, he is represented as having acted with lenity and pity toward the Scottish peasantry. It is related, that he shut up the sister of Bruce in a wooden cage, and had his two brothers put to death.

But all farther designs against the independence of Scotland were arrested by the decease of the King. Edward was taken ill at Carlisle, in Cumberland, and expired there, after commanding his son to complete the reduction of Scotland. Like Zingis Khan, the hero of the last chapter, he lived and died a warrior; and with his latest breath desired to bequeath his spirit and his animosity to his successor.

Considering the times in which he lived, Edward is reckoned one of the best kings that ever

sat on the English throne. Valorous, persevering, respecting justice, yet loving mercy, his fame would have been brighter, had his conduct toward Wallace been more lenient and honorable.

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## CHAPTER XXIV.

### SICILIAN VESPERS (1282). THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE ESTABLISHED (1299).

During the reign of the first Edward of England, a bloody tragedy was acted in the island of Sicily. Sicily, you know, is in the Mediterranean Sea, at the southernmost point of Italy. The Saracens once possessed it; but they were driven out by Tancred and his brave Normans, who were in turn supplanted by the French.

Charles of Anjou, uncle to Philip III. of France, governed the Sicilians with so much rigor, that a conspiracy was formed to expel all the French from Sicily.

Some Frenchmen having insulted and abused a Sicilian lady, the animosity of the islanders was heightened, and their desire of revenge quickened.

A horrible plot was laid, and boldly executed. On Easter Monday, 1282, at the tolling of the church-bell for vespers, or evening service, a general massacre of all the French in Sicily took place. This signal was so punctually and universally observed, that, it is said, in little more than two hours, scarcely a Frenchman was left alive in the whole island. This sanguinary and successful conspiracy is known in history by the appellation of "the Sicilian Vespers."

Peter, King of Arragon, in Spain, had countenanced and assisted the conspirators; and, on the execution of their horrible project, he took possession of the Island of Sicily. This island, however, came afterward into the hands of the French, and again under the rule of the House of Anjou.

Is not this massacre almost incredible? Does it not seem unlikely to have occurred among the most barbarous of nations? Should we not turn with horror and disbelief from the account of such a warfare among the most ferocious brutes; tigers, lions, bears? What shall we say to it? What can we think of it, as the coolly-arranged scheme of a civilized nation of rational creatures? I wish it were the only transaction of the kind recorded in history; but you will hear of a yet more extensive massacre, committed in a more

civilized era, and by the most polite people of Europe !—But I will not forestall events.

On the 27th of June, 1299, Othman, the renowned leader of the Turks, commenced the victorious career, which ended by his laying the foundation of a new empire. The Turks had been till then a wandering race; but they were established as a people in the lands they had conquered; and this new empire was called, after its founder, the Ottoman empire, Othman being its first Sultan.

The capital city was Byrsa (sometimes called Prusa) in Bithynia; and a race of very warlike princes succeeded the veteran Othman. The Turks, you know, were and are Mohammedans; and Byrsa was enriched with a mosque and also a college.

Amurath, the grandson of Othman, instituted those haughty foot-soldiers called Janizaries. In his wars against the Sclavonian nations, he made a great many prisoners. The handsomest and stoutest of these captives were trained to arms, formed into a militia, and consecrated by a Dervish, or holy man.* Standing in the front of their ranks, he stretched the sleeve of his gown over the head of the foremost soldier, and his blessing was delivered in these words: "Let

* Gibbon.

them be called Janizaries (*Zingi cheri*, or new soldiers)! May their countenances be ever bright! their hands victorious! their swords keen! May their spears always hang over the head of their enemies! and wheresoever they go, may they return with a white face." Such was the origin of the Janizaries.

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## CHAPTER XXV.

### THE SWISS REPUBLICS ESTABLISHED.

GERMANY long consisted, as it still does, of several independent principalities, each governed by its own prince; and the Emperor of Germany was head of the whole. This Emperor was chosen by the princes from among themselves, and regarded as their sovereign.

Just when the first Edward became King of England, Rodolph, a Swiss Baron, Count of Hapsburgh, was elected Emperor of Germany. Rodolph afterward obtained possession of Austria, and gave it to his eldest son Albert. This was the beginning of the greatness of the House of Austria, which for three centuries gave emperors to Germany.

Rodolph was hereditary sovereign of many

of the Swiss cantons; and his son Albert was desirous to subjugate the whole of Switzerland, and make it a dominion for one of his sons. But Albert did not govern with the lenity and good sense displayed by his father. Rodolph is described as a prince of rare merit; and it is related of him, that he so well knew when every duty should be performed, and every effort made, "*that he never once began anything too soon or too late.*"

Albert I. when he became Emperor of Germany, treated his subjects, the Swiss, with so much severity, and placed over them such tyrannical governors, that those brave mountaineers disdained to submit to his yoke. Gessler, one of the harsh Austrian rulers, in the wantonness of power, set up a pole, with his hat upon it, and commanded the Swiss to do homage to it, as to himself. This order, you may be sure, a people fond of freedom did not choose to obey. One of them, the celebrated William Tell, often passed this hat without making the required obeisance; and for his contumely he was sentenced to be hanged, unless he should shoot an arrow through an apple placed on his son's head. Tell was an excellent marksman, and very dexterously hit the apple, without hurting his child. When he had performed this exploit, Gessler,

approaching him, observed a second arrow stuck in his girdle, and inquired for what use it was intended? "To have pierced your heart, had I wounded my son," replied the intrepid William Tell. The brave, you see, always speak truth, even when, by doing so, they risk their safety.

Tyrants are seldom generous, or capable of feeling the charms of virtue. Gessler ordered Tell to prison; but this brave man, escaping from his dungeon, killed the tyrant, and thus aided the deliverance of his country.

Before this event, a secret conspiracy had been forming, of which three gallant Swiss were the principal contrivers, Stauffacher, Melchthal and Furst. Pray remember the names of these three worthy patriots. I know nothing better worth remembering than the names and actions of the lovers and benefactors of their country.

Switzerland is divided into many cantons. Three of these, Uri, Schwitz, and Unterwalden, were the first to throw off the Austrian yoke; the other cantons followed their example, till at length the whole of Switzerland became free, and so remained for many centuries.

I wish I could tell you a quarter of the gallant actions and intrepid efforts of the Swiss, in their contest for liberty and independence. At one time, a few hundreds of these spirited

warriors conquered many thousands of their Austrian foes, and made the pass of Morgarten as famous in modern history, as Leonidas and his Spartans rendered the pass of Thermopylæ in ancient times.

Tell and Furst fought in this memorable battle, 15th November, 1315; and a chapel was raised on the spot to commemorate their glorious victory.

Albert, the cruel oppressor of a free people, was himself the victim of cruelty; for he was murdered by his nephew John, in 1308, the year after the commencement of the struggles of the Swiss. When these brave people had recovered their dearly prized liberty, they formed themselves into several republics. Each canton was governed by its own magistrates, and all were bound to unite in the preservation of the freedom, and the peace, and the rights of all. Thirteen cantons, besides some towns and districts, considered as allies, were joined in this confederacy. Pray look for Switzerland in the map; you will find it at the foot of the Alps, with the lake of Geneva on one side, and the lake of Constance on the other, and situated between France, Germany, and Italy.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### EDWARD II. OF CAERNARVON.

EDWARD II., at the age of twenty-three, succeeded his father. He was a prince of a mild and yielding disposition, and would have been amiable and happy in private life; but he had not spirit and firmness to rule a turbulent people.

Instead of attending to the advice of his father, in pursuing the conquest of Scotland; instead of devoting himself to the duties of his high station, he gave up his thoughts to unworthy favorites, and his time to pleasure and indolence.

No good could accrue from such unwise indulgence; how much evil thence arose the events of his life will show. Piers Gaveston, a Gascon knight, remarkable only for a handsome figure and agreeable manners, was the first favorite of the King. He allowed this youth to rule him in all things, and loaded him with favors. The Barons were provoked at the preference given to a silly and worthless young man; they combined against him, and did not cease their persecutions till they had made Gaveston their

prisoner, and, profiting by their success, had him immediately beheaded.

The feeble monarch was easily appeased, and turned his thoughts to the invasion of Scotland. In this attempt he was defeated at Bannockburn, near Stirling, by the intrepid Bruce ; and by flight alone saved himself from becoming the captive of the Scots.

Another favorite now occupied the affections of Edward: Hugh Spencer, an Englishman of rank and high accomplishments, supplied the place of the murdered Gaveston ; but, as worthless as the former favorite, he shared his fate, for he was put to death by the incensed nobles, after a short career of splendor and profligacy.

The King, during the rule of Spencer, had made a formidable attack upon his Barons, and subdued the most turbulent ; but he was afterward unsuccessful. His wife, Queen Isabella, was as vicious as her husband was weak ; she loved a young nobleman, called Mortimer, and for his sake was willing to get rid of her royal consort. Isabella, therefore, openly abetted the insurrection of the rebellious nobles, and thought herself happy when they had made Edward their captive.

I shudder to repeat with how much cruelty the triumphant traitors treated their sovereign.

He was led from prison to prison, and made to endure every indignity which malice could invent or power inflict.

At one time, they caused him to be shaved in the open fields, and the cold dirty water of a neighboring ditch to be used for the purpose. Disgraceful barbarity! Could men, performing such low-minded cruelties, presume to call themselves Nobles? Edward, deeply afflicted by this malignity, shed tears; and, as the warm drops trickled down his cheek, with a patient gaiety he exclaimed, "In spite of the malice of my foes, here is warm and clean water on my cheeks."

He was put to death at Berkeley Castle, by most violent and brutal means. In this reign lived the famous Guy, Earl of Warwick, of whom many wonderful stories are told.

Clement V. was now Pope of Rome; but, Italy being distracted by contending factions, he removed the seat of the papal government to Avignon, 1309. Avignon is a town of France, on the banks of the Rhine. Philip III. King of France, yielded it to the Popes, who, by residing there, caused it to be enriched with many fine buildings, so that it became a place of great magnificence. In 1791, it was taken from the Pope by the revolutionary gov-

ernment, und again forms part of the French King's dominions.

Clement V. allowed Philip IV. of France to commit a very cruel action; for he gave him a *bull*, as it is called (that is, a papal order, or letter), to extirpate the Knights Templars. These persons were therefore driven out of all the kingdoms of Europe; and, when taken, were tried and burnt alive, for pretended crimes against religion; when, in fact, their only crime was, that they had offended Philip.

This Philip IV. was a grandson of St. Louis, and was surnamed Le Bel, or the Fair, on account of his personal beauty. He succeeded his father, Philip the Bold, at the early age of seventeen: he was a very brave prince, and had some great qualities; but he was also obstinate, greedy of riches, and full of revenge against those who had offended him. His expensive wars obliged him to impose heavy taxes; the people, harassed and drained, became turbulent and seditious; and the Knights Templars, being very rich, were accused of causing the riots and discontents. By their expulsion, their property became confiscated to the King: you see, therefore, why he desired their extirpation.

Philip had many enemies, but the most dan-

gerous of them was the Pope, Boniface VIII., a very haughty, violent, ambitious man, and equally wicked. He had made himself Pope by persuading his predecessor, Celestine, to resign the popedom; after which he imprisoned the unfortunate Celestine, and inflicted so many cruelties upon him as caused his death. Boniface was quite furious if any one opposed his will; and he wished to make all the kings of Europe yield to his imperious commands. He was generally inclined to favor the King of France, till some differences arose between him and Philip, who was not less haughty and violent than himself. Philip had detained Guy, Count of Flanders, and his two sons, in prison very unjustly, and the Pope sent to entreat that they might be set at liberty; but Philip was offended at his interference, and refused the request. Many events of a similar nature occurred to make the Pope and the King more and more dissatisfied with each other, till at last Philip refused all submission to the papal authority, and all kinds of insults passed between them. The Pope then excommunicated the King; but Philip would not yield to the sentence, and prepared to avenge himself, in a manner that no Christian prince had ever dared to do before. He sent William de

Nogaret, Sciarra Colonna, and others, who were bitter enemies to the Pope, into Italy, and they settled themselves at Staggia, a castle not far from Anagni, (where the Pope was born, and where he then resided,) pretending to be there upon business of state. These men, who were plotting against Boniface, took with them about three hundred horse soldiers; and, by means of money, they got many people to join their cause, even in the city of Anagni. When all was prepared, and they were sure that the gates of the city would be opened to them by a traitor within, they marched rapidly toward it and entered, the French riding through the streets, accompanied by the Italian friends of Colonna, crying "Long live the King of France, and let Boniface die!" They then entered the palace of the Pope, without meeting any resistance; but the French dispersed themselves immediately through all the apartments, to plunder the immense treasures which Boniface had collected there, so that Colonna, alone, with some Italians, came to the room where the Pope was. There is not a doubt that they intended to murder him; but the old man, whose great age of eighty-six should have made him respected even by his enemies, had put on his pontifical robes and triple crown,

called the *tiara*, and thrown himself on his knees in prayer to God at the holy altar, when he heard the approach of the conspirators. His enemies were so struck with awe at this sight, that they did not dare to touch him; but threatened to take him a prisoner to France, and have him brought to trial. The French continued plundering for three days, without determining what to do with their prisoner; till at last, the people of Anagni, who had been taken by surprise, and at first appeared inclined to favor the French, were induced to take up arms; they then attacked the conspirators, drove them from the palace, and set the Pope at liberty.

The criminal intentions of the King of France were, however, accomplished, without his being obliged to have the old Pope put to death; for the insults he had received during the three days of his captivity had so terrified and enraged him, that he lost his health and his reason: he repaired to Rome, to be in safety; became furiously jealous of his power; and looked upon all opposition to his will as an attack upon his authority. One day when he wanted to go from the palace of the Vatican to the church of the Lateran, the people about him, not wishing to expose his madness to the eyes of the public,

refused to let him stir out, and forced him back to his own apartment, where the old Pope, trembling with rage, was left alone with John Campano, a man who had proved faithful to him in all circumstances. This good old servant exhorted him to support his misfortunes with courage, and to confide in that Power which alone can comfort us under all afflictions, and would give him consolation and strength to support his trials like a Christian. But Boniface did not answer a single word; his eyes became sunk; he foamed with rage, gnashed his teeth, and refused all food. His madness seemed to increase as night approached, and he passed it without sleep, as he had passed the day without nourishment. At last, appearing quite exhausted from the anguish of his mind, he ordered the domestics to retire; and, remaining alone, he locked his door. After waiting a long time, the servants broke open the door, and found him on the bed quite stiff and cold. A staff which he had in his hand was gnawed and covered with froth, and he appeared to have dashed himself with violence against the wall (for his white hairs were stained with his own blood), and then to have thrown himself on the bed, and covered his head with the clothes, by

which means he most probably smothered himself.

Philip lived some years after the Pope; but he had many vexations, which preyed upon his health, and made him very unhappy. One day, when hunting the wild boar in the forest of Fontainebleau, the animal ran between the legs of his horse, which plunged, and fell with the King under him. This fall occasioned his death, at the age of forty-five, and after he had reigned twenty-seven years.

On his death-bed Philip repented bitterly that he had given way to his violent passions, and gave excellent advice to his son Louis Hutin, who succeeded him; but good example is always better than good advice, and has more influence on those around us.

Dante, the famed Italian poet, died a few years before Edward II. was murdered.

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## CHAPTER XXVII.

### EDWARD III.

Edward III. was only fourteen when his father was so cruelly murdered, as I stated in the last chapter. His mother and her minion, Mortimer, usurped the regal power; but the

brave young Prince soon threw off the yoke of these unworthy rulers. Assisted by some of his faithful barons, he entered into a plan for freeing himself and his country from the tyranny of Mortimer and the shameless Isabella.

Edward seemed willing to devote himself to the good of his people; but his love of arms led him continually into military exploits. In his wars against France, his son, Edward the Black Prince, (so called from the color of his arms,) shone very conspicuously.

At the famous battle of Crecy, in 1346, the Prince of Wales performed prodigies of valor. Being hemmed around by numerous troops of the enemy, some of his officers, anxious for the safety of the gallant youth, sent messengers to his father (who was at a distance watching the engagement) to despatch succors to his son. The King hearing that Edward was as yet unhurt, calmly replied, "I will not send any reinforcement; be all the honor of the day his own; let him show himself worthy of his illustrious rank."

The Prince fulfilled the wishes of his father; he obtained a complete victory; and on his return to the camp received the warm embrace of his delighted parent, who exclaimed, "My valiant son! go on as you have begun—you have acquitted yourself nobly."

How grateful to the ardent bosom of the juvenile warrior (then only fifteen years of age) must have been this praise!

The siege of Calais was the next brilliant undertaking of the English monarch, and after twelve months the city surrendered, on August 3, 1347. Edward was so provoked at the trouble and time the siege had caused, that, forgetting that what had been harassing to him was most honorable to his brave and enduring enemies, he vowed to take a signal revenge. His anger, however, being somewhat pacified, he declared that if six citizens would deliver themselves to him for execution, bareheaded, barefooted, and with halters round their necks, he would forgive the rest.

Have I not told you something similar to this in ancient history. Try and remember.

The citizens of Calais, like the inclosed Romans, were at first dismayed; but, like those ancient heroes, finally decided, that it is sometimes glorious to submit to ignominious terms, when, by so doing, we can benefit our country or our fellow-creatures.

Eustace de St. Pierre immortalized his name by being the first to offer himself as a victim to rescue his fellow-citizens. His noble example was instantly followed. It is thus that virtue

is often *doubly* serviceable; in the actions of the individual, and in arousing the emulation and imitation of beholders. It is thought that the King would have sacrificed these six high-minded townsmen to his blind rage, had not the Queen Philippa, on her knees, pleaded for their lives, and opened her husband's heart to generous feelings.

St. Pierre and his companions were saved; and Edward did himself more honor by mastering his revenge, than by conquering Calais.

At this time Philip VI., surnamed of Valois, ruled in France, and his reign was distinguished by the extraordinary valor of three ladies of high rank, whose exploits excited the admiration of all Europe. As their names are immortalized in history, and they are deservedly ranked with the greatest warriors, you will be glad to have some account of them.

John, the third Duke of Brittany, being without children, adopted his niece Jane, and having declared her heiress of his duchy, married her to the Count De Blois, nephew to King Philip. On the death of the Duke of Brittany, in 1341, the Count de Montfort, one of his brothers, wished to deprive his niece of the duchy, to which the late Duke had made her

heiress ; and, fearing the King of France might take her part, as she was married to his nephew, he joined himself to Edward III. King of England, who was at war with France, and then seized the principal cities in Brittany. The King of France sent an army into that province, to the assistance of his nephew, and, besieging Nantes, the capital, they made themselves masters of it, took the Count De Montfort prisoner, and sent him, strongly guarded, to Paris, where he was shut up in the great tower of the Louvre. The war, however, was not ended, though the chief had been taken; for the Countess De Montfort, whose name also was Jane, continued it with incredible vigor.

This Princess was one of the most illustrious and extraordinary women in the world ; and was endowed with the greatest fortitude, courage, and ability. She managed a war-horse better than any knight; was skilful in all kinds of warlike exercises; and could fight by sea and by land with as much ease and unconcern as another lady would have shown in a ball-room. Like a perfect general, she knew how to order a battle, to guard a city, to make a treaty, to provide for the safety of an army without confusion, to surprise the enemy ; when to advance and when to retire, to attack and to defend, and

to support every kind of hardship and fatigue. This heroine, hearing that her husband was taken prisoner, instead of losing time in useless repining, visited all the towns, to assure herself of the fidelity of the people, and to inspire them with confidence, taking with her her infant son, who was only three years old, and whom she held in her arms. Fearing for the safety of this dear boy, she sent him to England, to the care of King Edward, who sent six thousand men to her assistance; but as these troops did not arrive in time to defend the city of Rennes, which the French were then besieging, the inhabitants were obliged to surrender.

The French afterward attacked the town of Hennebon, where the Countess herself was, and where the fight was long and obstinate; but she defended the place with such skill, that the enemy were obliged to retire. Ascending to the top of one of the towers of the city, to observe the situation of the French camp, she perceived a part, which appeared to be ill guarded; and, immediately getting on horseback, she put herself at the head of three hundred knights, galloped through one of the gates of the city, surprised that part of the camp, and set it on fire. The report of this attack, the sight of the fire, and the flight of those who had been sur-

JANE DE MOUNTFORT. Page 139.

prised, spread such alarm and consternation among the French, that their general gave up the siege of the city, and marched to the relief of his own camp. The Countess, seeing that her undertaking had succeeded, rallied her troops, and would have taken the road back to the town; but the enemy had cut off her retreat, and she could not return; upon which she gave orders to her soldiers to escape toward Brest. The French, seizing some of those who were fleeing away, were astonished to learn from them that the Countess herself had been at the head of the attack on the camp, and was among the troops they were then in pursuit of. The people of Hennebon, not knowing what was become of her, were full of anxiety for her safety; but, at the end of five days, she appeared again, with a reinforcement of six hundred men, well armed and mounted. The inhabitants sallied out to receive her; and she entered the city with trumpets sounding, and in the face of the enemy, who were filled with admiration and astonishment at her intrepidity.

The Count De Blois having also received a reinforcement, the assault on the town was renewed with greater fury than ever; and in many places the walls were so battered that the besieged began to think of surrendering. The

Countess De Montfort, in despair, looked out toward the sea, and, perceiving an English fleet at a distance, cried out, "Courage, my children! We are saved; for succors are coming from our friends!" Such unexpected glad tidings gave courage to the people; they talked no more of yielding; and the English general landed his soldiers, attacked the French camp, and compelled the enemy to raise the siege. A little time after, a truce was concluded between England and France, during which the Count De Montfort was set at liberty. As soon as he found himself free, he renewed the war with great vigor; but he was taken ill, and died in 1345. The Countess was no more dismayed by the death, than she had been by the imprisonment, of her husband. She fought many battles, and put to flight the army of the Count De Blois, who was wounded himself, taken prisoner, and conducted to England. His wife, Jane, endowed with courage equal to that of the Countess De Montfort, took up arms also; and these two heroines, continuing the war for a long time, both distinguished themselves by prodigies of valor.

Another female, equally extraordinary, has been celebrated in history in a similar manner. The same Philip VI., under pretence of giving a

tournament, had attracted some nobles from Brittany to Paris, among whom was Oliver Clisson. As soon as they arrived, they were arrested upon a slight suspicion that they had held correspondence with the English; and Philip ordered them to be beheaded immediately, without even the form of trial. This violation of justice made King Edward renew the war; and the widow of Clisson, to avenge the murder of her husband, sold her jewels, fitted out three vessels, crossed the sea, landed in Normandy, took many castles, and set many villages on fire. She was always found amidst the greatest dangers and horrors of the war, with a sword in one hand and a torch in the other, exciting to carnage, and encouraging her people. She had a son twelve years of age, whom she sent to London to be in safety; and, as soon as he was old enough to bear arms, she excited him to distinguish himself by great exploits. She had the satisfaction of seeing him prove himself the worthy son of such a mother; and the battle of Aurai, fought in 1364, in which he lost an eye, was gained in a great degree by his valor. This battle decided the fate of the Dutchy of Brittany, in favor of the young Count De Montfort. Philip VI. died at the age of fifty-seven, and was succeeded by his eldest son John II., surnamed the Good.

At the very commencement of his reign, John, notwithstanding his title of "Good," unjustly put to death the Count D'Eu, Constable of France. This execution alienated all hearts from John, and brought upon him many misfortunes. Among others, was a renewal of hostilities with England. Edward III. landed in France with an army, and sent his son, the Black Prince, to join the Duke of Lancaster in Guyenne, a province in the south of the kingdom. All the surrounding country was laid waste, according to the cruel custom of those days; and the Prince, with an army of twelve thousand men, spread devastation and terror as far as the province of Berry, in the midst of the kingdom. Here he found the country before him too well guarded to permit his farther advance: and, as the bridges behind were broken down, he could not retreat. In this state of perplexity, the King of France advanced toward him with an army of eighty thousand men, and they came in sight of each other near the town of Poitiers, in September, 1356.

It was impossible for the Prince of Wales to escape from so large an army; he therefore prepared for a battle with all the courage of a hero and the prudence of a skilful general; and then endeavored to negotiate with the French King,

from a consciousness of his inferiority as to numbers, and a desire to avoid shedding the blood of his soldiers uselessly. He offered to agree to any terms that would not be dishonorable to himself and to England; promised to give up all the conquests he had just made; and not to serve against France for seven years to come. But King John insisted that the Prince and a hundred of his nobles should surrender themselves prisoners, in which case he promised to let the rest of the English army go safely home. The Prince refused this offer with disdain, and declared that, whatever fortune might happen to him, his country should never be ashamed of his conduct.

All hope of avoiding a battle was now at an end, and the English passed the night in preparing for it. The prudence of the Prince made amends for the smallness of his army; and the impetuosity of the French, joined to their too great confidence of success, brought them into dangers which they did not foresee. The English were so posted that they could be reached only through a narrow lane, covered by hedges on each side; and, while part of the French army advanced along the lane, a body of English archers, who were behind the hedges, let fly their arrows on each side, and killed a great

many of them. Those who got safe to the end of the lane, found the Black Prince at the head of some of the bravest of his soldiers, ready to receive them. They were consequently beaten; one of their commanders was killed, the other taken prisoner; and the rest of the French, who were still in the lane, fled back upon their own army, where they threw everything into confusion.

The sudden retreat of the Dauphin (which is the title of the eldest son of the King of France) increased the terror and the disorder, so that King John soon found himself exposed to the greatest danger. His soldiers were killed around him; his nobles fell by his side one after another; and his favorite son Philip, who was scarcely fourteen years old, received a wound while fighting valiantly in defence of his father. The King himself, who performed prodigies of valor, and was wounded in the face, being quite exhausted and covered with blood, might easily have been slain; but every English gentleman, desirous of taking alive the royal prisoner, spared him in the action, prayed him to surrender, and offered him his life. Many who attempted to seize him suffered for their boldness, and he overthrew all who dared to approach him. He continued to call out for the Prince of Wales, and seemed unwilling to become prisoner to any

person of lower rank; till at last, hearing that the Prince was at a distance, he yielded himself to a French knight, who, under unfortunate circumstances, had been exiled from his own country, and had entered into the service of the English.

The Black Prince had been carried away in pursuit of the fugitive enemy; and on finding the field entirely clear, had ordered a tent to be pitched. Here, as he refreshed himself after the toils of battle, he inquired anxiously as to the fate of the French monarch, and despatched a nobleman to bring him tidings. This nobleman arrived just in time to save the life of the royal captive, which at that moment was exposed to greater danger than it had been during the action. The English had taken him by force from the French knight, whose party claimed the honor of detaining him; and some brutal soldiers, rather than give up their prize, had threatened to put him to death. The nobleman whom the Prince had sent, overawed both parties; and approaching the King with great respect, offered to conduct him to the Prince's tent. On his approach, Edward went out to meet the captive monarch with every mark of respect; endeavored to comfort him in his misfortunes; gave him the praise due to his valor,

and ascribed the victory to a superior Providence rather than to any merit of his own.

The behavior of John was worthy of such generous treatment; his misfortunes did not make him forget that he was a King, and he was greatly affected by Edward's generosity to him, saying that his own honor was still unsullied, and that it was a great consolation to him, that he had fallen into the hands of the most valiant and virtuous prince in the world. Edward ordered a repast to be prepared for his royal prisoner, and served himself at table, as if he had been one of his attendants. He stood at the King's back, and would not take a place at the table, declaring that he was a subject, and knew the distance between his own rank and that of royal majesty: all the English knights followed the example of their prince, and treated their prisoner in the same generous manner.

After concluding a truce with France for two years, the Black Prince conducted the King to England, where he was met by all ranks of people at his landing. The prisoner was dressed in royal robes, and mounted on a white horse, distinguished for its beauty and size, and richly caparisoned: the conqueror rode by his side, plainly clad, on a small black pony: and thus they passed through the streets of London.

The Prince presented the King of France to his father, who advanced to meet him, and received him as if he had been a neighboring sovereign come to pay him a visit. After some time, John grew tired of his captivity, and was so humbled by his ill-fortune, that he had the weakness to conclude a disgraceful treaty with the English, which would have ruined his kingdom; but the Dauphin and the nobles would not agree to it, and Edward went to France again with a large army, and committed great ravages all over the country. At last, a peace was concluded, part of the conditions of which were, that France should pay, at different times, one million and a half of sterling money for the ransom of its King, and that the King of England should retain many of the French provinces, which he had conquered. Forty hostages, or persons given in pledge, to be kept till the terms of the treaty were fulfilled, were to be sent to England, among whom were the two sons of John, and the Dukes of Orleans and Bourbon. John confirmed this treaty most willingly, after which he was restored to his people; and he executed the conditions with the greatest fidelity; for he was a strict observer of his word, and used to say, that, "if truth and justice were banished from the rest of the world, they

ought to be found in the mouth and heart of all Kings."

About three years after John had left England, one of his sons returned to France before the time for his remaining as a hostage had expired, and without King Edward's leave, protesting that he would not go back again. This conduct gave the King of France so much uneasiness, that he determined to give himself up instead of his son, and, contrary to the advice of his counsellors, who did all in their power to dissuade him from such a step, he went to England, where King Edward received him with the greatest magnificence and respect: but, a few days after his return to London, he was taken ill, and died, at the age of fifty-five, at the palace of the Savoy in the Strand.

John of France was more unfortunate than John of England; but the French King gave honor to misfortune, and is remembered with pity and esteem. The English monarch disgraced his fate, and caused his own sorrows; hence he is recollected with scorn and detestation. Observe, I beseech you, that disaster may pain and humble, but cannot disgrace.

His conqueror, the Black Prince, survived him about twelve years. To the great grief of the nation, this valiant Prince died of consump-

tion in the forty-sixth year of his age, leaving behind him a character without blemish. He was wise, merciful, brave; and promised to have been as great in peace as he had proved himself in war.

Edward III. soon followed his accomplished son to the grave, broken-hearted with his irreparable loss. He died in the sixty-fifth year of his age, and fifty-first of his reign, leaving his kingdom to his grandson Richard II., a youth about eleven years of age, and son of the Black Prince.

Just before Edward died, the Popes quitted Avignon, which had been for seventy years the seat of papal dominion, and returned to Rome. Pope Gregory XI. was the pontiff who made this removal.

It was in the reign of Edward III. that the business of the courts of law began to be conducted in the English tongue. Until that period, the French language had been used in all legal proceedings.

In his reign, the Order of the Garter was instituted, of which some account has been given in the "English Stories."

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### GUNPOWDER FIRST USED.

When Edward III. began his reign, David II. was King of Scotland; but the English monarch caused Edward Baliol to be crowned King of the Scots at Scone. Baliol was however soon deprived of his crown, and expelled; and David II., making war against England, was defeated by an army commanded by Queen Philippa, and carried prisoner to London. Thus two monarchs were captives in this metropolis at the same time; but David recovered his liberty. Sir Henry Picard, Lord Mayor of London, boasted that four monarchs had dined together at his table; the Kings of England, Scotland, France, and Cyprus; of whom the three latter were captives.

Cyprus is an island in the Mediterranean Sea, famous in poetry as the supposed residence of Venus the goddess of beauty. In some verses, it is called Paphos; hence Venus is denominated the Paphian Queen. I need not tell you that this is all a fable. The early history of Cyprus is highly interesting. The Saracens conquered it in more modern times; during the

Crusades, the Venetians made themselves masters of it, and continued to rule it in Edward's time, as they also did for many years afterward.

The Turks, who first entered Europe about 1352, and gradually obtained extensive dominion in the eastern part of it, seized the island of Cyprus in 1571, almost two hundred years afterward, and possess it to this day.

The world was now beginning to be enriched with various useful inventions. At Naples, the mariner's compass had been discovered; a valuable invention for sailors. You know, that the loadstone has the property of always pointing toward the North; this surprising property it can communicate to steel; and you can imagine that, by lightly hanging a steel needle, charged with the magnetism of the loadstone, in a box, and seeing which way it points, the north will be always known; and when the north is accurately known, the other quarters can be easily ascertained. Thus you plainly see how easy it is, with such assistance, to guide a ship across the wide and trackless ocean. Before the discovery of this property in the loadstone, and before the invention of its use in a compass, sailors directed their course by watching the sun, and the moon, and the

stars. In cloudy weather, this observation was impossible: hence the immense advantage gained by a permanent and unchangeable guide. Do ask to look at a compass.

The discovery of gunpowder produced less obvious and certain advantages. It has indeed been said that wars have been less frequent and less sanguinary since the invention of this death-scattering mixture. Besides ponderous machines to throw stones and beat down walls, the Greeks produced a kind of liquid fire, which they managed to throw blazing into the midst of their enemies. Close combat between man and man, with swords, javelins, clubs and spears, must have been terrible. The shock of a cannon ball, and wounds from muskets and pistols, must more easily and instantly kill, and the wounds given by them, when not fatal may be less lacerated and severe.

Still it is difficult to consider the invention of gunpowder as a benefit to mankind. The Chinese pretend that they had discovered it many centuries before Schwartz, a German, is supposed to have first made it known in Europe, about 1330. Edward III. was the first English monarch who used it: at the battle of Crecy, his artillery is said to have done dreadful execution. Perhaps the horror of so terrible an in-

strument of slaughter may have occasionally prevented a hasty and thoughtless commencement of warfare.

You will perhaps ask, how are these various discoveries in arts and sciences made? Schwartz was a chemist; and, probably in mixing different ingredients, and trying ingenious experiments, he found that sulphur, nitre, and charcoal, mixed together, when touched with fire, produced effects that might render the mixture useful for some purposes. It is thus that most discoveries are made; by accident perhaps, but not by chance.

There is no such thing as chance; for *certain* causes must produce *certain* consequences. Think a little. Is it not so? By close observation on what happens, and judicious reflection on what may be made to happen, some inventions are produced; often in prosecuting one discovery, another, very unexpected, and, it may be, much more valuable, is found out.

Thus you see, a person of observation and reflection, who carefully exerts his senses and faculties, is very likely to find out something useful and before unknown, or to contrive something new and ingenious.

Do pray, therefore, acquire the habit of seeing what you look at, attending to what you

hear, reflecting upon what you observe, remembering what you read.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### CHARLES V., THE WISE, KING OF FRANCE.

You remember that the unfortunate John, King of France, died a prisoner in England. His son, Charles V., surnamed the Wise, succeeded him, and so well deserved the epithet bestowed on him, that I think it right you should hear something of him.

France was in a sad condition when Charles ascended the throne. Into this misery a feeble and thoughtless monarch had plunged the nation; from this misery a wise and active sovereign rescued it.

I hope, you do not fail to observe, how frequently the conduct of a single person changes the fate of an empire. If such are the consequences of individual exertion in states and kingdoms, the effect caused, in private and domestic circles, by the virtue or the vice of one human being, must be greatly more decisive and influential.

Charles, collecting an army, compelled his re-

bellious subjects to yield to his authority, and thus restored tranquillity to his country. He next turned his forces against foreign foes, and drove the English from almost all their French possessions. He compelled the King of Navarre, a troublesome neighbor, to sue for peace; and obliged all turbulent persons to quit the kingdom.

Peace thus restored, Charles devoted himself to the domestic improvement of his subjects, patronized literature, and encouraged the arts of life. To fulfil his various duties, he carefully regulated his time. Without judicious regulation of time, nothing valuable can be executed. With a wise arrangement of the hours of every day, everything may be performed; for every business leisure can be found.

Charles never appeared at the head of his armies, because his health would not allow him to bear fatigue; but he chose skilful men to command them, and always acknowledged and rewarded their services. One of his greatest generals, and in whom he placed the most confidence, was Bertrand du Guesclin, a knight from Brittany, who had distinguished himself in the reign of King John, and whose courage was undaunted. When a child, he was so violent in his disposition, that everybody dis-

liked him, and even his own parents could not manage him; his mother used to say, that he was the naughtiest boy in the world, because he was always fighting and quarrelling with every one around him; and that his father and she should rejoice to see him dead. But this ungovernable boy grew up to be a great hero, and saved his country by his valor and skill. The wars in Brittany still continuing between the Count De Blois and the young Count De Montfort, of whom I have spoken before, the King of France sent Du Guesclin with an army to the assistance of the former; but, as he would not follow the general's advice, he was killed in the battle of Auray, and Du Guesclin was also taken prisoner, covered with wounds. Charles paid a large sum of money for his liberation, and then sent him with an army into Spain, where Peter the Cruel and his brother Henry were carrying on a destructive war against each other. Du Guesclin conquered all before him; and Peter fled to Edward the Black Prince, who was then in Guienne, and persuaded him to assist him with his army. Edward accordingly repaired to Spain, where he gained a great victory, and took Du Guesclin prisoner again; but he afterward restored him to liberty, and he returned

to France. Some of the courtiers at last grew jealous of him, and tried to set the King against him; in which they succeeded so well, that Charles, believing their wicked insinuations, wrote a letter to his old and faithful general, full of reproaches and complaints. The hero, deeply grieved, resigned the command of the army; but the princes of France and many of the great nobles espoused his cause, and convinced the King of the falsehood of the courtiers. Charles, therefore, acknowledged his error, and sent two of the royal dukes to Du Guesclin, inviting him to return to court. This, at first, he was unwilling to do; but he afterward consented, and the King and he were reconciled. Charles then sent him to command an army against the English in the south of France; but he never saw his master again, for he was taken ill while besieging a fortress, and died at the age of sixty-six. Charles lamented his loss very much; and, as a mark of his gratitude and esteem, ordered him to be buried in the church of St. Denis, where he raised a monument to his memory, near the tomb he had prepared for himself. The King did not long survive the hero who had restored the glory of France; for he died the same year, in consequence of poison given

him when Dauphin. A German physician had stopped the progress of the poison at that time, by making a wound in his arm to draw it off, but had declared that whenever the wound should heal, it would cause his death; which was really the case. Charles was beloved and regretted by the whole kingdom, and truly deserved the title of WISE, which was bestowed upon him by his own subjects, and recognized by all the world.

From a very clever book, I will extract, for your amusement, a most interesting and instructive passage relative to this monarch.

"Charles always *rose at six o'clock;* and, having performed his devotions, gave audience to all who presented themselves, rich or poor, receiving their petitions, and reading them himself. At ten o'clock he dined, spending a very short time at table, and eating only of one dish: he drank his wine mixed with water. During dinner, he was instructed by the discourse of some wise and virtuous man. After dinner, he gave audience to the foreign ambassadors: he next admitted his ministers, and learned from them the state of the kingdom. At one o'clock, he retired to his chamber for repose; an hour afterward, his chamberlains entered, and entertained him with conversation:

at three, he attended vespers, and afterward walked in the garden. On his return, the Queen brought in his children, whom he interrogated respecting their progress in education. In winter, instead of walking, he employed himself in reading the Holy Scriptures. He took little supper, and went to bed early." At home, he dressed and appeared like a private man: abroad, he was apparelled, and behaved, like a king. This was as it should be; for home is the place for the mind and the heart to be gratified. In public, rank must be sustained; and great characters, by dress and equipage, must encourage manufactures and patronize the arts.

If you reflect on the journal of this sensible King, you will gain much and various information. You will obtain an insight into the customs and manners of those times, when ten in the morning was the hour of dinner for great people. Now-a-days, you know, fashionable folks dine toward night.

You will perceive how one occupation followed another; and how every claim of public and private duty had its appointed hour. For a King, a statesman, or any illustrious public character, the appropriation of time must be difficult of arrangement, because many duties

claim attention. To such persons, especially, methodizing the business of the day must be indispensable.

In private life, the regulation of time must be more easy; and I do anxiously hope you will never yield to the listless, desultory occupations of irregulated time.

Arrange your hours so as to fulfil every necessary duty; and if your station does not demand the whole day to be spent in business, make business for yourselves. Devote your leisure to some useful or elegant pursuit. Dignify existence by active and unremitted employment. Let yourselves or your fellow-creatures be pleased or benefited by your exertions. "Let the world be the better for your having lived."

You will observe that every nation boasts of a celebrated monarch. Casimir III. was the hero of the history of Poland. Casimir died just ten years after Charles V. of France began to reign.

Casimir is celebrated as the great legislator of Poland: he so earnestly encouraged the building of stately edifices, that it was said of him, "he found Poland of wood, and left her of marble." He founded the Academy of Cracow,

and in every possible way improved the condition of his subjects.

It is remarked of him, that "he considered war as a matter of necessity, not of choice; as the means of safety, rather than of glory:" an admirable sentiment, which cannot be too earnestly studied by kings and statesmen. The peasants are in general, and were in that age especially, a most oppressed class of people in the northern states of Europe. Casimir was very solicitous to amend the situation of his peasantry, and in many ways softened the evils of vassalage. His nobles for this called him, in mockery, *Rex Rusticorum*, King of the Peasants; but posterity will repeat the appellation, as most honorable to the bearer of it.

Casimir was favorable to the Jews; doubtless, from a wish of enriching his kingdom by the industry and opulence of this persecuted race. He allowed them to settle in Poland, where they afterward established themselves in considerable numbers.

After reigning forty years, and almost every year augmenting the comfort and tranquillity of his subjects, Casimir died of a fall from his horse whilst hunting. He was buried in the principal church of Cracow; a city which, in ancient days, was the capital of Poland. When

Mr. Coxe visited his tomb, he approached it, he says, with reverence; not on account of the learning or valor of Casimir, but because he had given good laws to his people and improved the condition of his peasantry.

Casimir succeeded his father, Ladislaus, and in him ended the house of Piast.

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## CHAPTER XXX.

### RICHARD II.

The son of the Black Prince, Richard II., succeeded his grandfather to the throne of England, when he was only eleven years old. At the age of sixteen, he showed a spirit and resolution worthy of his illustrious father.

A poll-tax (that is, a head-tax, or so much for every head) was ordered to be collected. The poor people did not understand, nor did they like, this tax; and they resisted its payment. Wat Tyler, a blacksmith, did all in his power to increase the tumult, and was especially angry because all people were to pay the same sum, the poor as much as the rich.

The young King proposed to have a conference with the principal insurgents, and sailed

down the river Thames in a barge for that purpose; but, when he attempted to land, the mob was so riotous, that he was forced to take shelter in the Tower.

Although some concessions were made, the populace continued very noisy and turbulent; and a party of them, under Wat Tyler, met the King in Smithfield. Tyler advanced alone, and spoke in so haughty a manner, that the Lord Mayor of London struck him from his horse, and he was instantly killed by the other royal attendants.

The populace were enraged at the death of their chief. The King, seeing their fury, and that they were about to avenge themselves, with admirable presence of mind rode into the midst of them, calling out, "How, my people! will you kill your King? Do you mourn your leader? Cheer up; I will be your leader, and grant you all you desire."

There was a good sense, a genuine bravery, and firmness in this action, that leads one to think Richard was worthy of his father, and owed his errors to improper management, a bad education, and evil or silly counsellors.

He gave another proof of spirit, when, being amidst his council, he asked what was his age? Being told that he was twenty-two, he surpris-

ed the lords by saying, "Then I am old enough to govern; and will prove my capacity to do so by removing the tutors, who have too long ruled me."

The Duke of Hereford accused the Duke of Norfolk of treason, and, according to the custom of those barbarous times, agreed to fight in single combat, to prove the truth of his charge. The King was present when the meeting took place, and stopped its proceeding to bloodshed, by passing sentence of banishment upon both the combatants; the Duke of Norfolk for life; the Duke of Hereford for ten years, which was afterward reduced to six years. As Norfolk had been accused of treason, and was probably guilty of it, his banishment was perhaps only a just punishment; and as Hereford was the King's relation, Richard might award him a slight chastisement, to escape the charge of partiality, as well as to humble the spirit of that haughty noble.

Richard II. was unfortunate; he is generally mentioned with contempt. There is something in one's nature that makes one always anxious to defend the unfortunate, and soften censure against the feeble. I dare say you all feel this. It is very right to applaud merit and censure wickedness. It is quite as right, and much more

agreeable to find out some unnoticed excellence in those who can no longer vindicate themselves, and who may have been falsely condemned.

This very Hereford, on his father's death, became Duke of Lancaster. His father, John of Gaunt, was the third son of Edward III.; consequently, Hereford was Edward's grandson, and Richard's cousin. As Duke of Lancaster, he returned from France, and claimed the throne of England. Richard in vain sought to oppose his army. This unfortunate monarch was taken prisoner, and, after a short confinement in Pomfret Castle, was murdered there, in the thirty-fourth year of his age. He made a brave defence against the ruffians sent to despatch him, and was not killed till he had laid four of them dead at his feet. The apartment in which this tragedy was acted is shown to strangers—a low, stone-floored room. I have stood in it, and recalled with pain the tragical event that gave it celebrity

Wickliffe, the reformer, died in the reign of Richard II.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### TAMERLANE.

In the reign of the second Richard of England, Timour Beg, better known by the name of Tamerlane, was the hero of the day.

Tamerlane was a Tartar prince, who considered himself as descended from the famous Zingis Khan. He was a soldier at the early age of twelve years; and at twenty-five was looked up to as the most promising warrior of his warlike tribe. He was so ambitious, that it has been said of him, "The conquest and monarchy of the world was the first object of the ambition of Timour."*

In 1380, he began his triumphant military career, conquering in Tartary, Persia, and India. Beyond the victories of Alexander he pushed his military exploits; passed the Ganges, and took the city of Delhi, in Hindoostan.

Bajazet I. was then Emperor of the Turks: he was the son of Amurath I., who had embodied the Janizaries. Bajazet was also ambitious and fond of war, had gained many victories, and caused the Emperor of Constantinople to trem-

* Gibbon.

ble on his throne. He was on the point of besieging that city, when, Tamerlane appearing with a large army against him, he was obliged to think of his own defence.

The two haughty warriors addressed each other in terms of contempt and defiance; and, having mutually aroused their indignation, they prepared to settle their contest with the sword. On the plains of Angoria* a desperate battle was fought. Bajazet proved himself skilful as a general, and valiant as a soldier; but some of his troops, being bribed by Tamerlane, deserted, and Bajazet was taken prisoner.

It has been related, that he was confined in an "*iron cage;*" but this account is not now believed. Other writers extol the excessive clemency and affability of Tamerlane to his captive. Such *undue* condescension is but the refined exertion and expression of superiority: at least it strikes me so.

We may not compare the victorious Black Prince with the half-civilized Tartar chief. But the recorded description of their *excessive* graciousness to their prisoners awakens similar disapprobation. In the various contradictory accounts of historians, it is impossible to ascer-

* Or Ancyra, in Phrygia.

tain the acts—how much more impossible to ascertain the feelings—of departed heroes!

Bajazet died soon after his defeat; and Tamerlane sent his body to be interred at Bursa, in the monument which he had there erected. Bajazet was the first Turkish chief who took the title of Sultan; his predecessors having been content with the designation of Emir.

The Emperor of Constantinople consented to pay a considerable tribute to Tamerlane; and the Sultans of Egypt, with rich presents, prevented his intention of turning his arms toward their territory. Solyman I., the son of Bajazet, held his power as the gift of the conqueror; and Samarcand, the capital of Tamerlane, was enriched by the treasures of distant climes.

Are the ambitious ever satisfied? Are warlike heroes ever disposed to rest and peace? In the seventieth year of his age, Tamerlane projected and commenced the conquest of China. In the severity of winter, mounted on horseback, he led his hostile troops to the invasion of that distant and immense empire. But his progress was arrested by death. After suffering in a short but severe fever, he expired at Ortar, 1405.

And what became of all his mighty con-

quests? The same fate attended them that generally attends the success of warriors. No lasting benefits accrued; no permanent empire existed. His sons and grandsons contested for superiority; but none of them were celebrated. Most of the nations he had subdued recovered their freedom at his death; China remained unmolested; and the successors of Bajazet rendered the Turkish empire more powerful than it had ever been.

While Tamerlane was rendering himself celebrated in one part, a female heroine was acquiring a deathless fame in another. Margaret, the daughter of Valdimar III., King of Denmark, by her talent and spirit obtained the name of the Semiramis of the North. You remember the Semiramis of more southern climes?

Margaret married Hakon, King of Norway; and showed so much prudence and energy in the management of public affairs, that her father frequently said, "Nature had intended her soul for the body of a *man*, and not for that of a woman."

Upon the death of Hakon, her husband, and that of Oloff her son, she contrived to be proclaimed Queen of Norway, Denmark, and Sweden; thus uniting in herself the sovereignty

of those three states. When Albert, who had been chosen King of Sweden, styled her in derision "the King in petticoats," she did not answer him by woman's weapons, words; but made her actions speak for her: and he bitterly lamented his joke, when he found himself vanquished by this despised sovereign, made her prisoner, and indebted for his life to her mercy. After procuring a glorious peace for her subjects, she long preserved it for them; and at her death left the three kingdoms, which she had united, to her successor.

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## CHAPTER XXXII.

### HENRY IV. OF LANCASTER.

HENRY IV. was the son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lançaster, *fourth* son of Edward III.* But Lionel, Duke of Clarence, was the third son of Edward. Mortimer, Earl of Marche, was descended from a daughter of Lionel; and, being the offspring of an elder branch of the royal house, Mortimer, on the deposition and death of Richard II., became the true heir to

* See Shakspeare's King Henry VI., act ii., scene 5.

the throne, and had been declared such by that unfortunate monarch.

The Earl of Cambridge, second son of the Duke of York, married the daughter of the Earl of Marche, and endeavored to place the son of that nobleman on the throne. But Henry, on the death of Mortimer, in Ireland, obtained possession of his young son, and kept him closely confined. Mortimer died in prison without leaving any children, and his sister's son became heir to his rights.

Hence arose the civil wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster, which for many years deluged England with native blood. The Earl of Marche married the daughter of the famous Owen Glendower, a warlike leader, of whom, to this day, the Welsh speak with praise and emulation.

The life of a usurper must be harassed with opposition, and tormented by rebellions and conspiracy; the sense of injustice must *alone* prove severely chastening. Henry found that a crown obtained by usurpation must be kept by unremitting vigilance and exertion. The Welsh, under Glendower, harassed him in one quarter; the Scots, under the Earl of Douglas, in another. The Earl of Northumberland, offended at his conduct, went over to the side of Mortimer;

and, at the battle of Shrewsbury, the Earl's son, the celebrated Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, after making the most valiant efforts, was killed on the field of battle, and his army was overthrown.

Shakspeare has written some charming plays on these events, and described Hotspur as falling by the hand of Henry of Monmouth, the young Prince of Wales; but history records the hero's death as caused by an ignoble hand.

This Harry of Monmouth was the wild Prince of Wales, of whose follies and freaks you will often hear. It was he who, when one of his profligate associates was carried before the judge for some misdemeanor, so far forgot himself as to strike the judge, Sir William Gascoigne, because his dissolute companion was doomed to punishment.

The judge, duly sensible of the dignity of his station, and the necessity of punishing every breach of respect to the laws of the land, and to the magistrate who administered those laws, immediately ordered the Prince into custody. Young Henry gave proof of the magnanimity of his character, by instantly submitting himself to the laws of his country and the orders of her insulted magistrate. He showed that, if he could err in the moment of thoughtless indigna-

tion, he knew his duty in the interval of recovered reason, and would fulfil it. The King was delighted to hear of the transaction: for he considered himself "happy in having a judge who so boldly and uprightly administered justice: and still more happy in a son, wise and generous enough to submit patiently to deserved chastisement."

The King was very subject to severe fits: whilst he was in one of them, the Prince of Wales entered his apartment, and, seeing his father lying senseless, he concluded he was also lifeless; he therefore bore away the crown, which he found by the bedside. The King, recovering himself soon after, missed his crown, and anxiously inquired for it. The Prince hastened to restore the diadem, which he said, he had only removed, as considering his father no longer capable of wearing it. It is related, that he excused himself so well, that the King not only forgave but blessed him.

But how can any apology be offered for so indelicate an action? If the son really thought his parent dead, would not some expression of sorrow over the corpse of his father have been more natural than instantly to deck himself with the golden circlet of majesty? Would the thoughts of a tender and dutiful child be so

little engrossed with the loss of a fond and indulgent parent, that he could so early think of what was to be gained by it?

In one of these fits, Henry IV. died, in the forty-sixth year of his age.

The most ancient of our English poets, Geoffrey Chaucer, died in 1400, just after Henry had usurped the throne. His numerous poems will show the mode of spelling, and the quaint forms of expression, used in those days. The story of Griselda, the pattern of a good wife, will interest and amuse you. It is one of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales.

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## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### HENRY V.

THE *madcap Prince of Wales* left all his follies behind him when he ascended the English throne. He soon became the darling of the people, and carried his triumphant arms into the heart of France.

Charles the Wise was dead; and his son and successor, Charles VI., never very wise, had lost his senses. He was but twelve years of

age when he ascended the throne; and, although France suffered great misery and disgrace during his reign, he obtained the title of "Well-beloved;" indeed he was a prince of great understanding and goodness, desirous of making his people happy; but Providence was pleased to bring great troubles upon him, and the hopes of the nation were soon entirely disappointed. Charles was marching into Brittany at the head of his army, and when he arrived at the town of Mans, he was seized with a slow fever, but could not be persuaded to take rest or medicine. On the 5th of August, 1391, having travelled all day in the heat of the sun, as he was riding through the forest, a miserable, wild-looking fellow rushed from behind a tree, and laying hold of his bridle, cried out, "Stop, King! Whither are you going? You are betrayed!" and immediately went back into the wood. Charles, however, rode on, though very much agitated; and soon after, one of his pages, who rode behind and carried the King's lance, overcome with heat, fell asleep, and let it fall upon the helmet which was carried by another page; the King, hearing the noise, looked about, and, perceiving the page lifting up the lance, instantly killed him: then, riding furiously with his sword drawn, he struck at every person till

he broke his sword, upon which one of his gentlemen leaped up behind him and held his arm; he fell soon after, and lay as if he had been dead, when he was taken up, bound in a wagon, and carried back to Mans. After continuing two days in a state of insensibility, he recovered a little, and expressed great sorrow for the blood he had shed in his delirium. The nation, who were much grieved at his illness, were equally rejoiced at his recovery; but, unfortunately, it was soon discovered that the wisdom and judgment, for which he had before been remarkable, were quite gone. In a few months, indeed, his understanding seemed to be sufficiently restored; but, in the year 1393, it was again disturbed by an accident as extraordinary as the former. At a grand entertainment given by the Queen, on the marriage of one of her attendants, the King and five of his nobles entered the room, masked as satyrs, and dressed in linen clothes, covered with rosin and stuck over with down. The Duke of Orleans, out of diversion, thrust a lighted torch against one of them, when his whole dress instantly took fire, and set all the rest in flames, as they were chained to each other. The masks, notwithstanding the dreadful situation they were in, cried out, "Save the King! Save the

King !" On which the Duchess de Berri, finding that he was one of them, threw her cloak over him, and thereby extinguished the flames. One of the others escaped by jumping into a cistern of water ; but the other four were burned to death. The terror and shock which the King received, instantly brought on his delirium again, and he never was perfectly himself afterward. So much for the termination of a silly and unkingly frolic ! How often do such frolics so end, in shame, if not in suffering ! Two of the royal Dukes, with the Queen, undertook to govern the nation ; and they brought the greatest miseries on the people by their shameful conduct. The Queen was a very wicked woman, and had no affection either for her husband or children ; the former was neglected by every one, and the latter were frequently in want of what was necessary to their rank in life. Their governess told the poor King, that she had often neither clothes nor food proper for them ; and he replied, " Alas ! I am not better treated myself." He was five months without going to bed, or having his linen changed ; and he seemed to be forgotten by all the world. This unfortunate monarch died in 1422, aged 54 : not one prince of his family attended his funeral ; but his people sin-

cerely mourned for him, as they loved and pitied him, and were too just not to know that the miseries of the kingdom had been occasioned by the crimes of the Queen and her associates. This wicked woman lived thirteen years after her husband, and died so hated and despised by all the French, that her body was carried in a little boat to St. Denis to be buried, and no ceremony was observed on the occasion.

Henry, taking advantage of the insanity of Charles, and of the consequent confusion of affairs in France, hastened thither with a large army; and, though his troops were weakened by disease, he ventured to attack the French on the plains of Azincourt.

Who has not heard of the battle of Azincourt, when a small number of feeble and sickly English conquered a large army of French on their own ground! Though soldiers fight the battle, and therefore, in one sense, may be said to obtain it, yet much depends on the skill of their commanders, in placing them so that they may fight to the greatest advantage.

Henry posted his troops with skill, and sustained them with spirit. Afraid at one time that the battle was going against him, he jumped from his horse, and rushed forward to the head of his brave soldiers. In this desperate

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hazard, he was so stunned with a blow, that he fell, and would soon have been despatched, had not David Gam, a Welshman, with some of his countrymen, come to the aid of the prostrate monarch. The instant Henry recovered his senses, he sprang forward with increased courage, and, whilst rescuing his brother from peril, was again severely struck. He sank on his knees, but, mustering all his strength, was once more on his feet, and fighting. Victory now rewarded his persevering prowess, though the Duke of Alençon had interposed to arrest it: crying out, "I am the Duke of Alençon!" he rushed upon Henry, and struck him on the head. Henry, not for an instant remitting his vigilance, turned upon his antagonist, and felled him to the ground. There the Duke was soon killed by the surrounding soldiers, and the triumph of the English was complete. What think you of the hero of Azincourt?

On a second invasion of France, Henry obtained so many conquests, that at last he persuaded Charles to let him marry his daughter, the Princess Catherine, and be declared heir to the French crown.

The son of Charles was not so imbecile as his father; by his prudence and activity he disputed the unjust demands of Henry. But he could

effect little during the life of this King of England, who carried over numerous fine troops into France, and kept his court at Paris in great pomp and splendor: his father-in-law having the name, but not the dignity nor the authority, of a sovereign.

The Dauphin* retired to wait for a more prosperous period. This was soon presented by the early death of his rival. Henry V. expired in the thirty-fourth year of his age, and the tenth of his reign. He is considered as one of the most heroic of the English monarchs, although his waste of treasure and blood, in prosecuting useless wars, purchased empty fame, and not lasting benefit.

His desertion of his vicious associates and profligate habits does him more honor; and his generous conduct toward Sir William Gascoigne, the judge who had nobly dared to commit him to prison, was truly laudable.

The forgiveness of injuries, and the gracious treatment of rivals and foes, are deeds which bespeak a great mind, and demand and receive universal approbation.

In the reign of Henry V. the Portuguese

* The Dauphin, a title given to the eldest son of the King of France, from a fine province of that name, called formerly Dauphinè.

discovered the island of Madeira; some time before, they had ascertained the situation of the Cape of Good Hope; but the doubling (or passing) the Cape was not effected by them until 1497.

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## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### INVENTION OF PRINTING.—WICKLIFFE—JOHN HUSS—JEROME OF PRAGUE.

You know that the paper we write upon is made from rags. It is said that this invention was first known in 1417, but not brought into England till many years afterward. Do you ask what was used before that time for writing upon?

Rollin says that the ancients first wrote upon the leaves of the palm tree; next, on the inside of the bark (whence the word *liber*, or book, is derived); after that, upon tables covered over with wax, on which the characters were impressed with an instrument called *stylus*, sharp-pointed at one end to write with, and flat at the other to efface, when necessary, what had been written. At last, the bark of the papyrus, a plant abundant in Egypt, was brought into use. This plant grows to a great height, and its root

throws out numerous triangular stalks. The bark of these stems was split into thin flakes, or leaves, which were called paper, from *papyrus*. The thin leaves were glued together with the waters of the Nile, pressed, and dried in the sun. Thus sheets of various sizes could be formed, and of various thickness. The papyrus plant was also useful for sails, cloths, &c.; and paper was formed of it many years before Alexander the Great appeared in Egypt.

Pliny says that parchment (the prepared skin of sheep) was substituted for the above-named kind of paper by Eumenes, King of Pergamus; perhaps about 250 years before Christ.

The weaving of linen from the fibres of flax is an invention of great antiquity, and was carried to great perfection in Egypt. The fine linen vestments of the priests are repeatedly mentioned in the Bible, so early as the time in which Moses lived, 1550 years before Christ.

But it was not until almost as many years after Christ, that the old and dirty rags of linen were converted into a fine and snow-white paper. The Peruvians, a people of America, noted down their thoughts by means of colored cords, and specified numbers by knots on these strings. Some uncivilized nations describe events by

rude pictures formed of feathers, or some other method of delineating objects and things.

Good paper once perfected, the art of printing soon followed. In little more than twenty years (A. D. 1440) Guttemberg, a German, contrived types, by which to impress letters. All writings before were performed by the hand, and thence called manuscripts, from two Latin words, *manus*, hand, and *scriptus*, written.

How slow, how fatiguing, must have been this mode of sending forth literary productions! Yet the persevering and industrious ancients accumulated vast stores of learning by this laborious process.

Pray imagine how knowledge and information must have been disseminated and advanced, when the art of printing gave the power of multiplying copies with ease and rapidity!

I do not know a more curious and ingenious art; and when you have seen a printing-office, I think you will agree with me that it displays great skill and ability in the printers, and great fidelity and beauty of execution. Of course, the first attempts, as all first attempts must be, were inelegant and imperfect. But perseverance—that best friend of talent, that best mean of perfection—gradually improved the first rude efforts of printing into the excellence and com-

pletion that now attend the works of the printer. The merit of this discovery has been contested; I have informed you who was the most accredited inventor.

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There were many persons who did not entirely believe all the articles of the Roman Catholic religion. Wickliffe, an Englishman, in the reign of Richard II., educated at Oxford, was among the first to propagate opinions dissonant from the church of Rome.

After him, in the reign of Henry V., appeared John Huss, a Bohemian, brought up in the university of Prague, who also expressed sentiments little accordant with the Roman Catholic church. Huss was imprisoned for his opposition, and after a short captivity, was burned to death.

The Council of Constance sentenced him to this agonizing punishment. Could those human beings have known the extremity of the torture to which, by this sentence, they consigned a fellow-creature? Put your hand to the fire: hold your finger half a minute in the flame of a candle, and then judge of the intense suffering of being *burned to death.*

Huss was compelled to behold the public burning of his papers and writings; and then,

refusing to save his life by recanting the opinions he had professed, he was himself fastened to a stake, and expired, steady to his faith in the last agony of death.

Jerome of Prague, the faithful friend of John Huss, avowed the same sentiments and shared the same fate. Terrified by the threats of exquisite anguish, he for a short time wavered; but, becoming more fixed in his principles, he remained steady to them, and sealed his belief by his martyrdom. I beg you to observe the death of these men, as the first step to that Reformation, which afterward formed a new sect, and divided it from the church of Rome. You are Protestants; that is, protesting from, dissenting from, the Romish creed. These men led the way for the establishment of that faith in which you are educated. This subject is to you, therefore, very momentous.

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## CHAPTER XXXV.

### HENRY VI.

HENRY VI. was an infant only nine months old, when he was proclaimed King of France and England. His uncles ruled for him during

his childhood; but, though they were able and valiant, they could not preserve for him his dominion of France.

The indefatigable Dauphin assuming, on the death of his father, his legitimate title of King Charles VII., took vigorous measures to compel the English to withdraw from France. In his attempts he was essentially aided by a female.

There was a country girl, about twenty-seven years of age, a servant at an inn, who was remarkable for her piety and modesty. She had fulfilled her humble duties with propriety and simplicity, and seemed fitted for her quiet and lowly station. But, when she heard of the troubles and disasters into which her country was plunged, a new spirit seemed to infuse itself into her bosom. She felt so profoundly, and thought so earnestly, that she became full of fanciful ideas; and at last imagined herself divinely appointed to rescue her native land from foreign aggression.

When we long and deeply meditate on any painful subject, the thoughts naturally become confused, and the feelings are agitated. In such a state, it is very likely for whimsical conceptions to be formed, and strange plans to be elicited. If circumstances concur to render these ideas reducible to action, and these plans

prove successful, the person so meditating is believed, and believes himself, to be inspired. But, in hearing of such remarkable incidents, do not too hastily join the number of the credulous.

Joan of Arc was the name of this enthusiastic female, (though, in consequence of her relief of Orleans, she is known in history as the Maid of Orleans,) and she confided her thoughts to the Governor of Vaucouleurs, the town near which she lived. The miseries of her country had made a great impression on her mind, and she had thought of them so constantly and so anxiously, that at last she persuaded herself that Heaven had appointed her to deliver her native land from its terrible invaders. She often had dreams, and fancied that she heard voices exhorting her to fight, and promising that she should rescue the kingdom and chase away the English.

Her repeated importunities induced the governor to send her to the King; and the King had sense enough to profit by the event. Whatever he believed himself, he knew his ignorant subjects would believe that Joan was indeed inspired by Heaven to save her country.

On being presented to Charles, she offered, in the name of the Almighty, to raise the siege

of Orleans, and conduct him to Rheims (a city where all the kings of France are crowned), in order that the crown should there be placed on his head. She described a particular sword, which she had never seen, and which was preserved in the church of St. Catherine de Fierbois, and she demanded this sword as the instrument of her future victories. Charles and his councillors listened to her after some time, and granted what she desired. She was armed from head to foot, mounted on a fine war-horse, and shown to the people in her military dress. The skill with which she managed her horse was regarded as a new proof that she was really destined by Heaven to save her country; and she was received with the greatest acclamations wherever she went. The English were engaged at the siege of Orleans, where everything seemed to promise them success: but Joan undertook to raise the siege; and, girding herself with the extraordinary sword, and holding a consecrated banner in her hand, she ordered all the soldiers to say their prayers before they began to march, and then assured them of success. Such confidence on her side raised the spirits of the French army: and even the English, though they pretended to despise her, began to feel secretly afraid of her, and waited,

with anxious expectation, the event of these preparations. A supply of provisions was to be conveyed into the town, and Joan, with a body of troops, undertook to cover the embarkation. She entered Orleans at the head of the convoy which she had protected, and, displaying the consecrated banner, was received by the garrison and all the inhabitants as their deliverer sent from Heaven. With the assistance of the governor, she obliged the English to give up the siege, after she had defeated them in many sallies from the town. In the first of these she led on the troops, carrying the sacred banner in her hand, encouraging them with words and actions, and overpowering the besiegers in their own redoubts. In the attack of one of the forts, she was wounded in the neck with an arrow; but, instantly pulling it out with her own hands, and getting the wound hastily dressed, she returned to her dangerous post, determined to plant her victorious banner on the ramparts of the enemy. On another occasion, she received a blow with a stone, by which she was stunned and beaten to the ground; but she soon recovered herself, and in the end was successful; for the English, as much appalled as the French were elated by this singular heroine's

prowess and energy, retreated from before the city of Orleans.

The raising of the siege of Orleans was one part of Joan's promise to Charles; the crowning of him at Rheims was the other: and she now declared that it was time to have that ceremony performed. He was therefore persuaded to set out for that city, at the head of an army of twelve thousand men, though it was in a distant part of the kingdom, and was then in possession of the English, and all the country through which he had to pass was filled with their garrisons. Till this time, the King had kept far from the scene of war, as the safety of the state depended upon his preservation; but he determined now to appear at the head of his army, and to set the example of valor to all his soldiers. He began his march, and every city on the road opened its gates to him; so much were the people impressed with the belief that Joan was the messenger of Heaven, and that everything must yield to her. Charles was received at Rheims as its deliverer, the ceremony of his coronation was performed there, and he was also anointed with the holy oil: the victorious Joan, now called the Maid of Orleans, stood by his side in complete armor, displaying her sacred banner, which had so often confounded

his fiercest enemies; and all the people shouted with joy at the sight. When the ceremony was over, Joan threw herself at the King's feet, embraced his knees, and, having with tears congratulated him on this glorious event, declared that all her wishes had now been gratified, and that she only desired to return to her former manner of life. But the King and his nobles were so convinced of the service her presence would be of, that they begged she would not quit the army till the English were driven completely out of France. Yielding to their entreaties, she made her way into the town of Compiègne, which the enemy were then besieging; and the garrison, on her appearance, believed they should conquer all before them; but their joy was soon over; for, the day after her arrival, she went out at the head of some troops, and, after driving the English twice from their entrenchments, found their numbers increase so much that she ordered a retreat. Being hard pushed by the pursuers, she turned upon them, and drove them back; but at this moment she was deserted by her troops, and the gates of the city were shut against her. She was now surrounded by the enemy: and at last, after displaying the greatest courage, was taken prisoner. The English were overjoyed at this

event, and used her with the greatest cruelty; they brought her to trial, clothed in her military dress, but loaded with chains. She first desired to be eased of her chains, which they refused; and, after treating her with the utmost contempt, and asking her many insulting questions, they condemned her to be imprisoned for life, and to have only bread and water for her sustenance. Her barbarous enemies, however, were not satisfied till she was put to death; and, suspecting that the female dress, which she now resumed, was disagreeable to her, they placed in her room a military suit, which she had been ordered never to wear again, and watched to see what effect this temptation would have upon her. On the sight of a dress in which she had gained so much renown, and which she once believed she wore by the appointment of Heaven, all her former ideas and wishes returned, and she ventured, in her solitude, to clothe herself again in the forbidden garments. Her deceitful enemies caught her in that condition; and she was condemned, as a sorceress, to be burned alive in the market-place at Rouen, a town of Normandy. This infamous sentence was executed, to the great disgrace of the English: for Joan's only crimes were the wonderful services she had rendered her King and

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country. This iniquitous conduct of the English justly roused the hatred and indignation of the French: they ardently desired to avenge the death of their injured countrywoman. With redoubled fury they attacked their ungenerous foes: and, before the close of Henry's disastrous reign, he was despoiled of all his possessions in France, except Calais and Guignes.

I have not patience to give you the particulars of Joan's imprisonment and undeserved death. You must, therefore, read it elsewhere; and, having done so, I think you will, with me, condemn the wanton cruelty and mean artifice of her murderers.

But the English must have been deplorably ignorant in those days; for they burned another female, under pretence that she was a witch, and had made a figure of the King in wax. This figure, being placed before the fire, of course gradually dissolved; and, in the same degree, its dissolution was to cause the enervation of the King's health and strength. Did you ever hear of anything more ridiculous and irrational?

Henry was, in truth, more weak in mind than in body; and his imbecility caused some of his subjects to desire another King. Henry, you may remember, was descended from

the Duke of Lancaster; but the nephew and heir of Mortimer (now Richard, Duke of York), had assuredly a prior right. This right was now enforced; and as the ensign of Richard (York) was a white rose, and that of Henry (Lancaster) a red rose, this contest was called the war of the red and white roses.

Margaret, the wife of Henry, was a clever and accomplished princess, and did all in her power to rouse the courage of her husband. He joined his army; but, being worsted, he sought shelter in a cottage, where he was taken prisoner by the Yorkists. The Queen, however, succeeded in again placing him in arms against his adversary; and again he was made a captive.

Undaunted by these disappointments, Margaret once more rallied her forces, and hastened to liberate her husband. In a severe battle she was victorious, and the Duke of York was slain in the action. The King, once more at large, was too much overpowered by ill health and timidity to take advantage of her success. Edward, the son of the Duke of York, pursued the path his father had essayed, and was proclaimed King.

But the Queen would not resign the rights of her own son, Edward, whilst it was possible

to assert them. The fatal battle of Hexham dissipated all her hopes. As she fled with her child from the field of carnage, she was benighted in a wood, and robbed of all her jewels. Still her undismayed spirit could not be taken from her; and it was this which urged her to deliver herself to another ruffian, who singly attacked her. "I am the wife of your King, and this is his son—Save us!" Such was the address with which this magnanimous woman awakened the patriotism of a lawless robber. Struck with her confidence, or respecting her misfortunes, the man swore to protect her, and kept his oath. With his assistance, she escaped with her child to Flanders.

The Earl of Warwick, called the King-maker, from his alternately raising Edward and Henry to the throne, was now desirous to defend the latter. Offended with Edward, he drew Henry from prison, and restored him to his crown. Edward fled, but only to return with augmented forces. At Barnet, in a bloody battle, Warwick was killed, and Edward was victorious. The Queen, after a short agony of grief, contrived to make one more effort for dominion. At the battle of Tewkesbury, all was lost: herself, her son, and her husband, were all captives to the enemy.

Henry was killed in prison, as it is generally believed, by Richard, Duke of Gloucester; Margaret survived a few years, and died in France.

Her son, the gallant Edward, when asked by his conqueror wherefore he took up arms? boldly replied, "I have taken up arms to avenge my father's injuries, and assert my own rights." A generous enemy would have applauded this speech, and preserved the fearless speaker; but Edward IV. was not such an enemy. He struck the noble youth; and the cruel Dukes of Gloucester and Clarence, taking the signal, massacred the undaunted Edward on the spot.

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## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### EXTINCTION OF THE EASTERN EMPIRE OF THE ROMANS.

We have traced the history of the Romans, from the foundation of their city to the removal of the seat of government to Constantinople. We have beheld the extinction of the Western Empire, and seen the sceptre of the Cæsars pass into the hands of the Popes. We are now

to note the extinction of the Eastern Empire, and see Constantinople exchange the Greek Emperors for the rule of a Turkish Sultan.

Constantine Palæologus held the reins of government when Mohammed II., Sultan of the Turks, planned and executed the wishes of his father, Amurath II., by the taking of Constantinople. It is curious, that the founder and loser of that city, like the founder and loser of Rome, should bear the same name: a Romulus founded Rome, and a Romulus lost it; a Constantine founded Constantinople, and a Constantine lost it. Judicious reflection on such coincidences greatly assist the remembrance of the events with which they are associated.

Mohammed vigilantly and ardently pushed on his operations against this city, and, after the siege, in which cannon was used against the walls, he effected a breach, and the Turks entered sword in hand. The siege lasted fifty days, and the slaughter was immense. It has been finally said, that the last speech of Constantine Palæologus "was the funeral oration of the Roman Empire."* The nobles fought around the Emperor with desperate valor, and he seemed only fearful of falling alive into the hands of the barbarians. "Cannot there be

* Gibbon.

found a Christian to cut off my head?" was his mournful exclamation. The death he sought he found: as he had thrown off the distinguishing purple, his body lay beneath heaps of the slain, unknown and unhonored.

With him fell the last pillar of the Roman greatness; and, of all its ancient splendor and dominion, nothing now remains but the ruins of her palaces and columns, and the account recorded in the historian's page. Do not forget, that the memorable event of the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, under Mohammed II., took place on the 29th of May, 1453. A pathetic description of this interesting circumstance is given by Mr. Gibbon; and you will read it, I am sure, with mournful feelings.

Disorder and rapine reigned in the conquered city till Mohammed himself entered it; and his first care was to preserve the magnificent edifices that met his eye. Waving his scimitar, he observed that, if he had yielded the people and their property for spoil, the public buildings he reserved for himself. The churches were used as mosques; the crosses were demolished; and every vestige of the Christian religion was removed or destroyed.

As Mohammed gazed upon the naked walls of the palaces of so many illustrious successors

of Constantine, he is related to have repeated the lines of a Persian poet, of which the following is the sense:—"The spider has woven his web in the imperial palace; and the owl has sung her watch-song on the towers of Afrasiab."

How true a comment on all sublunary splendor! This world, "and all that it inherits," shall pass away; and the place and the persons now most illustrious shall one day be as the dust of the earth! Wherefore is man proud of advantages, which are as perishable as himself!

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## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### EDWARD IV.

When you recollect that the early part of Edward's reign was tarnished with the cruel murder of the gallant son of his predecessor, Henry, and afterward stained by the death of that monarch, you will not expect much glory or happiness to attend its latter period.

Edward IV. was deemed remarkably handsome, and, as a soldier, very brave; but when I tell you these are the only excellences ascribed to him, you will have little inclination, and less cause to admire him.

He undertook, indeed, an invasion of France, and alarmed the French King with a formidable army. But, the two monarchs meeting on the bridge of Pecquigny, near Amiens, Louis agreed to pay a sum of money; and Edward, eager to return to a life of indolence and luxury, immediately withdrew his forces. Among his favorite ladies was Jane Shore, a most beautiful and accomplished woman, the wife of a merchant, but who left her husband to reside with her handsome lover. You shall hear more of her by and by.

The Duke of Clarence had fought against Edward; but afterward, deserting Warwick, he took the part of the King. Edward, however, never forgave him his early enmity, and was glad of an occasion of getting rid of him.

The King was once hunting in the park of a servant of the Duke's, and killed a white doe, of which Burdett (the Duke's servant) was very fond. The owner was so angry when he heard of the destruction of his favorite, that he swore bitterly against the King; and for this violence he was tried and hanged. The Duke heard of Burdett's death with the greatest grief; and, though Edward was his brother, he exclaimed against the injustice of his conduct.

The King, dead to every feeling but that of revenge, not only arraigned Clarence in the House of Lords, but appeared there as his accuser. When the monarch was so unjust and yet so despotic, he had little conscience and small difficulty in causing the condemnation of whom he pleased. The Duke was declared guilty, and the only mercy shown him was his being allowed the choice of his death. It is to be presumed that Clarence was very fond of wine, for he chose to be drowned in a butt of malmsey; and, being plunged head foremost into a large cask of this liquor, he soon expired.

The King was too much devoted to pleasure and self-indulgence to live long. His mind debased by low pursuits, and his body enfeebled by idleness and luxury, his existence was worthless, and his death premature. Being seized with a disease which his emaciated constitution could not resist, he died in the forty-second year of his age: a mournful instance of abused prosperity.

The state of civilization in England may be understood from the following hints of the conveniences of life enjoyed at that period. In large cities, houses were roofed with thatch, and chimneys were unknown. Glass windows were seldom seen; and, instead of carpets, the floors

were covered with rushes, or straw. Wine was considered as a medicine, and sold in small quantities at the shops of apothecaries.

In France, Charles VII. had published an order that none should presume to entertain with more than two dishes and a mess of soup. How different the present state of France and England!

The happiness of the latter part of Charles VII.'s life was interrupted by the bad conduct of his eldest son, afterward Louis XI. He rebelled against his father several times, and wished to have him poisoned, which so alarmed the King, that, for many days, he refused every kind of food; this, joined to vexation at the ingratitude of his son, caused his death at the age of sixty. Charles died regretted by the whole nation; but his unnatural son refused to pay the expenses of his funeral, and they were borne by Tanequi Du Châtel, a knight, who had been always faithfully attached to the King.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### RUSSIA FREED FROM THE TARTARS.

In 1462, when Ivan Vassilievitch I. ascended the throne of Moscow,* Russia was divided into many small principalities, the rulers of which were continually at war with each other. Most of them were tributary to the Great Duke of Moscow, and he and all of them were vassals to the Tartars.

To prove how much the Great Duke was in the power of these barbarians, it is related that, when they sent an embassy to Moscow, the ambassadors were seated on rich furs in the audience chamber, and read aloud the Khan's letter; whilst the Duke and his nobles knelt around, and respectfully listened. The Duke also went forth to meet the ambassadors, and, as a token of respect, offered them a cup of mare's milk.

Ivan I. delivered his country from this ignominious vassalage; he was valiant as a warrior, and fortunate as a statesman. During his reign Moscow was first visited by ambassadors from the several powers of Europe; and he relieved his subjects from the heavy tribute so long ex-

* See Coxe's Travels in Russia.

acted by the Tartars. He introduced the use of gunpowder into Russia, and erected many stately edifices. In short, he seems well to have earned the title of Great, which posterity bestowed upon him; since he gave freedom to his people, and raised their credit among surrounding nations. His mind and manners were much softened and improved by the society and influence of his wife Sophia, a Grecian princess, beautiful and accomplished. She was the niece of the brave but unfortunate Constantine Palæologus, and had quitted Constantinople with her father, on the taking of that city. Sophia resided some time at Rome, under the protection of the Pope, who arranged her marriage with the Great Duke. Probably, it was by Sophia's desire, that her husband introduced Italian artists and builders into his dominions; and it is related that she urged and encouraged him in his efforts for the liberation of his people. All this may be easily believed, for Sophia is not a solitary example of female heroism and female talent; history records the names of many women who have benefited and refined a nation.

Ivan the Great died in 1505; his tomb is still to be seen in the cathedral of St. Michael, in the Kremlin, at Moscow, and can never be

approached without inspiring sentiments of respect in the spectator.

The Kremlin is a portion of the city peculiarly appropriated to the use of the sovereign. It is enriched with palaces, churches, convents, and various public buildings, and is described as singularly splendid and imposing.

Ivan is sometimes called John Basilides, in history. Remember this, that you may not be confused, in reading different accounts of the early history of Russia. The son of Ivan was very unworthy of his illustrious parents, and disgraced his rank as much as they had honored theirs. He gave himself up to every species of folly and debauchery; and it is reported that, in a fit of passion, he killed his own son. It seems, however, that he gave a code of laws to his subjects; some of which were excellent, and others most wild and oppressive. It is related, that some English merchants, landing at Archangel, proceeded to Moscow during his reign, and were received by him with joy, and offered his protection for a continuance of their trade. His name is distinguished from his father's by the odious appellation of *the tyrant!*

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### EDWARD V.

THE surviving brother of Edward IV., Richard, Duke of Gloucester, became Protector of England, and guardian of the young King, Edward V., a boy thirteen years of age.

Richard contrived to have the King and his brother, the Duke of York, placed in the Tower, under pretence of insuring their safety. The Queen, with many tears, resigned her sons to the keeping of their uncle, of whose kindness and fidelity she seems to have had some doubts.

Richard immediately commenced his dark project of setting aside his nephews, and obtaining the crown for himself.

Once proclaimed King, he resolved to establish himself in safety, by destroying the rightful heir. Brackenbury, the governor of the Tower, disdained to obey the mandate of the tyrant, and massacre his helpless charge. But a less conscientious person was soon found to execute the horrid deed: Sir James Tyrrel, without hesitation, promised to rid Richard of his fears, by the murder of his innocent and un-

MURDER OF THE INFANT PRINCES. Page 207.

protected nephews. He introduced three ruffians into the Tower, who, entering the chamber of the princes at night, when they were sleeping in each other's arms, smothered them, as they lay, with the bolsters of their bed. These merciless monsters (men I cannot call them) then carried the bodies to the bottom of the stairs, and carelessly threw them into a hole, dug for the purpose, which they covered with a heap of stones. The nation knew not of this black deed until the succeeding reign,* or they would probably have avenged it. It was given out, that the princes died from sickness; and at that time probably, this account was generally believed.

I have already alluded to the wicked commencement of the reign of Louis XI. in France: I will now give you some account of his death, which took place in the same year that Edward V. and his brother are reputed to have been murdered.

Louis XI., son of Charles VII., King of France, proved as cruel a tyrant on the throne,

* And then it was propagated by the adherents of Henry VII. who had slain Richard in battle, and assumed the crown. My young readers should receive the popular accounts of Richard III. with great caution; the perusal of Walpole's *Historical Doubts* may help them to obtain a correct knowledge of his conduct and character.

as he had been undutiful as a son; the ministers he employed were as bad as himself, particularly one, named Tristan the Hermit, who was himself the accuser, the judge, the gaoler, and the executioner, of the victims whom Louis sent to him. The King was very superstitious, and kept at his court several astrologers, who pretended to foretell future events by the stars. One of these men having offended him, he ordered him to be brought into his presence, intending to have him put to death;—"Tell me," said Louis, "thou who canst foretell all things, tell me when thou shalt die!" "I shall die," replied the man, "three days before your majesty." By this ready answer he saved his own life; for the King believed him, and ordered the greatest care to be taken of him.

The latter part of Louis's reign was even more wicked than the beginning; for he caused his brother Charles, Duke of Guienne, to be poisoned, and put to death many of the great nobles; but one of them, the Duke De Nemours, was particularly the object of his vengeance. This unfortunate nobleman, after being shut up for some time in an iron cage, in the prison called the Bastille, was condemned to be beheaded; and Louis ordered the two young sons of the Duke to be placed directly

under the scaffold, that they might be covered with their father's blood! He then sent the two boys to the Bastille, where they were thrown into deep dark dungeons, and taken out twice a week to be flogged, in the presence of the governor. All kinds of barbarities were inflicted upon them; so that the elder became an idiot whilst he remained in prison, but the younger was set at liberty on the death of Louis. This cruel tyrant suffered more tortures, for some time before he died, than any he had occasioned his unfortunate subjects; for he had a long and painful illness, and his conscience was so tormented by the recollection of his crimes, that he thought of death with dread and horror. History records that he had generally been present at the barbarous executions of his miserable victims, and seemed to triumph in their sufferings. Many of the nobles were carried about in iron cages, like wild beasts; while others, loaded with heavy chains, had their feet put into a particular kind of ring, called the King's Nets. His consciousness of guilt, and fear of punishment in the other world, haunted him continually; and he grew suspicious of every one around him, even of his own son and daughter. He often changed his servants, through fear of them, and removed from one

place to another, taking up his abode at last in the castle of Plessiz-les-Tours, which he ordered to be encompassed with large bars of iron, in the form of a grate, with a watch-tower of iron at each of the four corners of the building; soldiers were placed all round and in the watch-towers, with orders to shoot any one who should approach the castle before eight o'clock in the morning, when the courtiers were permitted to enter. In the day-time, the captains were commanded to guard the posts, as if they were in a town closely besieged; so constantly was the tyrant in fear of being betrayed and murdered. Everything was done to prolong the life of this miserable guilty man, and to keep at a distance the evil he dreaded. He sent for a holy hermit from Italy, at whose feet he kneeled, and whose prayers to Heaven for him he attempted to buy, by building him two convents. He paid his physician the enormous sum of ten thousand crowns a month, because he feared he might poison him, and fancied that this large stipend would induce the doctor to keep him alive as long as possible. At last he died, in 1483, at the age of sixty, after suffering dreadful agonies of body and mind, and causing fear and terror to his subjects to the last moment of his life, from his continued and increasing cruelties. His

dread of death was the natural consequence of a life stained with every vice; for those only may hope to die peacefully, who have lived virtuously. This execrable monarch obtained from the Pope the title of "Most Christian Majesty," which his successors have ever since retained!

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## CHAPTER XL.

### RICHARD III.

MANY acts of cruelty and oppression are ascribed to Richard III.: let us hope he did not commit them all.

He had married Anne, widow of that Edward, Prince of Wales, whom he had murdered at Tewkesbury; and, it is thought, he poisoned her, to make room for another wife. He much wished to espouse Elizabeth, the daughter of Edward IV., in order to strengthen his right to the throne; but Elizabeth scorned to ally herself with the reputed murderer of her innocent brothers.

Richard had not, however, much time to devote to thoughts of peace and domestic arrangements. A formidable antagonist appeared to

dispute his claim to the crown of England. Henry, Earl of Richmond, remotely descended by the female line from John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, asked for Elizabeth in marriage; and proposed, by this union of the Houses of York and Lancaster, to establish a double right to the throne; for Elizabeth, as the daughter of Edward IV., was of the House of York.

The Earl of Buckingham, the former friend of Richard, was so disgusted by his ingratitude, that he supported Richmond in his demands. Tyrants never can have friends; for friendship must be founded on virtue. Who can love and esteem vice? Not even the vicious.

Richard saw the danger of his situation, and prepared to defend himself. Buckingham was betrayed into his hands by one of his own servants, in whose house he had taken shelter; and, after a short trial, was condemned and executed. Henry thus early lost one of his warmest advocates; but the brave never despair. He continued his efforts, and appeared in Wales with a train of two thousand persons. Richard was ready to receive him; and the two armies met on Bosworth field, near Leicester. Though Henry's army was not half so large as that of his adversary, yet he obtained a decisive victory. The tyrant fought with skill and brav-

ery; but, seeing all was lost, he rushed with a loud shout into the midst of the enemy, and soon met his death. His body was found, amidst heaps of slain, covered with wounds; and, being thrown carelessly across a horse, he was carried to Leicester, and buried without pomp or ceremony. His crown being picked up in the field by one of the soldiers, was presented to Henry, and placed on his head; the troops crying out, with one voice, "Long live King Henry!"

Here ended the race of Plantagenet; and here ended the contests of the Red and White Roses. By the marriage of Henry with Elizabeth, the opposing Houses were united, and civil wars for a while prevented. Lord Stanley had married the widow of Edward IV.; and as Richard, therefore, doubted his fidelity, he kept a son of the Earl's as a hostage for the father's allegiance. But Stanley, sacrificing his private feelings to public duty, on the field of Bosworth carried over his troops to Richmond. The tyrant instantly ordered young Stanley to be killed, in revenge for his father's desertion; but, happily, in the hurry of the moment, this order was not executed; and the Earl found his son alive and safe after the battle was over.

## CHAPTER XLI.

### HENRY VII. (TUDOR.)

HENRY VII. gave conspicuous evidence of the excellence of the virtue of econmy; for, by refusing to spend money on useless wars and worthless favorites, he accumulated so much wealth as to render the royal treasury capable of meeting every just and honorable demand.

Do not make the too common mistake of confounding economy with avarice. Avarice means the saving of money without any motive for so doing, except the mean gratification of collecting together a large sum. Economy, on the contrary, implies the judicious expenditure of wealth; not unwisely saving, but wisely spending; and so steadily abstaining from careless and useless profusion, as more fully to possess the means of meeting the demands of necessity, justice, and generosity.

Perhaps Henry carried this principle too far; for he has been accused of parsimony toward the close of his life. His son, however, profited by the riches he had accumulated.

Two very remarkable events occurred during the reign of Henry VII. His crown was twice

disputed by impostors. Lambert Simnel, a baker's son, was instructed to counterfeit the Earl of Warwick, and made his appearance in Ireland, pretending to be the Earl. He was received with great honors in Dublin, and the Irish believed or affected to believe him. The real Warwick, son of that Duke of Clarence who was drowned in a butt of Malmsey, was then a prisoner in the Tower. He was shown to the people of London, to convince them that the person honored in Ireland was an impostor. I suppose some people considered the son of Clarence and the nephew of Edward IV. as the rightful heir to the throne.

However, Henry routed the army of the impostor, and took Simnel and Simon (the man who had tutored him) prisoners. Simon was closely imprisoned, and Lambert Simnel was made a scullion in the King's kitchen; a curious reverse of fortune for a would-be king, but a proof that Henry did not fear him, and was disposed to lenity.

Not long after the settlement of this ridiculous affair, another impostor appeared. This was a young man, called Perkin Warbeck, whom the Duchess of Burgundy had taught to personate the Duke of York, who was generally believed to have been smothered in the arms

of his brother, the little King Edward V. Perkin, however, said that he had escaped from the assassins of his brother; and, calling himself Richard Plantagenet, landed in Ireland, where he was welcomed by the Irish.

The Duchess of Burgundy supported him with all her credit, acknowledged him for her nephew, and called him the White Rose of England. Charles VIII., King of France, was friendly to him; and the people of England began to give him credit for being what he pretended to be.

Henry sent to Flanders, where he obtained exact intelligence of the birth and parentage of Warbeck, and then commenced decisive measures against him. The adventurer, in the mean time, had obtained belief in Scotland, and was married to Lady Catherine Gordon, a relation of James IV., King of the Scots.

In spite, however, of all that the friends of Perkin attempted in his favor, he fell at last into the hands of Henry. Lady Catherine, his wife, was honorably treated, placed near the Queen, and allowed a pension; but Perkin was sent into confinement in the Tower of London. From this fortress he contrived to escape; but, being shortly recaptured, he was put into the stocks, and then carried back to

the Tower, where he continued to repeat his efforts for escape.

The appearance of a third impostor compelled Henry to resort to severe measures, to preserve the peace of the kingdom. He therefore ordered Perkin to be tried for his deception; and, being convicted, he was hanged. The guiltless Earl of Warwick was also brought to trial; and for the crimes of others and the sin of royal birth, was sentenced to be beheaded. State policy dictated his death; and, if we reflect that he had been a prisoner from early childhood, we may less lament his premature dissolution. But it was an act which cannot be justified.

Henry was very earnest in abstaining from entering into foreign wars, and usually began the terms of any treaty with the following pacific words:—"That when Christ came into the world, peace was sung; and when He went out of the world, peace was bequeathed." It would be well if all Christian princes remembered this truth, and governed accordingly.

Henry had married his eldest son, Arthur, to the Infanta* of Spain, Catherine, the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella. But, Arthur shortly dying, Catherine was next espoused to Henry's second son, who, by his brother's death, became

* *Infanta*, the title of the daughter of the King of Spain.

Prince of Wales, and afterward reigned as Henry VIII.

Henry VII. is considered as one of the best monarchs that ever sat on the English throne. Except Alfred, perhaps he was so; and when you have read a more extended history of him, you must consider how much praise he deserves. He died after a prosperous reign of twenty-three years, in the fifty-second year of his age.

The celebrated entry of Charles VIII., of France, into Florence, took place during this reign.

Charles VIII., son and successor of Louis XI., pretended a right to the crown of Naples, and he marched an army into Italy, in order to establish his claim. On his road, he had to pass through the celebrated city of Florence, where the governors and the people wished to pay him honor, and to receive him as their visitor; but his intentions were very different; for he had determined to make them acknowledge him for their master. He entered into the city through the gate of San Friano on the evening of the 17th November, 1494, and was received under a gilt canopy, carried by the young Florentine nobility. The clergy surrounded him, singing hymns; and he was welcomed by the people with every demonstration of affection and joy.

But Charles was not satisfied with this reception; for he wanted the submission, not the friendship, of the Florentines. He carried his lance as if prepared for battle, in token that he entered the city as a conqueror; his soldiers followed him, completely armed, and with threatening looks; and their strange language and impetuosity of manner, together with the long halberts of the Swiss troops, which had never been seen in that part of Italy before, and the artillery, which the French had been the first to move about with their armies, inspired quite as much terror as curiosity and surprise. The advanced guard was composed of Swiss and Germans, who marched to the sound of their drums, and with colors flying: their coats were short, and of various colors, cut according to the shape of the body; their chiefs wore high plumes of feathers on their helmets, to distinguish them; and the soldiers were armed with short swords, and lances ten feet long; some of them carried halberts instead of lances, the iron of which was like a sharp axe. The first rank of each battalion was covered with helmets and breast-plates, and this also was the armor of the captains; the others had no defensive armor. After the Swiss, five thousand Gascon cross-bow men marched, and the ease with which they drew their bows

was very extraordinary: but in other respects, their diminutive size, and the plainness of their dress, made them appear to great disadvantage, compared with the Swiss. Next came the cavalry, which was composed of the flower of the French nobility, whose silk cloaks, helmets, and gilt collars, were very splendid; their horses were large and strong, and each cuirassier, or horseman in armor, was followed by three horses, the first mounted by a page armed like himself, and the two others by squires. The light horsemen carried large bows and arrows, and some of them had a short pike, to pierce those whom the heavy horse had thrown down; their cloaks were ornamented with plates of silver, which displayed the coats of arms of their chiefs. Four hundred archers marched at the side of the King, and two hundred French knights, chosen from the highest nobility, surrounded him on foot; thirty-six pieces of cannon followed the whole army. The Florentines, who received these unwelcome guests with great uneasiness, had not, however, neglected any means of their own defence; each citizen had been requested to assemble all his dependents in his town-house, and to keep them ready armed to defend their liberty, if the alarm-bell should be sounded. The Condottieri, or leaders of the soldiers, in

the pay of Florence, were also called to the city, with all their troops; and by the side of the French army, which had taken up their abode in the town, another army was secretly formed, and ready for action in case it should be necessary. As soon as the King of France had taken up his abode in the palace, which had been prepared for him, he began to make his intentions known to the governors of the city. His first demands caused both terror and surprise; he declared that, as he had entered Florence with his lance couched (which means prepared for battle), he considered it as his conquest, and that he should soon decide whether he would allow the late rulers to govern in his name, or appoint others. The Florentines answered, with respectful firmness, that they had received him as their guest, and had not wished to dictate to him the manner in which he should enter their city; but that they had opened their gates to him out of respect, and not from being forced to do so, and they would never give up their liberty and their independence, either to him or to any other person. Though Charles and the Florentines were very far from feeling friendly toward each other, yet neither party wished to come to an open quarrel. The French were astonished at the immense numbers of people in Florence; at the

massy and strong palaces there, which seemed like so many fortresses; and at the courage the citizens showed: they were, therefore, afraid of beginning a battle in the streets, where they might be overwhelmed with stones, &c., from the windows and roofs of the houses. The Florentines only wished to gain time, and to appear bold and courageous, till it should please the King to set out for his intended conquest of Naples. The conferences, however, still continued; and Charles gave up his pretensions to be the ruler of the Florentines, on condition that they would pay him a sum of money; but this sum was so very large, that, after the King's secretary had read his master's declaration that nothing less would satisfy him, Peter Capponi, one of the Florentine secretaries, snatched the paper out of his hand, and tore it into pieces, crying out, "Very well, if this be the case, do you sound your trumpets of war, and we will ring our alarm-bells." Without waiting for a reply, he rushed out of the room; and this appearance of courage had such an effect upon the King and his court, that they called him back, for they thought the Florentines must be well prepared, or they would not dare to speak so boldly, when they knew the French army was within their city. Charles then made proposals

much more moderate, which were accepted by the Florentines; and a treaty of peace was concluded, the particulars of which were published in the Cathedral of Florence, on the 26th of November, during divine service, both parties swearing most solemnly to keep the terms of the treaty. Two days after this, Charles and his army quitted Florence, and relieved the inhabitants from their great uneasiness. This King succeeded in conquering the kingdom of Naples; and then returned into France, where he died of apoplexy, in 1498, at the early age of twenty-seven. He was greatly beloved for the goodness of his disposition and his agreeable manners, which gained him the surnames of "Affable," and "Courteous."

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## CHAPTER XLII.

### AMERICA DISCOVERED BY CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. 1494.

Spain, like all other countries in their early state, was composed of many small kingdoms. Granada was the capital city of the Moors, who continued to possess a large territory in Spain.

By the marriage of Isabella, heiress of Cas-

tille, with Ferdinand, King of Arragon, those two monarchies were united. Ferdinand, by cunningly causing an increase of rebellion in the kingdom of Granada, where a nephew was struggling to dethrone his uncle and make himself King, so effectually weakened both parties, that, on the death of one, he easily conquered the other, and made himself master of the contested province.

Thus the Moors were finally expelled from Spain; and their dominion in that country ceased, after it had subsisted about eight hundred years.

By the union of so many principalities, Ferdinand enjoyed such extensive authority, that he took upon himself the title of King of Spain.

The Jews, banished from France by Charles VI. in 1394, were expelled from Spain by Ferdinand in 1492, just one century later: and these persecuted people have continued to wander over the world, without possessing any country for their own, yet residing in all as fugitives and exiles.

The wealth of Spain was to be supplied by fresh sources, now that she had driven away the most ingenious and industrious of her artificers, the Jews.

Christopher Colon, commonly called Colum-

bus, a native of Genoa, was an experienced sailor; and, from observations he had made during his numerous voyages, and from reflection on the observations of others, felt assured that another continent must exist in the space between those already known.

Look at the map of the world: you see Europe, Asia, and Africa, are united to each other, and so contiguous that the existence of each must be known to each. But America stands in the expanded ocean, between the western side of Europe and Africa, and the eastern side of Asia, but unconnected with either of the three.

The Portuguese, as I have already said, had been for some time prosecuting discoveries on the west of Africa; and Columbus had been welcomed in Portugal by its enlightened and liberal Prince, Don Henry. Columbus was convinced that a passage to the East Indies by sea was attainable, as also that vast unknown lands remained to be discovered. By reading his life, you will find by what circumstances and considerations he came to this conviction; and hence it will be seen that the discovery he made was not *by accident*, but the result of the reasoning of a great mind.

In the prosecution of his mighty undertaking, he required ships, men, and money, and the pro-

tection of some sovereign power. He applied to the Genoese, to Portugal, Spain, and England, and was by all those powers refused assistance. Ferdinand and Isabella, the sovereigns of Spain, at length agreed to forward the views of the enterprising Columbus. By their aid, he commenced his voyage, and never gave up the pursuit until he had fully discovered the extensive continent of America. This was not easily effected: few valuable labors are easy of execution. But the great mind of Columbus was aware of this: he expected difficulties; he was prepared to combat, and, if possible, overcome them; and he did so. To read in a book that Columbus discovered America, raises in the mind no ideas of the numerous and severe hardships and disappointments encountered in the pursuit; but read the narrative of his voyage of discovery, and you will better appreciate the various merits of the navigator—his patience, perseverance, fortitude, and ingenuity. You will better comprehend, that, if you desire to be eminent in any way, you must exert all your faculties, never remit your exertions, never despair of the accomplishment of your rational expectations.

You will be as angry as is every one else that the real discoverer of the New World did not

give his name to it. *Americus* Vespucius, a Florentine gentleman, had that undeserved honor, although he did not visit the country till some years after Columbus had landed on it.

It is with severe regret I inform you, that, after performing this eminent service to Spain—after having given such undeniable testimony of a superior mind—a base cabal united against Columbus. On some trifling and unfounded charges, he was removed from the government of his newly discovered country, which had been solemnly promised to him as the reward of his exertions, and sent to Spain loaded with fetters. The captain of the vessel, shocked at the ungrateful conduct of his countrymen, approached his illustrious prisoner with respect, and offered to take off his chains. "No!" said the indignant captive: "the rulers of Spain have given orders for my bondage, and I will obey them in this, as I have done in all other commands. By their will I am fettered—by their will alone will I be freed."

Ferdinand blushed for his injustice, and liberated his noble prisoner, but never rewarded him. Columbus, after a life dignified by extraordinary talent and merit, died at Valladolid, worn out with fatigue, sorrow and disappoint-

ment—a memorable instance of the ingratitude of kings!

His funeral was splendid—the tardy homage to excellence; and words to the following effect were inscribed on his tomb, in Spanish. I give you the brief but comprehensive epitaph in English:

"To Castille and Leon
A new world gave Colon."

You will suppose that only a small part of America was discovered by Columbus, and that by degrees its extent and form were ascertained. Of its aborigines (native inhabitants) you must read a full account. Some of them are wild savages; but the Peruvians and Mexicans were found in a very advanced state of civilization.

The Empire of Mexico had subsisted for a century; that of Peru, governed by its Incas, was also a flourishing state. Both were adorned with magnificent cities; and, being rich in gold and silver mines, tempted the avarice of the Spaniards. Mexico was conquered by Cortez, 1521; Peru was ravaged and subjugated by Pizarro, 1527.

I forbear to describe the inhuman cruelties practised by the Spaniards on these unoffending people. Your hearts will bleed when you read of them: my hand is not firm enough to write

of them. I can only tell you, that every form of injustice, barbarity, insult, and rapine, was committed by the *refined* people of Spain on the ill-fated aborigines of America.

A couple of years after the discovery of Columbus, the Portuguese, under Vasco de Gama, obtained their long-desired object, by doubling the Cape of Good Hope, and reaching the Malabar coast, on the western side of the continent of India. Consult your maps; trace the voyages of these two great navigators, and fix the era of their discoveries in your memories.

In France, Charles VIII., who died without children, was succeeded by the Duke of Orleans, under the title of Louis XII. He was the nearest relation to the late King, and was called the "Father of his People;" which he merited in many respects. He had received many injuries and insults from some of the nobles before he came to the throne, which his courtiers reminded him of on his becoming King, recommending him to avenge himself, now he had the power; but he replied, that "the King of France did not wish to punish affronts shown to the Duke of Orleans." But his fatal ambition of reigning in Italy brought great misfortunes on himself and his people. Besides pretending to the crown of Naples, he laid claim to the duchy

of Milan, in right of one of his grandmothers.

In 1501, Louis passed into Italy with an army of 20,000 men, and in three weeks made himself master of Milan and the republic of Genoa. The King, clad in ducal robes, entered the former city in triumph, and happy had it been for himself and his subjects could he have been satisfied with his conquest; but he entered into alliance with Ferdinand, King of Spain, in order to drive the King of Naples from his kingdom, and divide it between them: in this they succeeded; but, afterward quarrelling about the division, from friends they became bitter enemies. The Spaniards, under their great captain, Gonsalvo de Cordova, stripped the French of all they had gained in Naples, and secured the whole kingdom for their master, King Ferdinand. On one occasion, a Spanish general, named Mendoza, who commanded a number of Italian soldiers in the service of Spain, took a great many of the French prisoners, and among them Charles de la Mothe, an officer of distinction. He was invited, the next day, to a feast at Mendoza's table, whose prisoner he was; and the Spaniards, in talking over the battle that had been fought the day before, did justice to the bravery of the French, and

attributed their success to the intrepidity and discipline of the Italian cavalry. The Frenchman was very ready to allow the merits of the Spaniards, but thought it an affront that the Italians, for whom he felt a great contempt, should be reckoned better soldiers than the French; and he insisted that the Italians had been so often conquered as to make it impossible for them to be equal to the French in any sort of combat, or with any sort of arms. He repeated the same sentiment on the following day, in the presence of the Italian commander, Prosper Colonna, who called upon him to prove his assertion. The honor of the two nations now appeared to be at stake, and the two generals consented to decide the quarrel by a battle between thirteen Italian soldiers and as many French. The combatants were to meet in a field inclosed for the purpose, (which kind of inclosure was called, in those days, "the Lists;") and there they were to fight to the last extremity. The inclosure was marked out with a plough, and it was agreed that whoever should be driven beyond the Lists, should be declared conquered, and not allowed to take any farther part in the battle. The commanders-in-chief on each side had consented to a truce, and each had advanced with his army, ranged in order of

battle, to guard the inclosure. The champions had been chosen with great care, particularly on the Italian side, as the honor of their country seemed most interested. According to the terms of La Mothe's challenge, each party was to arm himself in any manner he thought most to his advantage; so that they were very differently prepared. The lances of the Italians were a foot longer than those of the French, and they had besides stuck two spears in the ground, to be ready for any knight who might be thrown from his horse; the vanquished were to remain prisoners to the conquerors, till each had paid a hundred crowns of gold for his ransom. This combat, which the Italians thought of more importance than a regular battle, was fought on the 13th of February, 1503; their champions were chosen from the cavalry of Prosper Colonna, who had taken care to select them from every part of Italy. The good wishes of the generals, of the army, and of the people, accompanied them: and it is not to be wondered at, that an oppressed nation, who were more divided than conquered, and who shed their blood for strangers, without having the power to fight for their own independence, should be anxious to vindicate their honor, when everything else was lost for them. Instead of rushing on their ad-

versaries full gallop, as the French did, they waited firmly for them, and by this means threw them into confusion. Some of the French horses became unruly, and got beyond the Lists, which excluded their riders from the battle; other knights were thrown down by the longer lances of the Italians, without being able to reach them in their turn. Two Italian knights, who were thrown from their horses at the first attack, laid hold of the javelins which were in the ground, and overturned many of the French horses with them. One single Frenchman was killed; his comrades, overthrown one after another, submitted to the Italians, who made them prisoners; and, after a severe struggle, they acknowledged themselves conquered, and were led in triumph to Barletta. Not one of them had brought the crowns for his ransom, for they had not thought it possible that they should be defeated; and were equally surprised and mortified by the punishment which their arrogance and presumption had brought upon them.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

### HENRY VIII. KING OF ENGLAND.

We are now come to a very interesting portion of history; for in the reign of Henry VIII. a new form of religion was introduced into Europe, and established in England. The Roman Catholic religion, of which the Pope was the head, had been the religion of the civilized world for many centuries, and had originated in the doctrines of Jesus Christ.

But some persons began in time to consider that the Roman Catholic was not precisely the religion taught by Christ, and they gradually formed a new creed.

Martin Luther, a monk of the order of St. Augustine, was displeased at some of the ordinances of the Pope, and publicly reprobated them. Now the power of the Pope at this epocha was enormous. You have seen him take away and bestow crowns, and lay monarchs and nations under the penalty of excommunication. Reflecting persons began to doubt whether such excessive authority ought to be possessed by any individual; and also whether the Pope rightly explained and faithfully performed the precepts

of the blessed Jesus. These reflections caused the momentous subject to be more closely investigated; and a party soon appeared, professing a new faith.

As the members of this new faith solemnly *protested* against some articles of belief they were required to accept, they were called Protestants; a title by which professors of the new form of religion have ever since been known. Luther was at the head of the Reformers in Germany: but the English monarch wrote a book in favor of the Pope, for which composition his Holiness conferred upon him the title of "Defender of the Faith." But mark the inconsistency of Henry. He happened afterward to fall in love with a beautiful lady, called Anne Boleyn; and, that he might marry her, desired to be divorced from his wife Catherine. Marriage being a holy rite, the Pope, as head of the church in those times, was the only person who could authorize a divorce. To him, therefore, Henry applied for the privilege of separating himself from Catherine, on the plea of her being too nearly related to him (as the widow of his brother) for her second marriage to be lawful. Because the Pope would not consent to this request, Henry, in a violent rage, denied the supremacy of his Holi-

ness, called himself "Head of the Church," divorced Catherine, and married the fair Anne Boleyn.

A new form of religion was now instituted; a translation of the Bible into English was ordered to be read in the churches, and all monasteries were dissolved. Pray remember this, as the period of the Reformation in England—1534.

Besides the two already named, Henry had four wives; in all, six; and his cruelty toward them all has rendered him infamous in every well-regulated mind. They were in the following order:

1. Catherine of Arragon was divorced; and, with her little daughter Mary, retired from court, and spent the remainder of her days in peace and privacy.

2. Anne Boleyn was beheaded, under pretext of faultiness; but, in reality, because her husband was tired of her, and in love with another lady. Anne left a daughter, called Elizabeth.

3. Jane Seymour, the next Queen, only escaped the tyrant's cruelty by her early death, which was accompanied with some circumstances of inhumanity on the part of Henry. Edward VI. was her son.

4. Anne of Cleves, a German princess, was espoused by Henry, to strengthen his power abroad; but, as she was not handsome, he soon divorced her.

5. Catherine Howard now became his wife, and so remained till he wished for a fresh bride. She had certainly been very faulty, and, being tried for her crimes, was beheaded.

6. Catherine Parr was the sixth and last wife of this English *Bluebeard*, and she stood a chance of suffering by his tyranny; but, acting with the greatest circumspection, she secured her safety, and survived her cruel husband.

It would have been well, if Henry had only acted cruelly as a husband; but a long catalogue of sufferers, during his reign, mournfully denotes his barbarously despotic temper.

His favorite (for he had no friends) was Thomas Wolsey, the son of a gentleman at Ipswich, not of a butcher, as it is sometimes reported. Wolsey made himself very useful to the King, and hence gained great power and riches. He contrived to be elected one of the cardinals of Rome (a body of eminent persons, from among whom the Pope is chosen), and he had some expectation of being chosen Pope himself. In this he was disappointed; and his

enormous wealth drew on him the displeasure of his royal master. Despoiled of all his authority, and of all his possessions, he died, broken-hearted and humbled, at Leicester Abbey; bequeathing to posterity these memorable words:—"Had I served my God half as diligently as I have served my King, he would not have forsaken my gray hairs."

Henry made a rather better figure abroad than he did at home. His meeting with Francis I., King of France, was attended with every circumstance of magnificence. It took place near Calais; and, from the splendor displayed by both sovereigns, the place so distinguished was called "The Field of the Cloth of Gold." Henry met Francis with great cordiality, and they retired together into a rich tent. As they met to complete a treaty of alliance, Henry began reading the articles of it: "I, Henry, King ——."* He stopped a moment, and instead of adding the customary term "of *France*," only subjoined "of England." Francis observed and applauded this delicacy; and really, I think, it did Henry great honor.

Francis was not behind-hand in generosity; for he was truly a gallant prince. Instead of

* From the time of Henry V., the Kings of England had assumed the title of Kings of France.

visiting Henry surrounded by guards, as was the custom of royal visitors, Francis one morning galloped to the tent of Henry, attended only by a couple of gentlemen, calling out to the English guards, as he passed them, "We are your prisoners."

Henry was charmed with this mark of confidence, and, politely acknowledging himself the captive (as bound by the chain of obligation), he placed a collar of pearls on the neck of Francis, begging him to wear it for the sake of the prisoner. Francis graciously accepted the gift, and gave Henry a bracelet of great value. From that moment, the Kings lived together in the greatest harmony and friendship, and parted with regret.

After a long and painful illness, Henry expired in the fifty-sixth year of his age and thirty-eighth of his reign.

Of Francis I. and his General, the Chevalier Bayard, I have some interesting anecdotes.

Francis having married the daughter of Louis XII., succeeded him on the throne, because he had no son. As soon as Francis was settled on the throne, he prepared for an expedition into Italy; and, having passed the Alps, he gained a famous battle against the Swiss, at Marignan, near Milan, which continued for two

days, and was one of the most furious and obstinate combats recorded in modern history. But all the states in Italy, with the Pope, the Emperor of Germany, and the King of England, united together against France; and, what made this union still more formidable was, the revolt of the Duke of Bourbon, Grand Constable of France, and the greatest subject in the kingdom. He was a very brave general, and had gained great glory in the battle of Marignan; but the King, instead of recompensing him as he deserved, took every occasion to mortify him; and the King's mother, a woman of a very violent temper, who hated Bourbon, did all in her power to make Francis his enemy. The estates of the Duke were most unjustly taken from him, and he was so ill-used, that at length he determined to join the enemies of his sovereign. One of the bravest and most loyal knights in the service of the King was the Chevalier Bayard, who had distinguished himself upon many occasions, and by his honorable and heroic conduct had obtained the appellation of "the Knight without fear and without reproach." In times of real danger, he was always at the post of greatest difficulty and importance, and his gallantry inspired courage in all whom he commanded. But his country had

to mourn his loss at a time when his services were most wanted; for, in one of the battles fought in Italy between the Emperor's troops and the French, in 1524, he received a wound, which he immediately felt would cause his death; and, being unable to sit on horseback, he ordered one of his attendants to place him under a tree, with his face turned toward the enemy, observing that, as he had never turned his back to an enemy during his life, he ought not to do so in the hour of death: then, fixing his eyes on the guard of his sword, which he held up instead of a cross, he addressed his prayers to God; and in this posture he calmly waited the approach of death. The Duke of Bourbon, who led the advance of the enemy's troops, found him in this situation, and expressed his regret and pity at the sight. "Pity not me," said the brave soldier; "I die as a man of honor ought to die, in the discharge of my duty; but *they* are objects of pity, indeed, who fight against their King, their country, and their oath!" The Marquis of Pescara, the imperial general, passing soon after, showed his admiration of Bayard's virtues, as well as his sorrow for his situation, with the generosity of a gallant enemy; and finding that he could not be removed with safety from the spot where he

lay, ordered a tent to be pitched there, and proper persons to take care of him; but he died notwithstanding, as his ancestors had died for several generations, in the field of battle. Pescara ordered his body to be sent to his relations; and it was received with the greatest honors in all the cities through which it passed. In Dauphiné, the province of France in which Bayard was born, people of all ranks came out in solemn procession, to show it respect.

This period was enriched with many learned and elegant writers, and other great men:— Raphael, the painter; Cardinal Ximenes, the statesman; Machiavel, the historian; Ludovico Ariosto, the poet; Guicciardini, the historian; Copernicus, the philosopher; Erasmus; and the excellent Sir Thomas More. This last was as remarkable for his virtue as for his erudition; yet, in the blindness of false zeal, he was *beheaded* for not acknowledging the supremacy of King Henry VIII.

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## CHAPTER XLIV.

### GUSTAVUS VASA, KING OF SWEDEN.

MARGARET of Valdimar, called "the Semiramis of the North," by the treaty of Calmar,

not only united the three crowns of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, but enjoyed those crowns, and bequeathed them to her successor, Eric. Christian II. was the last monarch who profited by the union of Calmar. In order firmly to establish himself in absolute power, he projected and executed one of those barbarous schemes, which a tyrant only could propose, a tyrant only perpetrate. This was nothing less than the massacre of all the nobles of Sweden, so that that unhappy country might lie without defence, at the mercy of the sanguinary Christian. How ill did his name suit his actions! How *un*-christian was his diabolical plot.

On the 8th of November, 1520, a general murder of all the nobility in Stockholm took place. After a mock trial, on a false charge of heresy, the King commanded his victims to be marched out, guarded by soldiers, and seventy* of them were executed. That none might escape, the military were directed to search the houses, and destroy all the obnoxious persons they could find. In the provinces, a similar tragedy was acted. Eric Vasa, the father of the afterward celebrated Gustavus Vasa, a descendant of the ancient Kings of Denmark, was the first who lost his life. His son Gus-

* Coxe says, six hundred in all.

tavus escaped; and, an immense price being offered for his apprehension or murder, he took refuge in the mines of Dalecarlia.

Can you imagine what sort of a place a mine is? Dark, damp, hundreds of feet under ground, far from the pure air and cheerful light of heaven; inhabited by bands of poor wretches, covered with dirt and rags, pale from want of fresh air, thin from want of proper nourishment, toiling all day for an humble pittance. Into such a place, among such people, dooming himself to such labor and such privations, Gustavus voluntarily ventured: but he so humbled and afflicted himself, only to save himself for the rescue of his forlorn country.

It seems impossible that, under such circumstances, any human being could plan or execute any glorious project. But great minds are invigorated by difficulties, and best show their superiority amidst peril and vicissitude. Many very interesting anecdotes are related of the adventures of Vasa, of his danger, and of his magnanimity. He gradually infused his patriotism into the bosoms of some of his fellow-miners and of the neighboring peasantry: and, throwing off his squalid garments and his quiet deportment, he appeared at the head of his countrymen, their general and their monarch.

Christian, though married to the sister of the powerful Emperor and King, Charles V., found that he had no friends, either at home or abroad, that could or would protect him. He abdicated the throne, and with his family retired to the Netherlands. Charles V. gave him some assistance to recover his throne; but, failing in this attempt, Christian was thrown into prison, and died after many years' captivity. It is said, that his sufferings greatly ameliorated his character; and that, in place of his early ferocity, he was, in his latter life, mild, patient, and capable of affection.

Frederick, Duke of Holstein, the uncle of Christian, was chosen King of Denmark and Norway; and those two kingdoms remained united under one monarch till 1814; Sweden was the prize of the magnanimous Gustavus Vasa, who, after a long and prosperous reign, transmitted his crown to his posterity, who continued to enjoy it till 1818.

Truth is indispensable to the humblest writer of history. You have heard of Christian's evil deeds; it is just to record his meritorious actions. He enacted many useful laws. Once, when dictating a regulation, he was reminded that its enforcement would greatly diminish the royal revenue; Christian instantly declared,

"I would rather lose all my revenues, than admit of such shameful acts of injustice on those poor people."

I dare say, we should often meet with good actions, mingled with the bad, of those persons condemned in history as worthless. Therefore it is that I so repeatedly urge you to be candid in your opinions of those who cannot vindicate themselves: therefore it is that I would have you more disposed to believe the virtue than the vice recorded.

A modern traveller relates a very curious anecdote respecting Gustavus Vasa's adventures, whilst endeavoring to escape from the officers sent by Christian to discover and seize him.

Gustavus had taken shelter in a lonely cottage, the owner of which hurried away to prepare a boat to expedite his flight, and left him with his wife, eating a hasty meal. Gustavus, placed by the fire, and accompanied only by the old woman, was surprised by the appearance of some military; he thought all was lost, and looked mournfully on his hostess, who, however, bade him not despair. The officer and his troop now entered the kitchen; and the woman, with admirable presence of mind, instantly planned a mode of saving Gustavus. How valuable is

presence of mind! She went up to him, and, giving him a rude blow, ordered him as if he were her servant, to quit the kitchen, and not stay lounging and eating there all day. Gustavus, profiting by her ingenuity, immediately departed; and the woman bustled to entertain her guests with food and liquor, till she thought her husband had insured the safety of Gustavus.

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## CHAPTER XLV.

### THE JESUITS, INSTITUTED BY IGNATIUS LOYOLA, 1535.

THERE was an officer in the army of Ferdinand, King of Spain, called Ignatius Loyola, who was dangerously wounded in defending the city of Pampeluna. As he was confined to his bed and his chamber for a long time, he beguiled his pain, and employed his solitude, in reading the lives of the saints. Now in those books much fable is mixed with some truth; and Loyola's mind was so inflamed by reading of wonderful exploits and miraculous enterprises, that he fancied himself inspired to perform deeds like those he admired. Accordingly he avowed himself a knight of the blessed Virgin,

and undertook a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. He visited Spain and France; and, after performing various strange actions, he began to conceive the idea of forming a new religious order. The Pope, Paul III., gladly supported and encouraged the establishment of this institution, which, under the name of the "Society of Jesuits," or the "Society of Jesus," soon spread its members all over Europe.

The Jesuits, considering themselves as the soldiers of the Pope, and acknowledging him for their head, yet possessed peculiar laws and ordinances of their own. They found their way into all the courts of Europe, and thus secretly governed the governors of states. They rambled into distant countries, and were seen ruling the rulers of China, Hindoostan, and America.

Their secret laws were most extraordinary, and some of them most iniquitous. These rules were given to their missionaries, who acted upon them wherever they went. Though Charles V. opposed the establishment of this society, and many nations resisted its advancement; yet, so artful and so persevering were its members, that it gained ground rapidly. Loyola commenced with ten disciples; and, in little more than half a century, more than ten thousand persons had entered into the society. Any one

might become a Jesuit; but, once professed, he was bound to yield implicit obedience to the rules of the order, and the commands of its general. The principal aim of the society was its own aggrandisement, its own increase in riches and authority. Thus, a Jesuit would ingratiate himself with the powerful to obtain power, with the opulent to obtain wealth. The ingenuity with which they made their creed consonant to all sorts of humors, and the influence they attained over every variety of character, it is impossible to describe. You will, on some future day, read of the art, and I must add, the wickedness of the doctrine taught and advocated by these insinuating logicians. But the iniquity of their system was not known till many years after the abolition of the society. When I tell you that this system opposed every honored principle of truth and justice for its own aims, made the worse appear the better cause, and justified every degree of criminality in the rich and the great, you will judge how sinful and shameful it must have been. Among all the charges brought against the Jesuits, it is, however, generally acknowledged, that they conferred benefits on the rude natives of America, by teaching them many useful arts: to build houses, till the ground, and tame wild animals. The natives of Paraguay,

especially, found in them benevolent teachers and lenient rulers.

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## CHAPTER XLVI.

### CHARLES V. KING OF SPAIN AND EMPEROR. FRANCIS I. KING OF FRANCE.

You will often hear of the *Hans Towns*, or *Hanseatic* League; I think it necessary, therefore, to inform you, that a number of towns in Germany and the north of Europe associated for the protection of their commerce. In 1226 (during the reign of Henry III. of England), so many as seventy-two towns had united together, each promising to protect the trade of the rest. Lubeck was considered as the head of the League. This association* was in its highest estimation about the year 1500. At that period, Maximilian, Emperor of Germany, divided Germany into ten circles (as they are called). Look into a map and you will better understand what I mean.

Maximilian married Mary, the only child of Charles, Duke of Burgundy; and their son,

* The Hanseatic League expired in 1806.

Philip the Handsome, espoused Joanna, eldest daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain.

Philip and Joanna were the parents of Charles V., who is famous in history as King of Spain and Emperor of Germany. The contemporary of Charles V. (that is, a person who lived at the same time) was the gallant Francis I. King of France, who held the splendid meeting near Calais with Henry, VIII., as I have already related.

I told you that the Emperors of Germany were chosen by the different Electors, or princes, of that empire. Francis had some expectation of being elected; and on the choice falling up on Charles, King of Spain, he was a good deal mortified. From this and other causes, these two sovereigns were involved in war, and had a desperate battle at Pavia, in which Francis was taken prisoner. After the engagement he wrote to his mother Louisa, whom he had left Regent (or governess) of France in his absence, the following laconic and memorable billet:—"Madam, we have lost everything but our honor."

Charles is represented to have behaved well to his royal captive, whom he liberated on certain conditions. When Francis was delivered from thraldom, and had passed the boundaries which divide Spain from France, he sprang joy-

fully on his horse, and, waving his sword over his head, exclaimed, "I am yet a King!" So precious is liberty to every human being—the peasant and the prince. *We* are always free: are we sufficiently thankful for our inestimable freedom?"

It happened, some time afterward, that Charles passed through France, not without fears that his rival would arrest him, according to the base policy of some rulers. What did I tell you of Richard I. of England? Francis, however, scorned to take advantage of his adversary; he received him in Paris with every mark of distinction, and, for the six days during which his visit was prolonged, treated him with royal magnificence.

Charles made him some promises at the time, which he had not the honesty to fulfil, and afterward had the baseness to deny. In those days, there was generally a fool kept at the houses of kings and great men—a sort of personage, who, under the excuse of silliness, was allowed to say and do what he pleased. That some of these fools did not want sense and wit is proved by the following remark on the above circumstance by a fool belonging to Francis. He wrote down on his book, "Charles is a greater fool than I am, for passing through the terri-

tories of his rival, Francis." "But what will you say," observed Francis, "if I let him pass in safety?" "I shall say you are the greatest fool of all," replied the wag.

The "History of Charles V."* is the most interesting of many delightful works, which you will have the gratification of reading. It comprises many of the most important events that occurred in Europe during that period; is full of anecdotes of the great, and the good, and the faulty; and is written in a most instructive manner. And, I dare say, if you read it once for information, you will read it twice for pleasure. I will not presume to offer any abridgment of what is so excellent; every line omitted would be a satisfaction lost.

Francis died in the same year that Henry VIII. expired, 1547. Charles lived almost ten years longer; but, what was very strange, he abdicated his throne, and gave up Spain to his son, Philip II.; and Germany to his brother Ferdinand. On his abdication, he retired to a private residence, and devoted himself to religious duties; his only relaxation being experiments in mechanism and some other of the arts.

But the most singular of his whims was his having his funeral ceremony performed whilst

* Of course, Robertson's work is meant.

he was living. The coffin, the bearers, the burial service, all were regularly in place; but Charles was so exhausted by the efforts he made on that memorable day, that he sickened, and died soon after, a victim to his curiosity and pride. It is difficult to assign any adequate motive to this preposterous fancy. It could be of no service to his own mind; for, if that mind were not before awakened to the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death, it was almost too late to arouse it, and by a ceremony, too, more likely to alarm than amend. Charles could not do this to obtain celebrity; his renown, such as it was, had before been established.

Solyman II. the Magnificent, considered as the most illustrious of the Turkish Emperors, was a powerful adversary of Charles V. He obtained possession of the Island of Rhodes, and drove from it the Knights of St. John, who retired to Malta, an island given to them by Charles.

Solyman carried his successful arms into Hungary; and, entering Austria, besieged Vienna; but the approach of Charles obliged him to retreat. It is of this Solyman that an interesting anecdote is told. Just after he had taken the city of Belgrade, a woman came to

him, bitterly complaining of his soldiers, who had taken away all her cattle, her only property. "You must have slept very soundly not to have heard the thieves," observed the Emperor. "Yes, Sire," replied the woman, "I did sleep; but it was in the confidence that your highness was awake to the public service." Solyman was pleased with this sensible remark, and instantly repaired the loss which the poor woman had sustained.

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## CHAPTER XLVII.

### EDWARD VI. KING OF ENGLAND.

EDWARD VI. was only nine years old when his father, Henry VIII., died; and, unhappily for England, he himself expired at the early age of sixteen. During the reign of Henry, lived Pope Leo X., whose pontificate is celebrated as the era in which the arts remarkably flourished.

Many admirable painters enriched Italy; and oil-painting was invented by the excellent Flemish painters. Sculpture and architecture were also carried to high perfection by the genius of Michael Angelo, an Italian, of whose various

talents you will often hear. Some elegant writers also then appeared; so that the age of Leo X. is always mentioned as the age of learning and learned men, and of the elegant arts and the most admirable artists.

But, to return to England, Edward VI. and his protector, the Duke of Somerset, were friendly to the Protestant religion, and considerably forwarded its fuller establishment. Too many executions, however, tarnished their administration; and, by the intrigues of a party, the Duke of Somerset himself, though uncle to the King, was tried and condemned to be beheaded. He appeared on the scaffold with a cool and unmoved countenance, and his speech to the populace obtained much applause. He wished, however, to prevent any commotion, and therefore besought the crowd not to interrupt his last prayers. Having given some minutes to devotion, he laid his head on the block, and it was instantly severed from his body.

You wonder how Edward could sanction this execution. It seems that the enemies of the Duke invented and told falsehoods of him, and thus steeled the young King's bosom against his uncle. How seldom do princes hear the truth! How rarely do they possess friends! Let us be grateful for a state of mediocrity, and

that we live in an age and a country which afford us the best chance of enjoying the blessings of sincere friendship, and forming just views of characters and events.

The Duke of Northumberland, the stern enemy of the Duke of Somerset, had great influence over the mind of the King, whose health now began rapidly to decline. Northumberland devoted himself to his own advancement; and, as a first step toward augmented dignity, he married his son, Lord Guildford Dudley, to Lady Jane Grey. Lady Jane was the daughter of the Duchess of Suffolk, and by some persons considered as heir to the throne. Edward, at the instigation of Northumberland, avowed her right, and declared her to be his successor. Soon after this declaration, the young King's disorder rapidly increased; and he expired at Greenwich, in the seventh year of his reign, unfeignedly regretted by the nation.

Edward was a prince of great promise: he had cultivated his understanding with the utmost diligence; he spoke many languages, and perfectly understood Greek and Latin. In short, he was extolled as a prodigy of learning. Lady Jane Grey, his cousin, was equally remarkable for her accomplishments, and so well versed in Greek, that once, when Ascham, the tutor of

Elizabeth, visited her, he found her reading Plato. When he expressed his surprise at her studious habits, she assured him that her books were more amusing to her than all the entertainments of the gay world. Her being a Protestant was, perhaps, one reason why Edward bequeathed his throne to her.

Gabriel, Count De Montgomery, was remarkable for his bravery and noble actions, but still more for his misfortune in putting out the eye of Henry II. King of France, who succeeded Francis I. in the same year that Edward VI. ascended the English throne. Henry, having engaged several knights in a tournament (a warlike sport, performed by knights in ancient times to show their courage and dexterity), on occasion of the marriage of one of his daughters, wished to try his skill against the young Montgomery, who was reckoned one of the strongest knights in France: but the latter, as if he had foreseen the fatal consequence, repeatedly declined the combat, and only consented when he found the King was likely to be offended at his refusal. In the course of the struggle, Montgomery's lance broke in the King's visor (or that part of the helmet which covers the face), and wounded him in the eye. Henry died from the wound on the eleventh day after receiving

it, and gave orders on his death-bed that Montgomery should not be tried or injured on account of what had happened, as it was an accident. After this unfortunate event, Montgomery went for some time to his estate in Normandy, and then visited Italy: not returning to France till the breaking out of the civil wars between the Protestants and the Roman Catholics, when he became one of the brave leaders of the former party. In 1562 he defended the city of Rouen, in Normandy, against the Catholics, with great valor and obstinacy. The city being at last taken, he threw himself into a small vessel, and made his escape to Havre. After this, he passed through many dangers, and performed many exploits, which gained him great glory. He was at Paris in 1572, when the Protestants were treacherously massacred, by order of Charles IX. (who was then King) and his mother Catherine de Medicis; and he was only informed of what was taking place just in time to mount his horse, and save himself by galloping off, with some Protestant gentlemen, who lodged near him. They were pursued; and Montgomery owed his safety to the swiftness of his horse, which, it is said, carried him thirty leagues without halting. Having escaped this danger, he took refuge, with his family, first in Jersey, and afterward

in England. The next year he went with a considerable fleet, which he had armed and fitted out there, to the relief of Rochelle, which was then besieged by the Catholics. After this he returned into Normandy, and joined the Protestant nobility of that province; but, being driven from all his fortresses in those parts, he retired to a rock, called the *Tombelaine*. At that time there was a castle on it, which was afterward demolished, and of which scarcely any ruins now remain. From this fastness, which could only be got at when it was low water, he continually made excursions, and annoyed the enemy, who never dared to attack him; so that he became the dread of all the country round. Wishing to surprise the neighboring mount of St. Michael, on the summit of which was an abbey, about the same size with that on the Tombelaine, he found means to engage one of the monks of the abbey, who promised to give him the signal for his enterprise by displaying a white handkerchief. But the monk betrayed him; for, before he made the signal, he had armed all his companions, who waited Montgomery's arrival. The chieftain came, attended by fifty chosen soldiers, desperate, and capable of any attempt. They crossed the sand, and, having placed their scaling ladders, mounted one

by one : but as they came to the top, they were murdered, each in turn without any noise. Montgomery, who followed last, discovered the perfidy just in time to escape with two of his men, and with them he regained the Tombelaine. The ladders and grappling-irons used on this occasion are still preserved with great care. After this, he distinguished himself on many occasions. In 1574, Matignon, the Catholic general in Lower Normandy, to whom Catherine de Medicis had given a particular charge to seize Montgomery, came upon him unexpectedly in Saint-Lô, and laid siege to that city. On the evening of the fifth day he left Saint-Lô, with about seventy horse, and escaped amidst a shower of musket-bullets, without losing a single man, leaving the command of the place to his friend Coulombieres. Arriving at Domfront with only twenty followers, he was joined the same day by several gentlemen, who brought a company of forty horse to his assistance. In the mean time Matignon, informed of his escape, and enraged at having lost his prey, galloped at the head of a party of horse, and arrived before Domfront, which he blockaded on all sides, till the infantry and cannon, which were following, should come up. When they arrived, he attacked the city with great violence, and Mont-

gomery was soon obliged to retire into the castle with the garrison, amounting to no more than 150 men. He fought with the greatest bravery, and exposed himself to danger like one who wished to die; at length, perceiving his soldiers were greatly reduced in number, he surrendered, and Matignon conducted him to Saint-Lô, in hopes that he might be able to persuade Coulombieres to surrender. For this purpose Montgomery was brought near the wall, and he entreated Coulombières, who appeared on the top of it, to follow his example; but the brave commander, full of indignation, reproached him severely for his cowardice in surrendering, instead of dying like a soldier, with his sword in his hand. The intrepid Coulombieres was killed, some days after, in defending the breach. In the mean time Catherine de Medicis, regent of the kingdom, her son Charles being dead, ordered Matignon to send Montgomery to Paris, strongly guarded: and when he arrived, he was confined in a tower, which is still called by his name. He was afterward brought to trial, and condemned to die; and his children were deprived of their nobility. After undergoing very severe torture, he was carried to the Place de Grêve, dressed in mourning, and there beheaded on the 26th of June, 1574. He appeared on

the scaffold with an undaunted countenance, and made a long speech to the spectators. When he had finished, he fell on his knees beside the block, bade adieu to those around him, desired the executioner not to cover his eyes, and submitted to his fate like a hero.

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## CHAPTER XLVIII.

### MARY I. QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

We now come to the short but cruel reign of Mary. You remember, I suppose, that she was the eldest daughter of Henry VIII. and Catherine of Arragon. A strong party soon placed her on the throne, and the will of Edward was set aside. Northumberland hastened, indeed, to offer the crown to Lady Jane Grey; but this amiable and lovely princess refused to accept it, and burst into tears when earnestly entreated. At last, she yielded to the wishes of her father, and consented to be made a Queen. But transitory was her elevation! The friends of Mary soon became most powerful, and, her claims being deemed strongest, she was proclaimed Queen of England.

The innocent and accomplished Lady Jane

and her youthful husband were sentenced to be beheaded. This virtuous princess heard the sentence without emotion, and prepared to meet it without regret. Lord Dudley was first executed, and as his headless body was taken from the scaffold, it was met by his heroic wife. She paused for a moment to gaze on the corpse, and heaving one deep and heavy sigh, bade the bearers proceed. When she had reached the scaffold, she spoke to the crowd; owned herself guilty, not of usurping the crown, but of not more firmly refusing it; and mildly hoped her death would restore tranquillity to the state. She meekly laid her head on the block, and one blow terminated her sufferings and the power of her enemies over her.

Mary, a bitter enemy to Protestantism, married Philip II., of Spain, the son of Charles V.; as determined a bigot to the Roman Catholic religion as ever lived. When I tell you that Philip not only condemned his son to a painful death, but actually chose to be a spectator of the wretched youth's agonies, you will know what to think of Philip. That Mary passionately loved this cruel monster proves her heart to have been as hard as his.

I really cannot repeat all the dreadful butcheries committed in England by this merciless

LADY JANE GREY. Page 264.

couple ; for whatever Philip desired, Mary executed. Hundreds of people were burned alive because they would not say they believed everything that Mary chose they should believe. Reflect on the folly, the barbarity of this proceeding ! Who can make himself believe just what he is ordered to believe ? Merely to *say* he does so, when in his heart he thinks very differently, is pronouncing an absolute falsehood. When you read of the dreadful agonies willingly endured to avoid this, you will be disposed to respect the fortitude of the human mind ; you will be inclined more warmly to venerate the religion for which so many wise and virtuous persons suffered. Even women submitted, with unshrinking firmness, to be bound to the stake, and consumed by slow and piercing flames. But my heart recoils from the afflicting image.

Calais, a valuable port of France, which for two centuries had been in the hands of the English, and was most important to them, was taken by the French : a loss which so deeply afflicted Mary, that she often declared "the name of Calais would be found written on her heart when she died."

Happily for England, the reign of this unfeeling woman was short. Her husband's want of affection for her—(could such a man as Philip

love anything, or anybody?)—the vexation of reflecting that her sister Elizabeth would gain the crown when she left it; these are the causes stated as producing a slow fever, which soon destroyed her.

She died in the forty-third year of her life, and sixth of her reign.

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## CHAPTER XLIX.

### ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

THE last chapter closed with the death of the cruel Mary; the present opens with the accession of Elizabeth, daughter of the unfortunate Anne Boleyn.

Elizabeth had lived very privately, employing herself in improving her mind, and obtaining every kind of knowledge that might assist her in wisely ruling a mighty nation: she assumed the sceptre, therefore, well prepared for the arduous duties of government. How many persons envy the honors of royalty, forgetful of the numerous and weighty cares that attend the regal state!

Elizabeth resolved never to marry, although many princes sought her hand; among the rest

were Eric, the son of Gustavus Vasa, and Philip of Spain, the widower of her sister Mary.

Philip II., of Spain, had been sovereign of the Netherlands, but so cruelly had he abused his rights of sovereignty, that the people revolted against him, and proclaimed the Prince of Orange their Stadtholder. Philip despatched the Duke of Alva to quell the revolt; and this nobleman, as barbarous as his master, caused the execution of *eighteen thousand* persons in the course of five years. After this information, I think the word *Alva* will remain in your mind associated with cruelty.

In spite of Philip's severe measures, the Prince of Orange liberated his country from the Spanish yoke. *Seven* of the seventeen provinces of the Netherlands (or Low Countries) declared themselves an independent Republic, like the Swiss cantons, and assumed the name of Holland, or the Seven United Provinces, in 1579; making William Prince of Orange their Stadtholder, or chief governor.

Elizabeth had essentially assisted the revolters; therefore Philip determined to invade England. For this purpose he armed a large force, and fitted out an immense fleet, which was called the "Invincible Armada:" a pompous title, but one it little deserved; for a hea-

vy storm of wind dispersed this wondrous fleet, and the navy of England completed its destruction. Elizabeth evinced great spirit on this occasion; she showed herself to her army at Tilbury, mounted on a fine horse: cheered the spirits of her subjects, aroused the valor of her soldiers, and infused courage and confidence into all who saw or heard her. Thus she in some degree earned the victory she obtained.

Another remarkable circumstance in Elizabeth's reign, was her beheading a Scottish Queen, who was also her first cousin. I need not remind you that this unhappy person was Mary Queen of Scots. I have already given an outline of the transaction in the "Stories from English History," and some day you may read a full account of it in Goldsmith's "History of England."

Elizabeth had more than one favorite: but the most distinguished was the Earl of Essex. This impetuous young nobleman too often encroached on the indulgence of his royal mistress; and once, particularly, spoke in so haughty a manner that the Queen gave him a box on the ear. Essex put his hand to his sword, muttering some threats: altogether, his conduct was so improper, and he raised such commotions

QUEEN ELIZABETH. Page 268.

both in England and Ireland, that at last he was tried for his misdemeanors, and beheaded.

You remember the anecdote of the Queen having formerly given him a ring, with a promise that when he presented that ring to her, she would grant him whatever he demanded. After his death she discovered that he had sent this ring, with a request for pardon; but the lady whom he entrusted with this commission never delivered it. Elizabeth, when she heard of this treachery, was deeply shocked; and, it is said, she began to droop from that moment. She told the perfidious lady, "that God might forgive her, but she never would:" a sentiment little honorable to her Christian principles.

Elizabeth having named for her successor James King of Scotland, son of that Mary whom she had put to death, expired in the seventieth year of her age, and forty-fifth of her reign. The inimitable bard, William Shakspeare, lived in the reign of Elizabeth, and wrote some of his incomparable plays by command of the Queen.

I must tell you that the English East India Company was first established in the reign of Elizabeth. This is a company of merchants trading to India, and is managed by its own directors. It has an army and numerous ships:

and the principal settlements at Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta, are governed by its servants. Its present rights and powers are very different from those enjoyed on its first establishment; but though I may not enter into particulars, I thought you would be glad to know when this celebrated company was originally associated.

Torquato Tasso, the Italian poet, equally remarkable for his genius and his misfortunes, died in the reign of Elizabeth.

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## CHAPTER L.

### MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

Do you recollect the "Sicilian Vespers?" and that, in relating that dreadful massacre, I told you, you would hear of a still more bloody tragedy, acted in one of the most polished countries of Europe? It was during the reign of Elizabeth that this sanguinary transaction took place. And where, think you? Why, in the polite kingdom of France. When learning French, one of you started at the verb *haïr*, exclaiming, "Can so polite a people as the French use so harsh a word?" How then will you be shocked at what I am going to tell you;

that on the 24th of August, 1572, St. Bartholomew's day, 25,000 Protestants were murdered in France.

Catherine de Medicis, widow of Henry II., governed in France during the minority of her two sons, Francis II. and Charles IX., and she exercised her power with unrelenting severity against the Protestants, whom she hated on account of their religion. Francis II., who was only sixteen years of age, was married to the beautiful but unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots. His reign was very short, little more than sixteen months: but it was distinguished by a persecution of the Protestants, or Huguenots, as they were called in France, promoted by the cruel Catherine, who acted as Regent. So cruelly were these poor people oppressed, that, for their own protection, they were obliged to take up arms.

Francis died at the age of eighteen, and was succeeded by his brother Charles IX., who being only ten years of age, his mother Catherine continued to be Regent, and made her son as cruel and deceitful as herself.

Many civil wars raged in France, one after another, between the Protestants and the Catholics; peace between them was often concluded, and as often broken; but, at last, in 1571, a

treaty was signed, upon terms very favorable to the Protestants, who were promised freedom to follow their own religion. After this, King Charles, who had taken the charge of governing upon himself, though still under the influence of his wicked mother, caressed the Protestants in an extraordinary degree. He invited to his court the admiral Coligni, who was their chief leader; and so flattered him, that he felt himself quite safe, notwithstanding many warnings were given him by his friends, that the King's fair speeches were not to be trusted. But the admiral had soon reason to repent of his confidence; for one morning, as he was returning from court to his own house, he was struck by a shot from a window, which took away the finger of one hand, and wounded him in the opposite arm. In the afternoon of the same day the King paid him a visit, and pretended to be much grieved, saying, "You have received the wound; but it is I who suffer." This conduct satisfied the admiral of Charles's sincerity, and prevented him from complying with the wishes of his friends, who wanted to remove him from Paris. Catherine had long determined to massacre all the Protestants; and she held a consultation the same evening, to fix when this dreadful business

should take place. The direction of it was given to the Duke of Guise, a cruel enemy to the Protestants, and it was determined that a bell should be rung near the Louvre, at midnight, as a signal for the soldiers to begin the horrid work, by the King's orders. It is said, that, as the hour fixed upon approached, Charles began to repent, and expressed his horror at the idea of shedding so much innocent blood, especially as the people he was going to destroy were his own subjects, and had come to Paris by his command, trusting to his royal word; particularly the admiral, whom he had deceived by his pretended kindness. Catherine, however, reproached him with his cowardice, and he at last gave the order to begin. When the signal-bell rang, the Catholics, headed by the Duke of Guise, attacked the admiral's house, and, having forced open the door, some of the murderers rushed into his apartment. One of them asked if he were Coligni? to which he answered that he was; adding, "Young man, respect these gray hairs:" but the assassin immediately ran him through the body with his sword. The Duke of Guise and another nobleman, who were waiting below stairs, becoming impatient, called out to know if the business were done; and, being told that

it was, they ordered the body to be thrown out of the window. As soon as it fell upon the ground, one of them, after wiping the blood off the face, kicked it with his foot. The body was then abandoned to the fury of the mob, who dragged it to the common gibbet, to which they chained it by the feet; the head having been cut off and carried to Catherine, who sent it to the Pope, at Rome. The King himself went to see the body hanging, when a fire was kindled under it, and part of it was burned. In the palace of the Louvre, all the gentlemen belonging to the King of Navarre and the Prince of Condé (who were both Protestants) were murdered in the presence of Charles; two of them, wounded and pursued by the assassins, fled into the bedchamber of the Queen of Navarre (who was sister to Charles and daughter of Catherine), and jumping on her bed, besought her to save their lives; and as she went to beg this favor of her mother, two more, wounded also, rushed into the room, and threw themselves at her feet. Catherine came to the window to enjoy these dreadful scenes; and Charles, seeing the Protestants who lived on the other side of the river fleeing for their lives, called for his long gun, and fired upon them. In three or four days, upwards of

twenty-five thousand Protestants were destroyed in Paris by the most cruel deaths. Peter Ramus, a good man, professor of mathematics, after being robbed of all he had, was stabbed and thrown out of a window, which so affected Denis Lambin, the King's professor in the university of Paris, that he died of terror, though he was a Catholic. At first, the King denied that this had been done by his order, and threw the whole blame on the Duke of Guise; but, four days afterward, he openly avowed it in parliament, and was complimented upon it. Two innocent gentlemen were executed by torch-light, on pretence of their being concerned with the admiral in a plot against the King; and Charles and his mother were spectators of this horrible execution, and they compelled the King of Navarre and the Prince of Condé to witness it also. The dreadful murder of the Protestants, which was called the "Massacre of St. Bartholomew," because it took place on St. Bartholomew's day, August 24th, 1572, was not confined to the city of Paris, but extended all over the kingdom; so that, in a very short time, 70,000 Protestants were butchered.

After this horrid work was over, Charles was filled with remorse for his crimes, and was never

happy again: there was a fierceness in his looks, which he had not before, and his mother became hateful to him. He confessed to his physician, that, sleeping or waking, the murdered Protestants were ever present to his eyes, and that he wished the innocent and helpless had been spared. He continued all his life to show his grief and repentance by his tears and agonies; and at last died in excruciating torments at the castle of Vincennes, bathed in his own blood, which came through his skin. His death took place the 30th of May 1574, when he was only twenty-four years of age; and he was succeeded by his brother, Henry III.

Having introduced to your notice the Duke of Guise, who had the direction of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, I may as well give you some farther account of him, as he makes a considerable figure in the French history of these times. Henry, Duke of Guise, was a man of extraordinary courage and generosity, and posessed many great qualities; but they were all tarnished by his pride, ambition, and tyranny. He was married to a Princess of Cleves, a very beautiful woman, but too fond of being admired. Catherine de Medicis, in the reign of her youngest son, Henry III., had invited the Duchess of Guise, among the principal ladies

of her court, to a ball and supper: but the Duke, for some particular reason, did not wish her to attend: she, however, persisted in going, contrary to his desire, and the ball was not over till six o'clock in the morning: at that very late hour, she returned home and went to bed; but she had scarcely laid herself down, when she saw the door open very slowly, and the Duke entered the room, followed by an old servant, who carried a basin of broth in his hand. The Duke immediately locked the door; and, coming to the bed-side in a very deliberate manner he said to her, in a firm and determined tone of voice, "Madam, though you would not do what I wished last night, yet I am determined that you shall obey me now. Your dancing has most probably heated you; a little broth will do you good; and you must drink this immediately." The Duchess, suspecting it to be poison, burst into tears, and begged the Duke would let her send for a clergyman before she drank it. He told her again, that he insisted on her taking it directly; and, therefore, finding all she said was in vain, she swallowed the broth. When she had done this, the Duke went out of the room, locking the door after him, and did not return for three or four hours, when he paid her another visit, and, with an affected smile, he said, "Madam, I

am afraid you have passed your time very unpleasantly since I left you; and I fear also that I have been the cause of this: take comfort, however, for you have, I assure you, nothing to fear; but judge from this of the time you made me pass as unpleasantly, whilst you were at the ball; and in future, if you please, we will avoid playing tricks upon each other." The ambition of the Duke was so great, that he wished to be King, and was often engaged in plots against Henry. At last, he proceeded to such extremities, that the King was driven from Paris, and began to be so much afraid of the Duke that he determined to have him assassinated. The Duke was informed of the King's intention by a note, which some one put under his plate at dinner: he read the note with great coolness, wrote under it with his pencil, "He dare not do it;" and finished his dinner. The next morning, December 23, 1588, he went to the King, who had sent for him on pretence of having some affairs of importance to communicate. Henry had chosen nine of his guards for the purpose of killing the Duke, and he put a poniard into each of their hands, telling them what they were to do, and ordering them to strike the blow quickly. They were secretly placed in the passage which led to the King's audi-

ence-chamber; and when the Duke went in, six poniards were at once plunged into his breast, so that his death was instantaneous. When this horrid deed was done, Henry went to his mother and said, "Now I am a King again, for the Duke of Guise is dead!" Though this was a very wicked act of the King's, yet the Duke's fate has scarcely been lamented; for he was a rebel to his sovereign, and, on the horrid day of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, he caused the brave Admiral De Coligni to be murdered, and even trampled on his dead body, when thrown out of the window by his savage orders. The person of the Duke was remarkably handsome; and the King could not help exclaiming, when he saw his dead body lying on the ground, "Oh, how majestic, even in death!" His brother, the Cardinal of Lorraine, a man as ambitious and haughty as himself, was also assassinated a few days afterward; and in 1589, King Henry met with a similar fate, which he as well deserved, for he was a wicked tyrant, hated by his subjects, and despised by all the world. He was in the thirty-ninth year of his age.

But I turn from these melancholy and disgraceful transactions to the military exploits of the King of Portugal. Don Sebastian, grandson of Catherine, Princess of Austria, and sis-

ter to the Emperor Charles V., succeeded his grandfather, Don John III. At an early age he turned his thoughts to an invasion of Africa, as if willing to retaliate on the Moors for their former subjugation of his country. Morocco was distracted by civil war; a propitious time for the invasion of foreign foes: for when a people quarrel among themselves, they are easily conquered by their enemies. Do you remember the story of the old man and the bundle of sticks, which his sons in vain endeavored to break, while bound up together; but when the uniting band was removed, the youths found it perfectly easy to break each separate stick? The moral of this fable is truly admirable; a united nation or a united family need not fear foreign enemies; for, so connected, they are invulnerable. But let the nation, or the family, quarrel among themselves, and the first artful foe that chooses it may interfere, and gain every advantage. Do you understand this moral? Will you try to remember it?

Muley Moluc, a great captain, was at war with his nephew, Muley Mahomet; and Don Sebastian, taking the part of Mahomet, hastened into Africa to assist him.

On the fourth of August, 1578, a tremendous engagement took place. Moluc was at the time

seriously ill; but, his mind remaining firm and vigorous, though his body was enfeebled, he gave his orders with skill and resolution; and, being carried amidst his troops, he harangued them with energy. He then caused himself to be placed in a litter, commanding his officers not to divulge his death, should it occur during the battle, lest the news might appal his army. In the midst of the engagement, seeing his troops give way, he sprang out of the litter, and drawing his sabre, strove to rally them. But his body sank beneath the effort, he fainted in the arms of his pages, and they replaced him in his litter; when, feeling himself expiring, his mind gave a last sign of its undecayed faculties; he put his finger on his lips, as if reminding his officers of his command, and instantly expired.

His death remained unknown to both parties; and his soldiers returned to the charge with such fury, that the Portuguese troops were routed. Don Sebastian was killed in the indiscriminate carnage; and Mahomet, attempting to escape, was drowned in crossing a river; thus three monarchs perished in one day. Philip II., King of Spain, seized on the crown of Portugal.

Just about this period, the favorite monarch of the Persians, Shah Abbas the Great, ruled

Persia. He fought successfully against the Turks, and drove the Portuguese from their settlement in Persia. He was grandson of that Ismael Sophi, who had introduced a new form of religion into that country, which, though in most respects like the Mohammedan, makes Ali the successor of the false prophet, instead of Omar. You will often hear of Hafiz, the charming Persian poet: some very exquisite verses of his have been translated into English; and, as they are well worth the trouble, more will doubtless be hereafter translated.

We will now descend from Kings and Sultans to the privacy of humble life: for I wish to tell you of a Scottish scholar, named James Crichton. This man was so remarkable for his mental and bodily endowments, that he was universally entitled *the Admirable Crichton*. He received a common education, such as most boys receive; but so brilliant were his talents, and so great his application, that at twenty he was master of all the learning of the times, could speak ten languages, and was perfectly versed in all the lighter accomplishments of fencing, dancing, music, &c.

He travelled into different countries; and wherever he approached, he surpassed the most skilful proficients in every art or science.

There was a celebrated fencer in Mantua, who offered to fight a combat with Crichton for a sum of money; this fencer had already killed three expert champions, who had accepted his challenge. Crichton readily agreed to meet him, and soon disarmed and wounded the haughty boaster; he then generously gave the money he had thus acquired to the widows of the three persons who had been killed.

The Duke of Mantua, charmed with the prowess and liberality of Crichton, immediately engaged him to be the tutor of his son Vincentio. In Italy, once a year, there is a sort of jubilee, called the Carnival,* when masquerades and all sorts of public amusements engage all ranks of people. Crichton, in this gay season, was walking in the streets of Mantua, playing on his guitar, when several persons, disguised in masks, attacked him. These he soon repelled, and disarmed their leader; who, pulling off his mask, pleaded for his life. It was Vincentio. Crichton, apologizing for his mistake with more gallantry than propriety, fell on his knees, and, giving his sword to the Prince, bade him take his life, if he pleased. The base Vincentio, actuated by mean and paltry passions, profited by his tutor's generosity, and, seizing

* It takes place just before Lent.

the offered sabre, stabbed Crichton to the heart! 1581.

How undeserved a fate for the Admirable Crichton! Yet, I hope, you all feel that you would rather, so excelling, have so died, than, like the cowardly Vincentio, have purchased eternal dishonor by the indulgence of the basest of passions.

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## CHAPTER LI.

### JAMES I. KING OF GREAT BRITAIN.

The son of Mary Stuart, James (the first of his name that was King of England, but the sixth of that name who was King of Scotland), by his accession to the English throne, united the crowns of England and Scotland. Did I not bid you remember that Margaret, the sister of Edgar Atheling (called for her piety St. Margaret), married Malcolm III., King of Scotland, son of the murdered Duncan? James V. was descended from this Margaret, and by espousing the sister of Henry VIII., their child Mary was, on her father's as well as her mother's side, lineally descended from the royal houses of England. James, the son of this Mary,

was therefore, on the death of Elizabeth, doubly heir to her vacant throne.

He had not long been King, when a dark plot was laid for his destruction, and that of his family and adherents. You have heard of the popular ceremonies that mark the fifth of November; and you probably know the origin of the custom then observed. Guy Fawkes (or Vaux), assisted by his partisans, hired a cellar under the Parliament-house. This cellar they filled with barrels of gunpowder, artfully covered with coals and faggots of wood. You know that gunpowder explodes (that is, blows up) when touched with fire. The plan was, to blow up the Parliament-house when the King, the princes, and nobles were in it. A gentleman, desirous to save a nobleman, his particular friend, sent him a mysterious note, to warn him not to go to the Parliament-house on the fifth of November, the day fixed upon for carrying into execution this horrid plot. The nobleman showed this strange note to the King and his council. It is said that James discovered its meaning, and ordered a careful search to be made in the cellars under the Parliament-house. There Guy Vaux was discovered with a dark lantern in his hand, preparing everything for executing the plot, as he was to set fire to the gunpowder. Of course,

you will suppose the conspirators were put to death; and after what I have told you of the intermeddling Jesuits, you will not be surprised to hear, that two of that society were engaged in this cruel project.

James had shown much penetration in explaining the enigmatical note; and his moderation in punishing the offenders was equally honorable to him: those only suffered who were conspicuously criminal. But he is reproached with the weakness of devoting himself, like Edward II., to silly favorites. The most remarkable of these was George Villiers, afterward made Duke of Buckingham. This Villiers accompanied the King's eldest son, Charles, in his travels abroad: Charles disguised as a knight-errant, and hiding his real rank; Villiers attending him dressed as his squire. They called themselves Jack and Tom Smith; and, going to a ball at Paris, the Prince of Wales fell in love with Henrietta, daughter of Henry IV. the Great, King of France. This Princess he afterward married. Charles had visited the continent to behold the daughter of the Spanish monarch, but he lost his heart before he reached Spain.

The order of Knights Baronets, which gives the privilege of prefixing *Sir* to the Christian name, was instituted by James, 1611. It is re-

lated, that he was advised to this measure as a means of supplying himself with money, by the sale of these patents of honor. A thousand pounds was the price of this new dignity, and *Sir Nicholas Bacon* was the first who obtained it. In 1623, to reward those adventurers who went over to settle in the province of Nova Scotia,* in America, James planned (what his son afterward executed) the institution of Baronets of Nova Scotia.

The execution of the learned and enterprising Sir Walter Raleigh casts a deep gloom on the reputation of James. Raleigh had been accused of a conspiracy, but the charge was never proved; yet, after the lapse of many years, after Raleigh had sailed to America with the King's permission, he was doomed to the block by James, on former unproved and obsolete charges —a lamentable instance of injustice!

I record with regret, that the celebrated Bacon (Lord Verulam), rich, powerful, and learned, was convicted of receiving bribes; and, confessing his guilt, was degraded from his office of chancellor, and heavily fined.

James died of an ague, in the fifty-ninth year of his age. In his reign died many famous

* The Scots who settled in America called their new residence "Nova Scotia," New Scotland.

men—Shakspeare, the immortal bard; Napier, the inventor of logarithms; Cervantes, the author of Don Quixotte; Camden, the historian.

The Jesuits were expelled from England in 1605, after the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot, in which it was supposed that they were, as usual, mischievously active. Their expulsion from the other states of Europe took place at different times. They were expelled from Portugal, in 1759; France, in 1762; Spain, in 1767; and, finally, in 1773, the society was suppressed by an edict of Pope Clement XIV. This Pope was the celebrated Ganganelli, who, it is supposed, was poisoned by a Jesuit, in revenge for his bull of suppression. He died in a very lingering manner; and, as if conscious that he had swallowed some slow-consuming poison, he said, "I am going to eternity, and I know for what."

It is lamentable to record that, in 1814, Pope Pius VII. restored this society, and gave it every encouragement, unwarned by the serious charges brought forward against numerous members of this intriguing and artful sect.

## CHAPTER LII.

### HENRY IV., SURNAMED THE GREAT, KING OF FRANCE.

I MUST give a whole chapter to my favorite monarch, who was justly styled "The Great," because the happiness and prosperity of his people were the first wish of his heart. Henry was the son of Antony, Duke of Bourbon, and Jane, Queen of Navarre. As Henry III.* of Valois died without children, Henry of Bourbon became heir to the throne of France, and the Bourbons have ever since given Kings to that country.

Henry was brought up by his grandfather, who early inured him to bear every variety of climate: to be active, abstemious, and hardy. His dress was the same as that worn by peasant-boys: his food brown bread, beef, and cheese. He ran about in the valleys and on the hills, in all seasons and all sorts of weather, very often without hat or shoes. His mind was improved with studious care by his mother, and he was fond of reading.

A League (that is, a united party) had been

* Henry III. was the younger brother of that Charles IX. who directed the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

formed to support the Roman Catholic and suppress the Protestant religion. Now Henry had been reared by his mother to be a Protestant; but he afterward became a Catholic, that he might conform to the religion of France.

As his accession was opposed by a considerable party, headed by the members of the League, a civil war ensued. Henry was compelled to fight many battles for his crown; and among the most remarkable was that of Ivri, which was particularly memorable for his heroic address to his soldiers, and his pious recommendation of himself to Almighty God, before the commencement of the battle. This excellent monarch made the following humble prayer to the great Disposer of all events just before the action began: "If it should please Thee, my God, not to bestow the crown upon me, or if Thou seest that I am likely to be one of those Kings whom Thou givest to mankind in Thy wrath, take away my life as well as the crown! Grant me this day to be the victim of Thy wise will? Grant that my death may deliver France from the calamities of war, and that my blood may be the last that shall be shed in this dispute!" Immediately before he attacked the enemy, he said to the soldiers: "My comrades, if you follow my fortune, remember, I also follow yours; I am

determined either to conquer or to die with you. Keep your ranks, I beseech you; but if the violence of the battle should make you quit them, endeavor to rally again, for that will insure victory." Then, taking off his helmet, which was ornamented with a plume of white feathers, he said; "You will rally under those three trees on yonder eminence; and though you lose your standards, do not lose sight of this white plume; you will ever find it in the road to honor." The day before this great battle, the German troops in Henry's army, under the command of Count Schomberg, refused to fight, unless they were paid the money due to them. With this message Schomberg went to the King, who said to him angrily: "Does it become a man of honor to demand money, when he should be taking his orders for fighting?" The next morning, Henry, recollecting what he had said to Schomberg, went into his tent, before the engagement began, and said to him: "Colonel, this is, perhaps, the only opportunity I may have—I may be killed in the battle; it is not right that I should carry away with me the honor of a brave gentleman like you—I declare then, that you are a man of worth, and incapable of doing anything cowardly." Schomberg, struck with admiration and gratitude at

this noble behavior, replied: "Ah, sire! in restoring to me that honor which you took away from me, you take away my life; for I should be unworthy of it, if I did not devote it to your service;—if I had a thousand lives, I would lay them all at your feet." This brave man was killed fighting by the side of the King; and Henry himself was thought, for a short time, to have been slain also; but he reappeared, covered with the blood of his enemies, who were slaughtered on all sides.

When he beheld the dreadful carnage that ensued by the success of his soldiers, he anxiously called out, "Spare my French subjects!" —thus humanely feeling for those troops that were actually fighting against him.

When he besieged Paris, and heard that a general scarcity of food existed in that rebellious city, he allowed provisions to be carried into it; observing, that "he would not desire to possess Paris by the destruction of its inhabitants."

When he afterward heard that fresh forces had been collected against him, he calmly said: "Well, the more enemies we have, the more bravely and cautiously we must fight, and the more glory will attend victory."

At length, after a succession of dangers, sufferings, and hardships of all kinds, and gaining

many hard-fought battles, Henry was acknowledged King by the whole nation; and he proved himself worthy of the throne by his great qualities, and his anxious desire for the happiness of his subjects.

The Marquis De Rosny, afterward created Duke of Sully, was the general, the statesman, and, best of all, the friend, of Henry. His wisdom, his virtue, his attachment, greatly assisted to render glorious the reign of his royal master. When Henry was about to marry very foolishly, and showed Sully a paper, in which he had given the promise of this silly marriage, Sully very calmly tore the paper to pieces. "I believe you are become a fool!" said the King. "I know it," replied the undaunted minister; "and I wish I were the only fool in France." He afterward persuaded Henry to espouse a lady more worthy of his rank, Mary de Medicis, niece to the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

But I really cannot pretend to tell you one quarter of the entertaining anecdotes of this great King. For this I am not very sorry, because you will have the high treat of reading them altogether in that charming work, "Sully's Memoirs."

Sully, being constantly about the King, knew him well, and the events of his life. After

Henry's death, he wrote and published his "Memoirs," which, of course, may be depended upon as giving an exact and faithful account of the life and manners of this illustrious monarch. You will there behold many fine qualities, tarnished only by a few blemishes; many noble actions, blended with some silly frolics. In short, you will see Henry, as he was, in the field, in the cabinet, and in domestic life.

Sully himself is there depicted; and you will watch with delight the traits of his singular character. Firm in duty—ingenious in expedients—indefatigable in business; tenderly loving Henry, and honestly telling him of his faults; wise, brave, persevering; Sully as well earned the title of "Great" as did his sovereign.

I feel inclined to put off the pain of detailing the death of Henry. Alas! he was cut off in the prime of his days, in the midst of his virtuous labors, by the hand of an assassin.

Francis Ravaillac, a mad enthusiast, stabbed the King in his coach. Henry, exclaiming, "I am wounded," with one heavy sigh expired, May 14th, 1610. He had reigned twenty years, and was aged fifty-eight.

Sully withdrew from court, and spent his days in retirement, employing himself in com-

piling his "Memoirs." When he once attended the court of Louis XIII. (son of Henry), he observed the courtiers ridiculing his dress and manners. He sternly remarked to Louis, "When your father, the late King, did me the honor to consult me, he always previously dismissed all fops and buffoons:" a severe but just censure on the coxcombs who ridiculed him.

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## CHAPTER LIII.

### CHARLES I. KING OF ENGLAND.

I AM mistaken if you will not be deeply affected by the fate of Charles I. the son of James I. I have told you, that, when Prince of Wales, he travelled abroad in disguise, and afterward married Henrietta, daughter of the great Henry, of whom you have just heard a few anecdotes.

The errors and mistakes by which King Charles lost the affection of many of his subjects; the turbulent temper of the nation at that particular period, which no conduct would probably have subdued: of all these particulars, I cannot speak; nor, if I could, would you be able to judge. Certain it is, that sad commotions

troubled the peace of England, and that very disastrous times ensued. A civil war (that is, a war between the inhabitants of the same country) entailed various evils on all ranks, and justice was for a while overthrown.

The Duke of Buckingham, the companion of Charles's youthful travels, mischievously biased his regal government. He became very odious to the nation, and was stabbed to the heart by one Felton, at Portsmouth. The Duke was talking to some gentleman at the moment, quite unconscious of the coming blow. "The villain has killed me!" were the only words he pronounced; and from a state of health, vigor, rank, and fortune, in one instant he was deprived of all, and fell lifeless to the ground.

Felton scorned to deny a crime, of which he was proud, and died glorying in his guilt.

Charles, having lost his favorite minister, had the wisdom to supply his place with more deserving men. Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, was worthy of the royal confidence. In private life, he was amiable; as a minister, he was faithful to his King. Unhappily, the people did not think him equally friendly to their interests. Strafford was accused of treason to the state, tried, and condemned to death. Some passages of his most interesting address to his

judges I must extract for you. Wise, virtuous, yet oppressed, behold him surrounded by his children, pleading his own cause. As he was able to conclude, he looked tenderly upon his little ones, and added, "My Lords, I have troubled you too long—much longer than I should have done, but for the sake of these dear pledges, which a saint in heaven has left me. That I suffer myself is nothing; that my posterity will suffer for my indiscretions wounds my heart. Pardon my infirmity! Something I should have added, but am not able: let it pass. I have been taught that the afflictions of this world are overpaid to the innocent in another: therefore with tranquillity I submit myself to your judgment, whether that judgment be life or death. Not my will, but thine, O God, be done!"

Charles endeavored in vain to save his faithful servant. Strafford suffered on the block; to the last moment sustaining himself with dignity and meekness.

But I am not come to the end of the catalogue of executions: for I have to tell you, that Charles himself, the anointed and acknowledged King of England, suffered death by the command of his subjects.

No rank can excuse vice; no titles ought to

screen guilt. But Charles was not vicious; Charles was not guilty: and historians concur in bearing testimony to his many excellent qualities. Faults, no doubt, he had; and who is faultless? Certainly not those who condemned him. After various struggles with his people, and a protracted civil war, he was so totally defeated at the battle of Naseby,* that he never again could make a vigorous effort, and finally took refuge in the Scottish camp. The Scots delivered him up to the Parliamentary troops. Among these Oliver Cromwell now began to appear. The King was moved from place to place, and guarded as a state prisoner. At last, a trial was held and he was sentenced to death.

Charles evinced an equanimity, a patience, truly magnanimous. He took a tender leave of his younger children: the Queen and his elder sons had fled to France. He walked out of the window of the Banqueting-house of his palace of Whitehall to the scaffold, and addressed the people within hearing, justifying his conduct, and declaring himself innocent of the calamities of his country, having only taken up arms when compelled to do so.

He then laid his head upon the block, and it

* In Yorkshire.

was struck off at a blow. Many of the crowd melted into tears, and none were heard to repeat the words of the executioner, when he exclaimed, "This is the head of a traitor!" Charles was beheaded in the forty-ninth year of his age, and the twenty-fourth of his reign.

During this period lived many celebrated men:—Dr. Harvey, who discovered that the blood circulated through the arteries and veins; Kepler, the German astronomer; Davila, the Italian historian; Lopes de Vega, the Spanish poet, who is said to have written 2200 plays; Vandyke, the Dutch painter; Galileo, the Italian philosopher; Richelieu, the minister of Louis XIII.; Des Cartes, the French astronomer; Inigo Jones, the English architect; John Selden, the antiquary; Archbishop Usher, the chronologer.

I write down the names of these famous personages: and when you hear any of them spoken of, pray look into the page where they are named, to ascertain about what period they lived. By constantly doing so, you will learn in what reign to place them, and thus be able to judge what periods of time have been most enriched by the labors of the learned and the ingenious.

## CHAPTER LIV.

### REVOLUTION IN PORTUGAL. 1640.

I TOLD you, that Philip II. of Spain had seized the crown of Portugal; but his was not the strongest claim—the Duke of Braganza's was stronger; and the wife of his grandson, being of a very ambitious and daring temper, assisted by her friends, worked upon the milder disposition of her husband to assert his right.

The cruel Duke of Alva, at the head of a large army, had obtained the crown of Portugal for his master, Philip II. Philip III. and Philip IV., his son and his grandson, in turn, inherited it. But these sovereigns treated the Portuguese more like a conquered people than lawful subjects; and discontent and displeasure spread through the nation.

Of these murmurs the friends of the House of Braganza took advantage; by a well-managed conspiracy they effected the liberation of Portugal from the galling dominion of Spain, and raised to the throne the Duke of Braganza, grandson of that Duke of Braganza who had opposed the claim of Philip II.

The address with which the Duchess man-

aged the timid mind of her husband; the dauntless spirit she displayed under most trying circumstances; the ability and courage with which she assisted and inspirited the conspirators, are all laudable, because exerted in a worthy cause—the liberation of her country, and the restoration to her husband of his just rights.

I should have much pleasure in detailing the incidents of this interesting Revolution; but I cannot abridge the account without destroying its attraction. You will find it written, in very easy French, by M. Vertot, in one small volume: and to that I refer you for particulars.

Among the many females who, besides the Duchess of Braganza, showed their spirit on this occasion, Donna Philippa de Villenes was not the least prominent. With her own hands she armed her two sons; and, sending them forth, observed: "Go, my children! extinguish tyranny, and avenge us on our enemies; and be sure that, if success should not crown our efforts, your mother will not survive the misfortunes of her country."

Two other royal females were, about the same time, distinguishing themselves in Europe. Christina, Queen of Sweden, was as remarkable for her love of literature, as for the sacrifices she made to indulge her favorite

taste. After a short and prosperous reign, she abdicated her throne, that she might more fully resign herself to the charms of study.

She visited France, Italy, and various other parts of Europe. It is said, that, when she quitted Sweden, she dismissed her female attendants and assumed the male attire. You will read of the murder of Monaldeschi, one of her officers, with emotions of horror. This unfortunate man, having incurred her displeasure, was stabbed by her order in a room adjoining the one she occupied. You will find the story at large in Thicknesse's "Letters."

Christina afterward desired to recover her crown; a proof not so much of her fickleness, as that we are fitted to our condition, and therefore ought gratefully to enjoy it, and not wish for a change that would most probably cause us more evil than good. Christina failed in her desire of remounting her throne, and died in privacy at Rome.

Of Anne of Austria, the mother of Louis XIV., the third renowned female of this period, you will hear when I come to speak of that monarch.

## CHAPTER LV.

### COMMONWEALTH OF ENGLAND.

For a few years after the death of Charles I. England was wholly governed by the Parliamenters, or House of Commons. Charles had called this meeting, and it continued for so many years, that it is distinguished in history as the "Long Parliament." Charles II., the son of the late King, proceeded from Paris to Scotland, and asserted his birthright to the united crowns of that country and England. But he was unfortunate in all his attempts. At length, finally defeated by Cromwell, at Worcester, he fled for safety in a wretched disguise. At one time, dressed like a peasant, he subsisted by cutting faggots; at another, he took shelter under the protection of a poor cottager, named Pendril. One day, almost detected by his enemies, he climbed up into a fine oak, the thick foliage of which screened him from observation, and his pursuers passed without discovering him. This surprising adventure is still commemorated in England. In some parts of the country oak boughs are placed over house-doors, and carried about by boys, on the 29th of May.

Next he appeared as a servant, and in that capacity rode before a lady; and once he was one of a crowd listening to a fanatic preacher, when a blacksmith present had nearly detected him by his horse. At last he escaped to France, and his various adventures would form a volume of wonderful and amusing incidents.

Though forty persons had, at different times, been acquainted with his situation, not one betrayed him: an honorable testimony of the good faith of so many English!

Oliver Cromwell now began to think of extending his own power by annihilating that of the Long Parliament. He, therefore, boldly entered the House of Commons, followed by three hundred soldiers rudely exclaiming to the members, "Get you gone, and give place to honester men! You are no longer a Parliament: I tell you, that you are no longer a Parliament!" Then, clearing the house, by turning out all the alarmed members, he locked the door and put the key into his pocket.

At the head of a powerful army, and assured of the attachment of his troops, Cromwell was now master of England. But, not choosing to assume the title of *King*, he was invested with supreme power by the title of *Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England:* a remark-

able instance of elevation by great abilities acting upon favoring circumstances. Oliver Cromwell was born of respectable parents, and was very dissipated in early life. He had spent all his property, and was about to emigrate to America, when a law just then passed to prevent such emigrations. He early gave proof of his extraordinary abilities, and seemed capable of completing whatever he chose to undertake.

But, in spite of his successful exertions, in spite of his reaching so exalted a station, the latter days of Cromwell were embittered with distrust and affliction. He lost his favorite daughter; and was perpetually harassed by the dread of conspiracy and assassination. He always carried pistols in his pockets, and wore armor under his clothes. He seldom slept twice in the same room, and never went abroad without guards. Such a state of constant terror could not fail of affecting the body. Cromwell's health declined with his peace of mind; and, after nine years of troubled greatness, he expired in the sixtieth year of his age, naming his son, Richard, as his successor.

## CHAPTER LVI.

### LOUIS XIII. AND XIV. KINGS OF FRANCE.

Louis XIII., son of the great Henry, was so young at the time of his father's death, that his mother, Mary de Medicis, was appointed Regent. Mary was a weak, but cunning woman, and was much ruled by favorites. When one of these, an Italian lady, the wife of Concini, Marquis d'Ancre, was asked how she contrived so wholly to govern the Queen-mother, she replied, "By the influence which a strong mind has over a feeble one."

Henry, Duke De Montmorenci, was at this time one of the bravest and most honorable noblemen in France. Henry IV. was his godfather. His family had always been loyal subjects; and many of his ancestors had lost their lives in defending their king and country. Gaston, Duke of Orleans, brother to Louis XIII., rebelled against his king and brother; and the noble Duke De Montmorenci was persuaded to join him. At the battle of Castnelnaudari, in 1632, he was deserted in a cowardly manner by Gaston and his army, and fell into the hands of the King's troops, covered with

wounds, which put an end to the war. The King pardoned his brother, who promised to be a dutiful subject in future, and hoped by this promise to be able to procure the pardon of his friend Montmorenci also. But this hope was vain, for Louis ordered him to be tried as soon as he had recovered from his wounds. All the lords and ladies of the court united in their entreaties to the King, that he would spare the life of the man who was beloved by the whole nation; but Louis was not to be softened; neither the youth of the Duke, nor his former victories for his country, nor his repentance, nor the tears and agonies of his beautiful and amiable wife, had any effect in his favor. The officer who had taken him prisoner at the battle of Castnelnaudari also fell at the feet of his sovereign, to beg the life of his illustrious captive, but without success, for he was condemned to be beheaded. Soon after his condemnation, the King sent for his marshal's staff and his collar of knighthood. These distinguished marks of his sovereign's favor and of his own merits were brought to Louis while playing at chess, and all the nobility in the room immediately burst into tears. "Sire," said the gentleman who had acted as messenger, "behold the collar and the staff, which I present you from the

unfortunate Duke De Montmorenci! He has desired me to assure your majesty that he dies deeply penitent for having offended you, and that, so far from complaining of the sentence which condemns him, he thinks it too lenient for the crime he has committed." Having said this, he fell at the knees of the King, and taking hold of them both with his hands, and bursting into tears, said, "Ah, sire! ah, sire! pardon Montmorenci! His ancestors were faithful servants to your predecessors! Pardon him, sire! Pardon him." At this instant, all the people in the room (which was much crowded), both men and women, fell upon their knees, crying, "For God's sake, sire, pardon the Duke!" At this dreadful and affecting sight, Louis appeared totally unmoved: "No," said he, raising his voice, "Montmorenci must not be pardoned—there cannot possibly be any pardon for him! You ought not to be sorry that a man should die who has been so guilty as he; the only favor I can grant him is, that the executioner shall not tie his hands." When this was communicated to the Duke, his surgeon, who had come to cut off his hair to prepare him for his execution, fainted away at his side. "Ah! poor man!" said the Duke, "you, who so firmly exhorted me, while I was in prison, to receive

all my sufferings as coming from the hand of my Maker—you, I see, are more afflicted than myself. Comfort yourself; let me embrace you, and take my last farewell!" Then, turning to his confessor, he said, "I am now ready to go to the scaffold." The scaffold was erected in an inner court of the town-house of Thoulouse, in which the Duke was confined. In passing to it, he observed the statue of Henry IV. which stood in the middle of the area; it was the statue of a monarch who had been, in some measure, indebted to the Duke's father for the crown of France. He stopped some minutes, and looked at it very attentively, reflecting, perhaps, on the ingratitude and cruelty of the son of that King. His confessor, who was near him, asked him what was the matter, and if he wanted anything. "No, no, my good father," replied the illustrious criminal; "I was only looking at the statue of Henry the Fourth! He was a great and a noble-minded prince! I had the honor to be his godson!—Let us go on." Then, pointing to the scaffold, he added, "That is my only road to heaven."

When he came on the scaffold, he saluted the commanding officer and all the persons present, more particularly the town-guards, who had orders to attend this melancholy ceremony

in the dress they wore on solemn occasions. He entreated them all to bear testimony to his sovereign that he died his most obedient subject, and penetrated with the deepest contrition for having offended him. He then placed his neck upon the block: and, having recommended his soul to the Author of his being, he received the fatal blow, on the 30th October, 1632. The surgeons who opened his body found five musket-balls in it; and remarked that of the seventeen wounds he had received at the battle of Castnelnaudari, not one was mortal. Soon after he was taken prisoner, his surgeon wished to dress them, but he said, "Oh, no, my good friend, it is not necessary, for one more will soon cure them all." Thus perished on a scaffold Henry de Montmorenci, a nobleman highly distinguished by his splendid endowments, which would have pleaded strongly in favor of the life of him who possessed them, had not treason against the King been considered one of the greatest crimes a subject could be guilty of. The confessor who attended the Duke to the scaffold, came to Louis immediately after the execution, to tell his majesty in what manner his illustrious penitent had behaved at the awful moment. "Your majesty," added he, "has given a very striking example to the world by the death of

the Duke; but God, in His great mercy, has made him a saint in heaven!" When the Duchess de Montmorenci was informed of the death of her husband, she exclaimed, "What! is this the King who is called Louis the Just? Oh, my God! my Montmorenci was all I loved in this world, and Thou hast taken him from me, that I may love only Thee!" The Duchess retired to a convent at Moulins, where she passed the remainder of her days in sorrow and penitence. She erected a magnificent mausoleum in the chapel of the convent for her husband, which she visited every day till she died. She had lived two years in this manner, when the King, passing through Moulins, sent one of his gentlemen to inquire after her health. She received him in the room in which she always sat, which was hung with black cloth, and illuminated by tapers, with a crucifix on the table, and a whole-length picture of the Duke over the chimney-piece. "Tell his majesty, I entreat you, sir," said she, "how astonished I am that he should have the least recollection of a widow so wretched and so unworthy of the honor he does me as I am; and I pray you do not forget to tell him also of all that you see here." She died at Moulins, in 1664, thirty-two years after her husband's execution.

Cardinal Richelieu was the celebrated minister of Louis XIII. On the death of Richelieu, Cardinal Mazarin succeeded to some of his power.

Mary de Medicis, desiring too much consequence, lost what she ought to have possessed, and died in obscurity.

Louis XIII. died in 1643, at the age of forty-two, having reigned thirty-three years.

His son, Louis XIV., was a child four years old when he ascended the throne of France. During his minority, his mother, Anne of Austria, and Cardinal Mazarin, principally governed the kingdom. Mazarin being much disliked, a strong party rose against him, called the *Fronde*. Thus a civil war arose. When Mazarin died, Louis, then twenty-two years of age, was asked by his state officers, to whom they should address themselves on matters of business? and the young King surprised them by replying, "To me!"—very wisely resolving to take upon himself the duties as well as the splendors of royalty.

Louis married a Spanish princess: his brother espoused Henrietta, the sister of Charles II., of England. When you are older, you will probably read M. Voltaire's "Siècle de Louis XIV." I have to beg, if you do so, that you

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will not be misled by his remarks on these royal ladies. He says of the Queen of Louis XIV., "that goodness constituted her *only* merit." Pray what higher merit could she have? Then he proceeds to praise warmly the charms and graces of the princess Henrietta; and mentions that the elegance and propriety which reigned in the court of Louis were greatly owing to the winning manners of the English princess. As, in another passage, he remarks the excessive attention of Louis to his fair sister-in-law, and her open preference of his society, I conceive that she was in real merit every way *inferior* to her sister, the Queen, and should not have been praised as superior to her. It is thus that shining qualities draw more notice and celebrity than those which are virtuous and more intrinsically good.

Therefore it is, that women should rather shun than court celebrity; since the actions and attributes which procure renown are seldom compatible with the purity of feminine virtue and the delicacy of feminine feelings. Be assured that, in all respects, it were better not to be talked of; and that, by persons of good sense and right feelings, more respect is bestowed on the memory of Marie Thérèse by the simple remark, "*La bonté faisait son seul mérite,*"

than by the long paragraph that applauds the various attractions of the less amiable Henrietta.

The reign of Louis has been long extolled for its splendor. It seems to me to owe its chief distinction to the numerous learned and ingenious men who then enriched France. Louis, indeed, was fond of war, and pursued his inclination at a vast expense; but, by so doing, did he purchase commensurate blessings for his subjects? His people contributed large sums to forward the projects of their monarch; did those projects ultimately benefit those who had thus paid for them? You must ask yourselves these questions when you are conversant with the history of Louis. If you answer them in the affirmative, Louis was certainly a great King; if you answer them in the negative, as surely Louis was *not* a great King.

He seems himself to have been aware that he had pursued a mistaken course, and indulged unworthy desires; for, with his dying breath, he counselled his son "to do what he had not done; and not to do what he had done." Louis died in the seventy-eighth year of his age, 1st September, 1715.

Of the many wise and virtuous men who shed a lustre on this reign, I must give you and myself the pleasure of naming some:—

The admirable Fénélon, Archbishop of Cambray, the author of Telemachus and other admired works, and the tutor to Louis's grandson, the Duke of Burgundy; the charming dramatists, Racine, Corneille, Molière; the elegant preachers, Massillon and Bourdaloue; the great statesman, Colbert; the famous generals, Turenne, Condé, Luxembourg, Catinat; among numerous poets, the witty writer, Boileau.

During the reign of Louis XIV., and about the year 1661, a young prisoner arrived in the Isle of St. Marguerite, whose appearance and manners were very noble and striking. He was tall, elegantly made, and even the sound of his voice was particularly interesting. On the road, he always wore a black velvet mask, with iron springs, that he might be able to eat without taking it off, from which he was called "The Man with the Iron Mask," or more commonly, "The Iron Mask." His attendants had received orders to kill him if he attempted to take it off, or to make himself known. He had been first confined at Pignerol, under the care of the governor, whose name was St. Mars; and upon being sent thence to St. Marguerite, he was accompanied by the same person, who continued to have the charge of him. He was always treated with the greatest respect; the governor him-

self placed the dishes on his table when he dined, and retired immediately after, locking the door when he went out. He never wore his hat in the presence of the prisoner, nor sat down before him, unless he were desired. During his residence at Marguerite, he twice attempted to make himself known. One day he wrote something with his knife on a silver plate, and threw it out of his window toward a boat that was on shore near the foot of the tower: a fisherman picked it up, and took it to the governor, who was alarmed at the sight, and asked the man with great anxiety if he could read, and if any one else had seen the plate? The man answered that he could not read, and that no one else had seen it, for he had but just found it. He was, however, kept in confinement till the governor was well assured that he spoke the truth. Another attempt which the unfortunate Man in the Mask made to discover himself proved equally unsuccessful. A young man, who lived in the island, one day perceived something floating under the prisoner's window, and, on picking it up, he found it was a very fine shirt, written all over. He carried it immediately to the governor, who, having looked at some parts of the writing, asked the lad with some appearance of anxiety, if he had not had the curiosity to read

it? He protested, repeatedly, that he had not; but, two days afterward, he was found dead in his bed. The unfortunate prisoner remained in the island till the year 1698, when St. Mars, being appointed governor of the Bastille, conducted him to that fortress. On the road they stopped at the governor's estate, and the Man in the Mask arrived there in a litter, surrounded by a numerous guard on horseback. St. Mars ate at the same table with him all the time they remained there; but the prisoner was always placed with his back toward the windows: and the peasants, who came to pay their respects to their master, and whom curiosity kept constantly on the watch, observed that St. Mars always sat opposite to him, with two pistols by the side of his plate. They were waited on by one servant only, who brought in and carried out the dishes, always carefully shutting the door both in coming in and going out of the room. The prisoner was constantly masked; but the people saw his lips and his teeth, and also observed that his hair was gray. The governor slept in the same room with him, in a second bed placed in it for that purpose; and in the course of the journey, the prisoner was one day heard to ask his keeper, if the King intended to kill him? "No, prince," he replied: "if you

quietly allow yourself to be conducted, your life is perfectly safe." The stranger was accommodated as well as it was possible to be in the Bastille. A room had been prepared for him by order of the governor, fitted up in the most convenient style; and everything he expressed a wish for was instantly procured for him. His food was the best that could be provided, and he was ordered to be supplied with as rich clothes as he desired; but his chief liking in this way was for lace, and for linen remarkably fine. He was allowed the use of books, and passed much of his time in reading. He also amused himself with playing on the guitar. He had the liberty of going to mass, but was then strictly forbidden to speak or uncover his face; orders were even given to the soldiers to fire upon him if he attempted either, and their guns were pointed toward him as he passed through the court. When he had occasion to see the doctor, he was obliged, under pain of death, to wear his mask; and an old physician, who had often attended him, said that he never saw his face, though he had frequently examined his tongue, and different parts of his body; and that he never complained of his confinement, nor gave any hint by which it might be guessed who he was. It is said that he often passed the night

in walking up and down the room. This unfortunate prince died on the 19th of November, 1703, after a short illness, and was buried, the next day, in the burying-place of the parish of St. Paul. The name given to him was Marchiali; and even his age was concealed, for in the register made of his funeral it was said that he was about forty years old; though he had told his doctor, some time before his death, that he thought he must be sixty. Immediately after his death, his clothes, linen, bed, and, in short, everything that had been used by him, were burned; the walls of his room were scraped, and the floor was taken up, lest he should have found means to write something that might disclose his real quality: and, for still greater security, his plate was melted down; the glass was taken out of the windows of his room, and pounded to dust; the doors and window-frames were burned; and the ceiling of the room, and even the plaster of the inside of the chimney, were taken down. Some people said that the body had been buried without a head, and that a gentleman, having bribed the sexton, had it taken up in the night, and found a stone instead of the head.

From all these extraordinary circumstances, it is certain that "The Man in the Iron Mask"

was a person of high birth and great consequence; and that his being concealed was of the utmost importance to the King and the ministry. Many different opinions have been entertained about his real history, but the truth has never yet been discovered, and it now seems scarcely possible that it ever should be. The account most believed is, that he was a twin-brother of Louis XIV., and that the fear of his occasioning a civil war in the kingdom made it be thought prudent thus to confine him for life.

Louis XIV. was succeeded by his grandson, Louis XV., son of the Dauphin, and younger brother to the Duke of Burgundy. Observe that Louis XIV. lived during the reign of five English monarchs from Charles I. to George I.

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## CHAPTER LVII.

### CHARLES II. KING OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Richard Cromwell was proclaimed Protector, according to the wishes of his father; but he soon resigned his title. General Monk, at the head of a powerful army, asserted the claims of the Stuarts; and by his aid Charles II. was recalled to England. He fled from it, a

wretched exile; he returned, its undisputed sovereign.

On his birth-day, the twenty-ninth of May, Charles II. entered London amidst the shouts of an exulting populace. Perhaps the very same crowd had formerly as loudly cheered his adversary, Oliver Cromwell; perhaps the very same crowd would just as readily have beheld the execution as the coronation of their King. Learn, therefore, to set little value on the acclamations of a thoughtless and ignorant mob. Desire only the silent but heartfelt and judicious approbation of the wise and the good.

The reign of Charles is little honorable to his fame; and his prosperity will be one among many proofs, that, *in this world*, man is not always rewarded according to his merits. Charles I. possessing an excellent heart, and exhibiting many traits of a generous and affectionate character, was a martyr to the turbulence and the hypocrisy of the times in which he lived: his son, Charles II., with little of his father's virtue, ruled with despotism over a willing and acclaiming people!

In the year 1665, a dreadful plague depopulated the island. The entertaining author* of "Robinson Crusoe" has written a history of

* De Foe.

this calamity, that will deeply affect you; pray read it. The account of such direful scenes will lead you more justly to prize the health you enjoy, and which you see enjoyed by those who are dear to you. When you read of whole families being swept off in the course of a few days, you will look around upon your relatives with emotions of fervent gratitude. When you hear of the solitary survivor of a once numerous household, whilst a tender compassion will be awakened for that ill-fated individual, a prayer of thankfulness will swell your bosom for your own happier lot. For its moral service, therefore, a perusal of this mournful narrative is useful. You know where it is said, that "sorrow amendeth the heart;" and I have ever treasured up, as a serviceable adage, the following sentiment from a novel:—"Consummate misery has a moral tendency, in teaching the repiner at little evils to be juster to his God and to himself by unavoidable comparison."

Among the many distressing executions that stained the government of Charles II., not one is more impressive and afflicting than that of Lord Russell. On a charge of conspiracy, this young nobleman was tried, condemned, and executed. At his trial he required a secretary; and who, think you, officiated for him in that

capacity?—his gentle and amiable wife! The court was as much touched by the presence of this heroic woman as I know you will be at the recital of her fortitude. No woman ever did more honor to her sex than did Lady Rachel Russell. Remember her name, and respect her memory. Tenderly loving her husband, she yet smothered her sorrows for his sufferings, and sustained him under them. Delicate in form, and agonized by her fears, she nevertheless made every possible effort to save her beloved lord; but, failing in all her attempts, she summoned her fortitude, and, far from wounding him by her complaints, she parted from him without shedding a tear! Lord Russell, sensibly aware of her excellences, and profoundly grateful for her magnanimous patience, when she retired from his parting embrace, exclaimed, "Now the bitterness of death is past!"

Lord Cavendish, the youthful friend of Russell, wished him to effect his escape by changing dresses with him, and thus let him become a prisoner for him. But Russell nobly declined the generous proposal. A little before his execution, he wound up his watch, observing that it was for the last time, "since now I have done with time, and must think only of eternity." He laid his head on the block with the same

meek and pious resignation with which he had heard his sentence, and quitted existence as benignly as he had lived.

After his death, Lady Russell devoted herself to the education of her children, and wrote some "Letters," which beautifully display her piety, her fortitude, her resignation. These letters I hope you will read; they must make every woman proud of her sex, and every man honor it. One evening when Lady Rachel was alone, reading in the Bible, her candles suddenly went out. Unappalled by this sudden and unusual circumstance, she quietly summoned her domestics to explain it. The butler, with shame and repentance, confessed, that the candles had been prepared to go out suddenly,* but they were not intended for his lady. She heard his apology with gentleness, and warned him not to frighten those who might not so easily forgive him.

Have you not often heard of *Whig* and *Tory?* Well, I must inform you, that those terms were first used during the reign of Charles II. The King's friends were called *Tories;* their opposers *Whigs.*

* Perhaps by cutting through the candle, and introducing water; for moisture, you know, will quickly extinguish a flame.

John Milton, the writer of the finest poem that perhaps ever enriched any language, died 1674, just ten years before Charles II. Milton, like the Greek bard, Homer, was blind for the latter part of his life; but, though his body was dark, his mind was illuminated with unparalleled brightness. Indeed, to show you that, however profligate the monarch, the British * were now a refined and literary people, I must tell you, that a society for the advancement of arts and sciences was instituted in England, 1662. This society still continues to subsist, and is patronized by the Sovereign, by the highest nobles, and by the best-informed gentry.

Charles II. died in the fifty-ninth year of his age and twenty-fifth of his reign. He left a son, called the Duke of Monmouth; but, as this son was not the child of his wife, he had no right to his father's crown. Five noblemen, seeking to increase the power of the King, the initials of their names introduced the word *cabal*, as a term for an intriguing party—Clifford, Ashley, Buckingham, Arlington, Lauderdale.

* From the time of the union of the crowns of England and Scotland, by the accession of the first James, the island has been called Great Britain.

## CHAPTER LVIII.

### PETER I. CZAR OF RUSSIA.

Russia was much benefited, as you have seen, by the exertions of Ivan, or John. That vast empire was still more indebted to the labors of Peter, commonly called "the Great." In what light he deserved that title you must discover.

Peter I. was the son of Alexis, who was himself a prince of no mean worth, and who is acknowledged to have laid the foundation of much of the after-greatness of Russia. Whilst Peter and his elder brother, Feodor, were very young, their sister, Sophia, a very intelligent and spirited woman, ruled the empire.* But when Peter became old enough to judge for himself, he thought his sister was striving to obtain and keep too much power in her own hands: he therefore rallied his chief friends around him, deprived Sophia of her undue authority, and, with his brother, assumed the reins of government. Feodor, being a weak-minded youth, was incapable of acting up to his dignity; and, after some years bearing the name, but not fulfilling the duties of Czar, he died.

* See Castera's Life of Catherine II.

Sophia was put into a convent at Moscow, where she ended her days. Mr. Coxe speaks very favorably of this princess, and asserts that Peter knew and highly estimated his sister's abilities. Her ambition was the sole cause of her downfall.

When I tell you of Peter's many cruel acts, you will be disposed to call him "Peter the Wicked." When I tell you of the improvements in arts and sciences which he caused to be introduced into Russia, you will be ready to confess that he earned the title of "Great."

Among his numerous inhuman deeds, I find that, on his ordering the Russians to leave off wearing beards, (a very unwise decree, because the coldness of the climate renders the beard a great protection to the throat and bosom), a violent insurrection took place. To punish these revolters, he caused *eight thousand* of them to be beheaded; and himself, taking a hatchet, began the barbarous work!

His own son, Alexis, he seems never to have loved. Alexis, indeed, appears to have been too much like his father—badly educated and badly disposed. This youth had fled from Russia, but was induced to return by a promise of pardon and safety. Yet was he afterward tried

and put to death, by the command of his obdurate parent.

Peter saw, and fell in love with, a Livonian girl, who was servant to one of his generals. So well did she manage her influence over this strange being that he married her, and, by the name of Catherine, had her crowned Czarina, or Empress, of Russia. Catherine was cunning and ambitious: and, though she behaved very ill toward her husband, she contrived to escape his just resentment, and, after his death, to be proclaimed sovereign of Russia.

But we will now say a few words of the benefits conferred on his subjects by Peter I. He travelled abroad, to England and elsewhere, to obtain information as to what would best conduce to the improvement of his people. He caused ingenious men from distant countries to visit Russia and instruct its inhabitants; especially, he hired workmen from England and Holland, to construct ships; and thus he raised a fleet for the service of his kingdom. He built the city of Petersburgh, and made it the capital of Russia: for, until this time, Moscow had borne that honor. He raised a fine army, with which he not only defended his kingdom from invaders, but gained many splendid conquests. At the famous battle of Pultowa, he com-

pletely defeated Charles XII. of Sweden. Of this Charles you shall hear more fully by and by.

Peter died very suddenly, not without suspicion that his death was hastened. The artful conduct of Catherine, after his demise, gives room for suspicion. Peter is related to have observed, "I can reform my people, but I cannot reform myself." This is considered a fine saying. I do not consider it as such; I should have called it a *true* saying, had it run thus, "I *will* reform my people, but I will not reform myself." How much oftener do we want the *will* rather than the *power* of self-amendment!

## CHAPTER LIX.

### JAMES II. KING OF GREAT BRITAIN.

JAMES II. succeeded his brother, Charles II. But the Duke of Monmouth was the darling of the people; and, being persecuted by the King, and supported by some of the nobles, he resolved to make an effort for the crown. At Taunton, in Somersetshire, Monmouth assumed the title of King. Twenty young ladies presented him with a pair of colors of their own

embroidering, and numbers of men crowded to his standard. The battle of Sedgemoor decided his fate: Monmouth's army was routed, and he fled for safety. By the assistance of bloodhounds (an inhuman practice) the unfortunate prince was tracked and discovered. He was disguised in the dress of a peasant; and a few peas were found in his pocket, which he had gathered in the fields to support his miserable existence. Overcome with fatigue, anxiety, and hunger, he was too much exhausted to defend himself; and he shed some bitter tears on being thus made a homeless captive. King James consented to see his nephew, who, falling at this monarch's feet, besought him for life and pardon: but James sternly spurned the suppliant. When Monmouth perceived his uncle's obduracy, he sprang from the ground, and assumed an air of loftiness: from that moment, his demeanor was firm and tranquil; and, though he was dreadfully mangled, by the agitation or want of skill of his executioner, he betrayed no feebleness on the scaffold.

The numerous executions which followed that of Monmouth only show how undeserving James was of his crown. His Queen, and a Jesuit, his confessor, encouraged all his cruel projects. It was soon evident that the monarch desired to restore the Roman Catholic religion: but the

nation, which had long tasted the happiness of the Protestant faith, was little inclined to the change.

The King's eldest daughter, Mary, was married to William Prince of Orange; and the English invited William to rule over them. This Prince, you may be sure, gladly accepted the offer, and hastened to collect an army to support his partisans. James, when too late, saw his mistake: he made some fruitless efforts to preserve his crown, and, having a son just then born, he more sanguinely anticipated success. This infant the Queen secretly conveyed to France, whither James himself soon followed. The Parliament assembled, and declared that the King, by breaking his oath to his subjects, as well as by his flight, had abdicated the throne, and that therefore it was vacant. Now it is one of the fundamental laws of our constitution, that, when the throne is vacant, the Parliament has the power of supplying the vacancy by electing a new monarch. After some debates, it was therefore determined that Mary, the eldest daughter of the late King, and her husband William, should jointly reign. It seems difficult to determine what could have been better done in such an emergency. The only son of James was an infant, incapable of ruling; and when

grown up, he would probably have shown the same disposition as his father.

This removal of James, with the establishment of a Protestant Prince on the British throne, is known in history as the Revolution of 1688.

James and his Queen lived many years in retirement in France, educating their son, Charles Edward, in the expectation of recovering his father's lost throne. Of this Charles Edward you will hear in a later reign, by the name of the "Pretender.

Butler, the author of Hudibras; Otway, the poet; Corneille, the French dramatist, died during the short reign of our second James.

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## CHAPTER LX.

### CHARLES XII. OF SWEDEN.

CHARLES XII. of Sweden has been denominated the most extraordinary man that, perhaps, has ever been in the world. M. de Voltaire, who says this, wrote his history; and of all that celebrated author's narrative works you will probably deem his history of Charles XII. the most amusing. To enjoy it, you must read it in

French, since the most skilful translation can never do justice to any original work.

Charles was born in 1682: at seven years of age he was a good horseman, and gave proofs of his martial disposition; at fifteen, he ascended the throne of Sweden; and at sixteen, he undertook his first campaign. The sovereigns of Russia, Poland, and Denmark, at once attacked the dominions of the young King, as perhaps deeming him incapable of opposing them. But he soon taught them to feel and to fear his warlike energy.

The King of Denmark first felt the youthful monarch's prowess; for, before the battle of Narva, he had appeared with his forces near Copenhagen; and it was only by the payment of a considerable tribute that the city was saved from attack. Previously to his setting out on these expeditions, he had surprised his ministers by the following address: "I have resolved never to make an unjust war; and I will never finish a just one except by the destruction of my enemies. My resolution is taken." Happy had it been for Sweden, had he precisely fulfilled what he here proposed: but his life was spent in war: and when he had secured his country's tranquillity, he began to look about how he

should increase her glory; as if all national glory consisted in successful warfare!

At the battle of Narva, with only eight thousand Swedes, he totally defeated Peter the Great, Czar of Russia, at the head of a hundred thousand men. In the very commencement of the battle, Charles was wounded in the left arm; but his ardor seemed to render him insensible to the wound. Two horses having been killed under him, he sprang upon a third, saying, "These men mean to keep me in exercise!" and continued to combat and command with undiminished energy.

When an account of this battle was written to be forwarded to Stockholm, the King perused it, and with his own hand struck out passages that were too favorable to him, or that were disadvantageous to the reputation of the Czar. If this be true, such conduct was more honorable to Charles than even the great victory which he had won.

At Pultowa, Peter I. was the victor, and Charles retreated to Bender, in Turkey. His conduct there was most singular; for, when desired by the Turks to quit their territory, he actually barricadoed his dwelling-house and sought to defend himself in it. After his brave soldiers and attendants were almost all cut to pieces, and

Charles, sword in hand, was fighting like a madman, he was surrounded and taken prisoner by the Turks.

His return to Sweden, like all his movements, was extraordinary. He travelled in disguise, attended only by a friend or two; and, when he reached Stralsund,* his feet were so swollen, by his having travelled sixteen days without once going to bed, that his boots were obliged to be cut off from his legs. Yet the next day, amidst the rejoicings of his subjects, he proceeded to transact public business, to dispatch orders, and review his troops. That his mind, however, was not insensible to the benefits of peace, has been conjectured from an anecdote recorded by Mr. Coxe, that Charles had "planned for himself a life of tranquillity in his own kingdom, when he would pay greater attention to the interior administration of affairs, and endeavor to promote the real interests of his subjects." That period, however, even were it desired, never arrived. At the early age of thirty-six, Charles lost his life, at Frederickshall in Norway. He was killed by a ball,† whilst surveying the works carrying on at the siege of that place: but whether that ball came from the Danish

* November 21st, 1714.—*Voltaire.*

† On the evening of the 11th of December, 1718.—*Voltaire.*

batteries, or from some hand near him, is a point not yet settled, and which must now remain undetermined. Sweden, drained of men and money, could not deplore his death, and almost every state of Europe must have desired it; for, at the time he was killed, his head was full of martial projects, as wresting Norway from Denmark, giving a King to Poland, and placing the Pretender on the throne of England. Do you consider any of these plans as coming within the description of those just wars which Charles proposed solely to prosecute? Would they not rather make him a Don Quixotte among kings, redressing their wrongs, &c.

Once, when this warrior was dictating a letter to his secretary, a bomb burst near the room in which the King was seated. His secretary let fall his pen. "What is the matter?" said Charles, with a tranquil air. "Ah! Sire, the bomb!" replied the trembling secretary. "Well, and what has the bomb to do with the letter I am dictating?" answered the King.

## CHAPTER LXI.

### WILLIAM III. AND MARY II., JOINT SOVEREIGNS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

WILLIAM III. seemed more fitted to be a general than a King; yet, though often unfortunate in his military operations, he was never daunted by disasters and disappointments.

After being acknowledged King of England, he hastened to Ireland, to oppose the plans of James, who, with an army from France, was attacking and oppressing the Irish Protestants. The siege of Londonderry is replete with interesting circumstances. James in vain attempted to take this town: the small garrison, under the command of Mr. Walker, a Protestant clergyman, made a vigorous resistance. The inhabitants endured every species of want; shut up within the walls of a small town; an enemy's army surrounding them, so that no provisions could reach them from the adjacent country, they had no hopes of relief but what the passage of the river allowed. Some vessels, in attempting to sail to Londonderry, were stopped by the batteries and the contrivances of the enemy. All hope seemed now lost: the suffering inhabitants had eaten all that it was possible to eat.

Proper food had long been consumed; dogs, horses, and other loathsome flesh, had been devoured: the lingering and exquisitely painful death by hunger stared them in the face. At length, overcoming every obstacle, some small vessels reached the town, and cheered the fainting inhabitants with wholesome food. All now was joy and thankfulness, and the enemy retired from this invincible little town.

William, with his favorite general, the Duke of Schomberg, hastened to the relief of his oppressed and harassed subjects. At the battle of the Boyne, James was defeated; but Schomberg was killed by a discharge from his own troops, having unwisely hurried forward into the midst of the enemy. This ardent old soldier was eighty-two when he died, and is said to have been present at as many battles as he was years old.

Though James quitted Ireland on this discomfiture, his partisans continued to support his cause.

A naval engagement, near La Hogue, on the coast of France, more firmly established William, and still farther shook the pretensions of James. The French fleet was almost completely destroyed by the English, and the Jacobites (the friends of James) lost much of their ardor

in his cause. The Queen (Mary) died of the small-pox, and left King William to rule alone. He continued his martial enterprises, as if more solicitous to obtain consequence in Europe, than to confer benefits on England. At last, he was thrown from his horse, and so much hurt, that, being of a delicate constitution, he did not long survive the accident. He died at Kensington, in the fifty-second year of his age, and the thirteenth of his reign.

About the same time died John Dryden, the celebrated poet; as also the unfortunate rival of William, James II. It was at this period that the famous Prince Eugene of Savoy flourished. He was the son of the Count of Soissons; and, being offended by Louis XIV., he left France, vowing vengeance against its sovereign.

He first served under the Emperor of Germany against the Turks, and from that time took a distinguished part in all the wars that occurred in Europe. You will hear of him, by and by, as the friend of the great Duke of Marlborough.

Whenever an interval of peace intervened, Eugene devoted himself to the elegant arts and studies. He was wont to say, that if the ministers of a country knew, as well as he did, all the miseries inflicted by war, they would be very

cautious how they plunged their country into one. For himself, he spent the last days of his life in complete seclusion, amusing himself with the society of young people, comforting himself with the conversation of friends, and improving himself by a close attention to his religious duties. He often exclaimed, "I have been happy in this life, and hope to be happy in the life to come. I have led the life of a soldier; but I wish my death to be that of a Christian."

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## CHAPTER LXII.

### PHILIP V. KING OF SPAIN.

You remember Charles V., Emperor of Germany and King of Spain, grandson of Ferdinand and Isabella? Charles was the first prince of the House of Austria that possessed the crown of Spain, and his descendants inherited it until 1700, when Charles II. of Spain died without issue.

The brother of Charles V., Ferdinand, you may recollect, became Emperor of Germany; and when Spain wanted a King, this branch of the House of Austria desired to give it one.

Louis XIV., of Bourbon, the enterprising

King of France, put in his claim for the Spanish crown, as being descended, on the mother's side, from Philip III., who was his grandfather.

William III. of England, ever desirous of curtailing the power of Louis, opposed his claim. But, after many contests and some deliberation, Charles II. of Spain was persuaded to bequeath his crown to the House of Bourbon, and to nominate the grandson of Louis as his heir. This prince was therefore proclaimed King of Spain by the title of Philip V.; and his grandfather, Louis, managed to have his title acknowledged by most of the states of Europe.

Louis was not equally successful in all his undertakings; for, before his death, he found himself stripped of all those conquests on which he had expended so much blood and treasure: and, that France and Spain might not be united, it was decreed that the younger brother of Philip should ascend the throne of his grandfather.

This period was adorned by many illustrious sovereigns; as Louis XIV. of France; Peter the Great of Muscovy; Charles XII. of Sweden; William III. of England.

In India, a successful conqueror held the Mogul sceptre. Aureng-Zebe the Great, acknowledged by all writers to have been a valiant and

skilful general, is depicted by some to have been virtuous, by others to have been cruel and tyrannical in peace. In Hindoostan he is venerated as the founder and legislator of that vast empire; the government of which, however, he obtained by the dethronement and murder of his brothers. It is also recorded, that he benevolently declared, "that the food was bitter which was drawn from the sweat of his subjects." Thus good and bad seemed to have been mingled in the disposition of Aureng-Zebe.

About 1640, the Tartars made a formidable invasion of China, and, after a severe conflict, succeeded in obtaining possession of that extensive empire. Shee-tsong, a Tartar prince, ascended the throne; and, from that period to the present, the crown of China has been possessed by his descendants. Shee-tsong was a meritorious monarch; he patronized learning, and was friendly to the Jesuits, who resided in China under pretence of propagating the Christian religion, but in fact to disseminate their own most unchristian principles, and spread the influence of their own sect.

Shee-tsong, the Tartar, conducted himself with much wisdom toward his conquered subjects. He humored their national prejudices by adopting their dress, language, and manners,

and in no material point changed their customs and laws. Instead, however, of shutting himself up in his palace, according to the custom of former emperors, Shee-tsong often showed himself to his people, and allowed them to have free access to his presence: an invaluable privilege in an absolute monarchy, such as that of China.

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## CHAPTER LXIII.

### ANNE, QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN.

On the death of William, Anne, the youngest daughter of James II., ascended the English throne. Her mother was daughter of the Earl of Clarendon, the first wife of James. Anne was married to Prince George of Denmark.

I cannot give you the history of Anne, without making you acquainted with her renowned general, the Duke of Marlborough.

John Churchill, the son of a baronet, was early introduced at court; and in the reign of Charles II., accompanied the Duke of York (afterward James II.) in the capacity of page. He married a Miss Sarah Jennings, one of the maids of honor to the Princess Anne; and, as his wife

was a great favorite with her royal mistress, when Anne became Queen, she preserved a considerable influence at court; and through her intrigues her husband obtained great power and rank.

In process of time he was made Duke of Marlborough, and entrusted with the command of the armies of England. His talents and bravery richly deserved every recompense.

England, Germany, and Holland declared war against France, and Marlborough was appointed generalissimo of the allied forces. At the battle of Blenheim,* Marlborough and Prince Eugene gained a signal victory over the French, under the command of Tallard; and it was on occasion of this victory that a noble estate at Woodstock, near Oxford, was given to Marlborough, and a magnificent palace built upon it for his residence, called Blenheim House.

Another less splendid but more important conquest marked the same era. In the narrow western entrance into the Mediterranean Sea, formerly called the Pillars of Hercules, stand two fortified towns. The one on the north coast, Gibraltar, then belonged to the Spaniards. Look on the map; you will quickly perceive

* It is sometimes called the battle of Hochstet, as occurring equally near to that village.

how advantageous the possession of such a place must be. By the skilful manœuvring of Sir George Rooke, the English became masters of it in 1703, the year before the battle of Blenheim, and have kept it in their hands ever since; not, indeed, without many struggles with the Spaniards.

The Earl of Peterborough now performed an action more honorable to the English name than the most splendid conquest achieved by her most eminent generals. Anne assisted Charles, son of the Emperor, with some troops, to establish himself, if possible, in Spain; and the Earl of Peterborough was appointed general of these troops. At the siege of Barcelona, when that city capitulated, the Earl entered the walls to sign the articles of surrender. While doing so, a loud cry was heard, and the Governor of Barcelona called out, "My lord, you have betrayed us; your English are pillaging our city." "It cannot be," replied the Earl—"my English know better: it must be our allies, the Germans. Let me bring in my troops, and I will quickly appease the clamor." Though these words were spoken by a man of a mean and deformed figure, the tone of sincerity with which they were uttered was most imposing. The Governor acceded to his extraordinary request. The Earl, as he

had predicted, found that the allies had perfidiously entered the city; but he drove them from the place, compelled them to restore their booty, and then quietly returned and signed the capitulation.

A regular and solemn union of the kingdoms of Scotland and England was now effected. The treaty was signed by the principal nobility of both nations, and is still preserved and shown to the curious in the Register Office in Edinburgh. The prosperity of both countries has been much increased by the fulfilment of this treaty.

Marlborough, after all his successes, was doomed to be disgraced. Mrs. Masham, a relation of the Duchess, was introduced by her to the Queen, and soon gained so much influence over the mind of Anne, that she brought about the disgrace of her friend and kinswoman. Whilst Mrs. Masham thus intrigued, under the direction of Harley, Lord Oxford, this nobleman, one of the Queen's ministers, called to his aid Henry St. John, the famous Lord Bolingbroke. This junto shortly succeeded in depriving Marlborough of the Queen's confidence and favor. Heavy charges of taking the public money for his own use were brought against him; and as he very unsatisfactorily explained

this imputation upon his honesty, he was removed from his employments. It was during this season of degradation, that Prince Eugene, meeting his old friend, generously threw himself into his arms—too warm-hearted, and too noble-minded, to allow a change of fortune to induce a change of feeling: thus giving an example worthy of universal imitation; since none but the base and the cowardly would recommend or adopt coldness and unkindness to the companion humbled, not by his own failings, but by the caprice of others.

During the remainder of Anne's reign, Marlborough lived in retirement, travelling on the continent as a private gentleman, but being everywhere received with marks of respect and honor. In the next reign he was restored to all his dignities, but died shortly afterward in the seventy-third year of his age. The influence of the Duchess had declined more quickly than her husband's; and when, at last, she visited the Queen, to try to regain, if possible, her lost power, Anne answered her supplications by repeating an insolent expression in one of her own letters to the Queen: "You desired no answer, and shall have none."

So much for the fate of intriguing courtiers! Who would condescend to flatter the great, and

spend life in scheming for power, when dignity, peace of mind, and truth must be sacrificed in the pursuit!

The Queen had several children, but not one survived her; and the death of the Duke of Gloucester, a prince of much promise, the last survivor of her family, in the fourteenth year of his age, deeply afflicted her. After a prosperous reign of twelve years, Anne expired in the forty-ninth year of her age, leaving her name to be recorded in history by the honorable title of "Good Queen Anne." In her ended the line of the Stuarts.

John Locke, the celebrated metaphysical writer, died in this reign. Metaphysics, or the science of the mind, is a study highly improving; and Mr. Locke first established its principles. When you are old enough, you must read his work on the subject. Since our actions arise from our thoughts, must it not be very useful, nay, very necessary, that we should learn to think clearly and justly? Mr. Locke's treatise will teach you to think.

## CHAPTER LXIV.

### EAST INDIES.

After the Portuguese had doubled the Cape of Good Hope, they proceeded in their venturous voyage, until they reached the coast of Malabar, and landed at Calicut, the 22d of May, 1498. At that period, many native princes governed in Hindoostan. Vasco de Gama, the Portuguese navigator, attempted to conclude a commercial treaty with some of these princes; and, though he failed, the Portuguese commander who followed him succeeded.

Goa was taken by Albuquerque. Some degree of injustice must always attach to the invasion and subjugation of a country over which no right of conquest could be possessed; yet the European settlers in Asia did not disgrace themselves and their country as those in America had done. Portugal soon obtained extensive dominions in India; and the island of Bombay was given to the second Charles of England, as part of the dowry of his wife Catherine, Infanta of Portugal.

The Dutch followed the path opened by the

Portuguese, and hastened to send colonies to India.

The English, in the reign of Elizabeth, also adventured thither; and the Queen, as I have told you, granted permission to a company of merchants to trade thither. Pepper and spices were the first objects of commerce; afterward, silks, cotton, coffee, rice, sugar, and tea became articles eagerly sought for. The Mogul Emperor resided at Delhi, and permitted the establishment of a factory at Surat. Other settlements were made on the other side of the peninsula of India, at Madras and Bengal.

Long after the Portuguese, Dutch, and English had settled in India, the French turned their speculations to that quarter, and, by treaty or force of arms, gradually obtained a footing there

Thus a regular commerce was established between the different states of Europe and their several colonies in the East Indies. Troops were sent over to defend the settlements, or to acquire new territories; the native princes were subdued by arms, or bound by treaties to respect the European colonies. Towns and cities were built, and laws and governments arranged.

In the island of Amboyna, one of the Moluc-

cas, a dreadful butchery was perpetrated by the Dutch during the reign of the first James.

The Portuguese had been expelled by the Dutch from this island; and the English had settled there, under the protection of the Dutch government. Some disagreement arose between these two people, and they were referred to be adjusted by their respective East-India Companies. But the Dutch would not wait the slow awards of justice; they chose to tarnish their name for ever by an unparalleled act of treachery and barbarity. Under the pretext that the English were conspiring against them, they broke through every law of humanity, violated the promise of protection given, and at once seized all the English as so many criminals: nor did their shameless perfidy stop here. They put to death the prisoners collected, with the most exquisite torture; and, though not one proof could be found of the pretended plot, all the English on the island were butchered in the most barbarous manner.

Are we speaking of Christians? Alas! that so pure and merciful a creed should be sullied by the deeds of its professors!

After the death of Aureng-Zebe, the Mogul Emperor, the settlement of Bengal made favorable arrangements with the court of Delhi.

But, surrounded as were the Eastern colonies of Great Britain with Asiatic and European forces, war, in one quarter or another, was always harassing them. The chief presidencies, Madras, Bombay, and Bengal, were, and are, the seats of government and judicature. After a voyage of many weeks—it may be, of many months—it must be very interesting to find, on a distant shore, towns inhabited by our countrymen, and customs, as far as climate will admit, similar to our own. The mixture of the dark natives; their peculiar buildings, and as peculiar dress and manners; with the different trees and plants that enrich their soil, must give strong interest to a first view of the town and country scenes of India; and Europeans ought graciously to contemplate a country from which they have long drawn wealth and luxuries, and a people with whom it is their own fault if they do not live in peace and confidence.

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## CHAPTER LXV.

### GEORGE I. KING OF GREAT BRITAIN.

In the reign of William, an act of parliament had been passed, that the Princess Sophia,

Duchess Dowager of Hanover, and her heirs, should be next in succession to Anne. Sophia was the granddaughter of James I., and had married the Elector of Hanover,* George Louis. Her son, therefore, ascended the throne of Britain on the death of Queen Anne.

George I. landed at Greenwich, and was received with distinguished respect. Soon after his arrival, he took occasion to say, "My maxim is, never to abandon my friends, to do justice to all the world, and to fear no man"—a wise sentiment from any mouth, but singularly appropriate from that of a King.

Charles Edward, the son of James II. by his second wife, had made an attempt to obtain his father's crown in the reign of Anne. In the reign of George I. he again visited Scotland, and was solemnly proclaimed King at Aberdeen. A powerful party had already collected, under the command of the Earl of Mar, and had gained some advantages. The Earl of Argyle, the King's general, however, soon subdued these irregular troops; and, the Pretender shortly after quitting Scotland, the rebellion in that country in his favor was quickly extinguished.

I will not talk to you about the various intrigues of the politicians and statesmen, which

* He was also Duke of Brunswick-Luneburg.—*Gibbon.*

formed the prominent incidents in the reign of George I., nor of the trials of the Earl of Oxford and the Duke of Ormond. The last time these two celebrated personages met, the Earl earnestly dissuaded Ormond from quitting England; and when he found his entreaties unavailing, he bade farewell to his friend; the Duke saying, "Farewell, Oxford, without a head!" and the Earl replied, "Farewell, Duke, without a duchy!" The Duke of Ormond fled to Spain, where he afterward chiefly resided. The Earl of Oxford, after two years' imprisonment, was brought to trial; but, no accusers appearing against him, he was set at liberty.

That George I. was a prince of mild and benevolent principles the following anecdote gives proof. He was once at a masked ball, and discoursed with a lady who did not know him. When they drank wine together, the lady said, "To the health of the Pretender!" "With all my heart," replied the King; "I drink willingly to the health of unfortunate Princes."

On one of his visits to Hanover, he was taken suddenly ill on the road; the day before, he had appeared quite well, and had eaten very heartily at supper. Whilst travelling, the next morning, he ordered his coach to stop, and it was then discovered by his attendants that one of his

hands lay motionless. Everything was done to revive the King; but he fainted in the arms of his servant, Fabricio, and never spoke again. At eleven the next morning he ceased to breathe, being then in the thirteenth year of his reign, and the sixty-eighth of his age, June 11, 1727.

In 1720, much public distress was experienced by the breaking up of a society, called the "South-Sea Company." This society originated in some commercial project, and the hopes of a lucrative settlement in South America. By the folly of some of its directors, and the cunning dishonesty of others, immense sums of money, lent by numerous persons, were unaccountably lost, and many respectable families and individuals at once hurled from affluence to poverty. The government did what it could to remedy these evils: but their magnitude and number were beyond all power of complete reparation.

Many celebrated characters now adorned Britain. Mr. Prior, the poet, acted as ambassador at Paris before and after the accession of George I. Mr. Addison, the author of that much admired work, "The Spectator," now flourished. He served in Ireland as secretary to the profligate and worthless Earl of Wharton. He afterward married Lady Warwick; and, when dying,

sent for her son, the young Earl, to witness his death. "See how a Christian can die!" was the affecting address of Mr. Addison to his youthful son-in-law. Soon after the death of George I., expired Sir Isaac Newton—perhaps the greatest philosopher that ever enlightened the world. In astronomy, his discoveries were so astonishing, that he has been likened to light illuminating darkness—

"Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night;
God said, 'Let Newton be!' and all was light."

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## CHAPTER LXVI.

### LOUIS XV. KING OF FRANCE.

Louis XV. succeeded his grandfather, Louis XIV., in 1715, and found the kingdom more injured than benefited by the splendid reign of his predecessor. The people had been drained of their wealth; and the want of money was sensibly felt by all ranks. John Law, a Scotsman, had been compelled to flee his country for manslaughter,* and, escaping to France, set his wits to work to obtain a subsistence. He proposed a scheme for paying off the national debt

* Having killed a man in a duel.

with bank-notes, and established a bank in his own name, which he afterward connected with the Mississippi Company. His bank was taken under the protection of the government,* declared to be royal, and the principal direction of it was placed in the hands of Law. This scheme, though at first very promising, failed ultimately in relieving the public necessity; Law had again to flee for safety, and the nation remained more embarrassed than before the adoption of his ill-digested plan. After living some time in London, he travelled to Venice, where he died in want and obscurity.

Cardinal Fleury became minister at the age of seventy-three, and ably fulfilled his many and important duties until he almost counted ninety years, preserving his intellects unimpaired; a striking instance of faculties vigorous amidst the decay of limbs and body.

The Pragmatic Sanction had secured the possessions of the House of Austria to the female as well as male heirs of that family. In England, you have seen Queens placed on the throne; in France and other countries, no woman could reign; the *salique*† or salic law excluding them

* By the Duke of Orleans.

† From *sala* [house]; a law determining the inheritance of property among the Germans.—*Montesquieu.*

from the succession. This law was derived from the ancient Germans. A regulation to disregard this law, in favor of the House of Austria, was entitled the "Pragmatic Sanction."

Charles VI., Emperor of Germany, died without male issue; and, according to the above regulation, his daughter, Marie Theresa, wife of Francis, Duke of Tuscany, was heiress to his dominions. Many princes opposed her claim: among the rest, the brother Kings of Spain and France. They collected a large army, which, under the command of the famous Prince of Conti, forced a passage over the Alps, and gained important victories.

War was at the same time declared against England, although the French navy, the only means the enemy possessed of attacking that sea-girt isle, was in a most despicable condition: scarcely one man-of-war being in a state to put to sea. Hence the English obtained many a triumph over their neighbors, and continued to hold the empire of the ocean.

These destructive wars, added to heavy losses in America and the East Indies, concurred to shake the grandeur and internal peace of France. Other causes also, of a more domestic nature, farther injured the national prosperity. When you are old enough, you will read the works of

some French writers of that era, which will sufficiently convince you that a country poisoned by baneful publications must be in the way to lose all dignity and happiness.

On the 5th January, 1757, Louis was stabbed at Versailles, in the presence of his son and his courtiers, and in the midst of his guards. A poor wretch, named Damiens, had indulged a melancholy and vindictive disposition till he became almost mad. Hearing murmurs from the people on all sides, he presumed that, by killing the King, he should strike at the root of the public calamity. Armed with a sharp knife, he watched his opportunity, and wounded his sovereign. Louis, when he felt the blow, looked on the ruffian, whose wild glances easily marked him, and quietly said, "This is the man; seize him, but do not hurt him."

The King recovered; but his lenient command did not save the wretched Damiens from being put to death in the most cruel manner.

The Queen died in 1769, and Louis from that time became the slave of his mistresses. Madame Du Barry ruled him with unlimited power.

In the sixty-fourth year of his age, the King was seized a second time with the small-pox. The nature of the disease not being known in

time, he was improperly treated, and expired in the fifty-ninth year of his reign, 1774.

A celebrated female gave honor to this period. Madame Dacier, the admired translator of Homer, by her profound knowledge of Greek and her other shining accomplishments, acquired a deathless fame. She died in 1718, soon after Louis had ascended the throne of France. Vertot, the historian, died in 1735.

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## CHAPTER LXVII.

### GEORGE II. KING OF GREAT BRITAIN.

George I. had married the Princess Sophia of Zell; they had two children, George II., and the Queen of Prussia, mother to the great Frederick II.

Of the numerous wars begun and prosecuted during this reign, I need not speak; you will read of them when you can better understand their causes and their consequences. England was alternately embroiled with almost every state of Europe, till, in 1748, the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle gave peace to the civilized world.

The rebellion of Scotland, as more near and more interesting, deserves greater attention.

Charles, the young Pretender, aided by France, again urged his pretensions. Count Saxe was put at the head of the troops destined for his service; and George II,. never deficient in personal courage, resolved to fight in his own cause. Charles, having landed in Scotland, and proclaimed his father King of England, at first gained some advantages, and marched forward with spirit. But the Duke of Cumberland, with a large and well-disciplined army, quickly appeared to oppose him. A battle on the plains of Culloden, nine miles from Inverness, decided the fate of the Pretender. His army was completely routed; and were I to describe to you his flight from the field of battle, you would think I was repeating the disastrous narrative of the second Charles. Though thirty thousand pounds were offered as a reward for whomsoever would bring him, dead or alive, to the English camp, not one of fifty persons with whom he trusted himself was base enough to betray his confidence.

One day, exhausted with fatigue and hunger, and grown desperate by the severity of his sufferings, he entered a house, the master of which he knew to be unfriendly to his cause. "The son of your King," he exclaimed, "comes to beg a little bread and a few clothes. I know you

are against me; but I believe you to be too honorable to betray me. Take these rags ; when I am King of England, you may restore them to me." The person so addressed showed himself worthy of the confidence reposed in him : he assisted the Prince, and never divulged his secret.

After many months spent in wandering amidst desolate wilds, Charles Edward escaped to France, and never again troubled the repose of Britain. He resided on the Continent the rest of his life, and, in a humble rank, perhaps enjoyed more true satisfaction than a throne could have bestowed. His principal adherents were tried and executed as rebels, and tranquillity was restored to the whole island, 1746.

It had been long known, that, by an inaccurate calculation of time, the months of the year did not fall in that exact part of the sun's course which they ought to do. In 1582, Pope Gregory had rectified this increasing error ; and, by making the 5th of October to be reckoned as the 15th, restored the days of the year to their right place. Almost two hundred years afterward, 1752, this "New Style," as it was called, was introduced into Britain ; as before, several days were skipped over, and the 3d of September reckoned as the 14th; the two centuries that had intervened requiring the addition of

another day when the arrangement was made with us. You will thus be able to form some idea of what is meant by Old and New Style, and the occurrence of the letters O.S. or N.S. added to dates.

The King had several children. Frederick, Prince of Wales, was married, and had a son named George, the late amiable and beloved George III., who so long swayed the British sceptre. The Prince of Wales and his father did not live upon good terms; and, for having offended the King, Frederick was forbidden to appear in his presence. These differences were, however, happily reconciled; for Frederick died prematurely: and to have expired in a state of enmity with his parent would have embittered his last moments, and increased the affliction of his loss to his father.

In 1744, Commodore Anson completed a voyage round the world. He first proceeded to America, and doubling Cape Horn, stretched across the Pacific Ocean to China, and returned by the Cape of Good Hope to his native land. Amuse yourselves by tracing his voyage on a globe. Captain Cook afterward, more than once, achieved this great undertaking. You are well acquainted with the prints in Cook's Voyages;

as you grow older, you must make yourselves as conversant with his Narrative.

In 1755, the city of Lisbon was destroyed by an earthquake. Can you imagine this awful event? The earth opening, and swallowing up a large and populous city! The quay of Lisbon, newly built of stone, ran far into the sea; it was crowded by human beings. In one instant it disappeared, and every creature on it perished. It has been calculated that sixty thousand lives were lost on that fatal day. Churches were thrown down, and houses fell, as if built of cards. In the tremendous convulsion, some edifices caught fire, and raging flames added horrors to the scene. Be grateful that you live in a country very seldom and very slightly affected by these dreadful operations of nature.

The last great event that distinguished the reign of George II., was the taking of Quebec. General Wolfe, in the prime of life, achieved that splendid conquest. Quebec, a fortified town of Canada, in North America, was the capital of the French dominions in the New World. M. De Montcalm, a brave officer, relied too much on the inaccessible situation of the town he was appointed to defend. When he found the English had gained an important post, he hastened to retrieve his error, and fought valiantly amidst

his French soldiers. Wolfe was shot in the wrist in the beginning of the engagement; but, wrapping a handkerchief about the wound, he continued his exertions. A second ball pierced his bosom, and he leaned on the shoulder of one of his men, still striving to rally. While thus struggling in acute pain, he heard the cry, "They run! They run!" "Who run?" asked the dying warrior. "The French!" replied the surrounding soldiers. "Then I die happy!" murmured the general, and expired.

England, by this victory, obtained possession of Canada, which has ever since owned her sway.

George II. died rather suddenly at Kensington, in the thirty-fourth year of his reign, and seventy-seventh of his life, 1760.

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## CHAPTER LXVIII.

### CELEBRATED PERSONS WHO LIVED DURING THE REIGN OF GEORGE II.

So many clever and excellent persons lived during the reign of George II. that I must give a chapter to the enumeration of them. Indeed, this period may be called the *Augustan Age* of England. The life of Louis XIV. is deemed

the Augustan Age of France. Pray, what do I mean by this expression? I hope you have not forgotten Augustus, Emperor of Rome, and that numerous learned and accomplished persons lived during his reign.

1729, died Sir Richard Steele, who wrote the Tattler, and was author of some of the papers of the Spectator. He was a great friend and admirer of Mr. Addison.

1732, died Mr. Gay. His very amusing Fables have often entertained you; and if you will attend to the *moral* they convey, the perusal of them will equally instruct you.

1741, died M. Rollin, a Frenchman, the author of "Ancient History," and other excellent books for young people. His history is one of the most useful works that you can peruse; and, though long, will not weary you, if properly read; for many parts are deeply interesting, and the whole is full of anecdotes and stories of the great, and the learned, and the good, of former times.

1744, died Mr. Alexander Pope, to whom English readers are highly indebted for a charming translation of Homer, the ancient Greek poet's works. Mr. Pope wrote also ingenious Imitations of Horace, the Roman bard, and many original poems.

1745, died Dr. Jonathan Swift; he was very clever and very witty; and you will laugh at his "Travels of Gulliver," a satirical fable, deduced from the follies and vices of mankind. But, in general, his works are not calculated for juvenile readers.

1748, died Mr. James Thomson. His fine poem, "The Seasons," is justly and universally admired; and, while it pleases the fancy, it warms and elevates the heart.

1748, died Dr. Isaac Watts. This learned and amiable divine composed so many works for the gratification and improvement of youth that you must early learn to respect his memory; his talents you cannot fail to respect. With his pleasing little Hymns you are already familiar; and with his longer and graver compositions I trust you will be acquainted as soon as you are capable of understanding and relishing their excellences.

1754, died Mr. Henry Fielding. This gentleman wrote many plays; among the rest, that very laughable one called "Tom Thumb," founded on the little story of that name. He also published many novels, which, though full of wit, are not always full of good examples: his heroes are not worthy to be imitated.

1759, died Frederick Handel, the great musi-

cian. He was so devoted to his favorite art, that, by great application, he was capable, at the age of fourteen, of acting as the manager of a band. He composed a prodigious number of pieces; and if ever you hear his oratorio of "The Messiah" in a full orchestra, you will *feel* what was the extent of his mighty genius.

1760, died Count Zinzendorf. He was the founder of that quiet and unassuming sect, the "Moravians," or "United Brethren." Of these Moravians, and their several retired stations in England, Germany, and elsewhere, you will often hear. Pray, observe, I have only named a *few* of the most remarkable persons who died during the reign of George II.

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## CHAPTER LXIX.

### FREDERICK THE GREAT, KING OF PRUSSIA.

FREDERICK II., King of Prussia, was the son of Sophia, daughter of George I. of England. His father, Frederick William I., treated him with great severity, and seemed desirous of educating him only for a military character. But young Frederick took all opportunities of improving his mind, and acquiring the various

elegant accomplishments. He once attempted to escape from Prussia and to travel into foreign countries; but he was arrested, and punished by six months' imprisonment in a dungeon. His juvenile friend and travelling companion, Lieutenant Catt, was more rigorously treated; he was beheaded, and the young prince was compelled to behold the execution of the amiable young man, who thus suffered in his cause.

When Frederick was released from confinement, he retired to a secluded castle, where he employed his time in literary pursuits, and was visited by men of taste and genius. When his father died, he ascended the throne of Prussia, assiduously devoted himself to public business, and with especial care superintended the military department. He engaged in several wars, and made his name feared by his neighbors. When a season of peace intervened, he occupied himself with writing and publishing books; thus giving evidence of the variety and excellence of his mental powers.

He persuaded the celebrated Frenchman, M. De Voltaire, to reside at his court; but these eccentric personages were not likely long to agree. The King was in the habit of sending his writings for the Frenchman to correct and prepare for printing. One day, when some

papers arrived from Frederick, Voltaire excused himself from obliging a friend, who had asked a similar favor, by saying, "I cannot look over your work; for, see! the King has sent me his dirty linen to clean." This sarcasm was repeated to the King, and, it is said, was never forgiven by him. These two philosophers parted; Voltaire hastily quitted Berlin, the capital of Prussia, and Frederick made him suffer for his provoking jest.

This monarch effected so much in the course of twenty-four hours that you may be sure he carefully regulated his time. "Every hour brought its appointed occupation." He rose at five—sometimes before; for he too well knew the value of morning hours to lose many of them in sleep or idle wakings. He allowed himself *two minutes* to dress his own hair; he gave one hour to his dinner, and filled up almost every other till midnight in some useful or improving employment. He dressed very plainly, was fond of music, but shunned the society of females. Even at the age of seventy-four, when disease had shaken his frame, he pursued nearly the same system of attention to public business and self-improvement. When his disorder became very painful and oppressive, so that he could not lie down on his bed, he persisted in

his plans, was cheerful and uncomplaining, and listened to his attendants while they read to him works of celebrity. Whilst his friends were reading to him from Cicero and Plutarch, he fainted, and expired the following morning, August 17, 1786, aged seventy-five.

You have here the pleasing side of Frederick's picture:—let us look at the reverse. Frederick was one of the potentates who, in 1772, dismembered Poland. What should we say to three clowns, who, after seizing our garden, should divide it among themselves, and each call the appropriated portion his own? I suppose, we should at once name such persons *robbers*. The greater the theft, the greater the crime. Three powerful monarchs, of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, seized upon Poland, sent away its King, and shared that kingdom among themselves. What was this but robbery?

Some day you may, perhaps, read the adventures of Baron Trenck: he was beloved by the Princess Amelia, Frederick's sister; and for presuming to return the love of so elevated a personage, Trenck was cruelly persecuted by the King. His sufferings were, indeed, almost unparalleled, and you will admire his unbroken spirit of endurance. Frederick is also accused

of ingratitude to the family of poor Lieutenant Catt, whose death his imprudence certainly caused; but, worse than all, he is accused of *impiety*. For fools to be impious is not wonderful, for they know no better; but for wise men to be impious is most strange.

Catherine II. was the Empress of Russia who assisted Frederick of Prussia and Joseph II., Emperor of Germany, in dismembering Poland. She has been much extolled as a patron of learning and a beneficial sovereign to Russia; but, I think, you will consider her character as deeply stained with crime. Not to say anything of her share in the above-named most unjust and disgraceful transaction, she obtained her crown by intrigue, and, if report speaks true, by the murder of her husband, the weak and unfortunate Peter III. But, in the catalogue of her faults, not one is more painfully conspicuous than her cruel execution of Prince Ivan. This youthful sufferer could be charged with no other crime than that of having been chosen heir, and proclaimed Emperor of Russia.

Catherine I., the *wife*, Peter II., the *grandson*,* and Anne, the *niece* of Peter I., the Great, successively ascended his throne. The Empress

* The son of the unfortunate Alexis, who was killed by order of his father, Peter the Great.

Anne, in her will, bequeathed the crown of Russia to Ivan, the infant son of her niece, the Duchess of Brunswick-Luneburgh.

But Elizabeth, the younger daughter of Peter the Great, contrived to have Ivan III. deposed, and herself proclaimed Empress. Ivan was then an infant, and was carried from his cradle to Elizabeth, who took him into her arms. At that moment, loud shouts were heard from the populace, hailing the new Empress. The innocent child smiled at the noise; Elizabeth was touched by his unconscious gaiety, and exclaimed, "Poor child! you do not know that those shouts announce your loss of a crown!" However, to secure her own power and safety, she put the child into a strong fortress, where he remained imprisoned upward of twenty years, and was at last put to death by his guards, by order of Catherine II., the widow of Peter III. This Peter was son of Anne, daughter of Peter the Great, and successor to his aunt, the Empress Elizabeth.

Ivan was a beautiful and artless youth. When his merciless keepers entered his lonely dungeon, he made a brave resistance, and fell mangled with many wounds, in the twenty-fourth year of his age, and the second of Catherine II.'s reign, 1764. Read his tragical history in

"Castera's Life of Catherine II.," or in "Coxe's Travels in Russia."

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## CHAPTER LXX.

### GEORGE III. KING OF GREAT BRITAIN.

We are now come to the eventful reign of George III. He was the son of Frederick Prince of Wales, and succeeded his grandfather, George II. the 25th October, 1760, being then in the twenty-third year of his age.

Volumes would not suffice to give you a precise detail of the several events that distinguished the long and busy reign of this amiable monarch. Two or three of the most prominent I will slightly notice; and, when you are old enough, you must read of the rest in better books.

In 1763, Mr. Wilkes, a member of parliament, was committed to the Tower for publishing a seditious paper in "The North Briton," a periodical work. You will often hear of "Number 45," the number of this paper. After various struggles between Mr. Wilkes and his prosecutors, he was outlawed, and retired to Paris. After four years of exile, he petitioned the

King for leave to return to England, and spent the latter part of his life in his native island. He was of so active a character, that he used to say, "I have always lived two days in one."

In 1776, the American colonies declared themselves an independent republic. After the discovery of the New World, all the states of Europe sent colonies thither, and, by force or purchase, obtained large tracts of land. The English did so at various times, from the reign of Elizabeth; and these persons, though living so far distant from our country, were considered as subjects of England, and under the authority of the English government. By degrees, their numbers and their consequent power greatly increased; and, finally, taking offence at a tax levied upon them by the English ministry, they declared themselves an independent republic, and took up arms to support their declaration. Troops from England were immediately sent over to quell this revolt. The struggle between the mother-country and her colonies continued long, and was attended with various success. At length, in 1783, the independence of America was formally acknowledged by England and the other states of Europe; and from that time the United States have been governed by their own laws and their own congress. This arrange-

ment had been opposed, because it was deemed injurious to the prosperity of Britain; but since it took place, it has been thought beneficial to the mother-country, because America caused more expense than it repaid.

In 1782, the celebrated William Pitt, second son of the Earl of Chatham, was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer. When I inform you that this extraordinary young man was only in the *twenty-fourth* year of his age at that time, you will be astonished to behold him filling the office of prime-minister to a mighty empire. His life was, indeed, one splendid course of active duty; and, if incomparable talents and extraordinary virtue could insure prosperity, England must have prospered under the administration of Mr. Pitt. But though he could make the best of events, he could not govern them; and, besides, his rivals, with more love of opposition than of justice or patriotism, continually obstructed his views and defeated his plans. Worn out with exertion and repeated disappointment, to the irreparable loss of his country, Mr. Pitt died, on the 23d of January, 1806. His last words spoke the subject of his thoughts, and explained the cause of his premature decease; for with a sigh he murmured, "O! my country!"

Mr. Fox, the great opponent of Mr. Pitt, and remarkable for many shining talents, died the same year. On the floor of Westminster Abbey you will mark the tombstones of these great men. They lie close together; and, after a life of warfare, repose in peace, almost side by side!

In 1795, after a trial which had lasted *seven years*, Mr. Warren Hastings was acquitted of the charges brought against him. He had been in high power in the East Indies, and was accused of various crimes and misdemeanors. Of all these he was not only declared innocent, but the East-India Company voted him a handsome indemnification for the trouble and expense he had sustained. How pure must have been his conduct, when it could bear uninjured the close scrutiny to which it was subjected!

In 1806, the slave-trade was abolished by act of parliament. Mr. Wilberforce, a name ever dear to humanity, was the principal actor in the benevolent undertaking of abolishing this nefarious trade. In 1788, this intelligent and excellent man first gave notice of his intention to propose the abolition of the slave-trade; and he pledged himself never to cease his efforts till he had accomplished his object. Though all good men seconded his views, the desired act was not

passed until 1806; when, to the honor of England, she set the example to all other states.

A rebellion in Ireland was not subdued without great waste of blood: and the revolution in France was one of the most sanguinary events that ever tarnished the page of history. Some account of the latter shall be given in another chapter. Suffice it here to say, that the energy of the British government and the valor of the British troops assisted to give peace to that distracted country.

Who has not heard—who, in ages yet unborn, will not hear—of Waterloo!—of the valiant soldiers, and the skilful general, who, on the plains near that now renowned village, won a glorious victory?*—*glorious* because it gave peace to all the world!

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## CHAPTER LXXI.

### LOUIS XVI. KING OF FRANCE.

THE amiable and unfortunate Louis XVI. succeeded his grandfather, Louis XV., in the twentieth year of his age, in 1774. He married

* The troops of the allies, under the Duke of Wellington, fought and won the battle of Waterloo, 18th June, 1815.

the beautiful and accomplished Marie Antoinette, sister to the Emperor of Germany.

You have seen how much France suffered by the bloody and expensive wars carried on by Louis XIV. In the reign of Louis XV., the state of affairs became more embarrassed, and a mischievous philosophy began to pervade the minds of men. At such a crisis, a mild and benignant sovereign, like Louis XVI., was unfit to rule a harassed and turbulent people. Severe measures might have recalled the nation to a sense of duty and propriety; but the gentle nature of Louis XVI. was averse to severity.

All the historians of those disastrous times concur in pronouncing Louis as more "sinned against than sinning;" as suffering for the faults of others, rather than for his own. It will be impossible for me to give the melancholy detail of the circumstances that led to his undeserved and mournful fate.

In the first instance, under the plausible pretext of recovering a just degree of liberty, a licentious mob pulled down the ancient prison called the Bastille.* In this strong building it

* The prison of the Bastille was a place where cruelties and miseries, almost too horrid to be related, had been inflicted upon those who were so unfortunate as to be shut up in it. In the reign of Louis XV. many were imprisoned and

had been the custom for former monarchs and governors to immure obnoxious persons, sometimes for life, sometimes when not guilty; and

tortured there for the most trifling offences; and, though the King himself was naturally humane, yet, by suffering his ministers and infamous favorites to tyrannize over his subjects with the greatest barbarity, he made himself a partner in their wickedness. Among other wretched victims during his reign was one, whose only crime had been that he had, unthinkingly, spoken some disrespectful words of the King, for which he was imprisoned forty-seven years, between four thick, cold, stone walls, without one friend to comfort him, or a hope of ever being set at liberty, so that death would have been a blessing to him. When, however, Louis XV. died, the ministers of the good Louis XVI., prompted by humanity and by the wishes of the amiable young King, inspected the horrid prison of the Bastille, and set many of the unfortunate prisoners at liberty, among whom was the wretched man mentioned above, who was now grown old, and had almost lost the use of his limbs from long confinement; and of his speech, from the want of having any one to talk to: his hair was grown white from grief as well as age, but he had borne the horrors of his imprisonment with an invincible and manly spirit. One day the narrow door of his prison opened, not by halves, as usual, but it was thrown wide open; and an unknown voice announced his liberty, and bade him depart. Believing this to be a dream, he hesitated; but at length he rose up, and walked forth with trembling steps, amazed at the space he went over; the stairs of the prison, the halls, the court, seemed to him vast, immense, and almost without bounds. He stopped from time to time, and gazed around like a bewildered traveller; his sight was with difficulty reconciled

though Louis XVI. was too lenient so to abuse his power, the demolition of this edifice cannot be regretted by the humane. Unfortunately,

to the clear light of day; he looked at the heavens as a new object, his eyes remained fixed, and he could not even weep. Stupefied with the new power of changing his posture, his limbs, like his tongue, refused to perform their office, in spite of his efforts; but at length he got through the formidable gate. When he felt the motion of the carriage which was to convey him to his former habitation, he screamed out, and uttered some indistinct sounds; and as he could not bear this motion, he was obliged to get out. Supported by a kind arm, he sought out the street where he had formerly resided, and found it, but no trace of his house remained; one of the public buildings occupied its place; nor could he discover anything that he had before been acquainted with; the houses of his nearest neighbors, of which the recollection was fresh in his memory, had been rebuilt, or so altered that they appeared quite strange to him; and it was in vain that he directed his looks to the various objects around him, for he could perceive nothing of which he had the smallest remembrance. Terrified, he stopped and sighed deeply; to him it was of no consequence that the city was full of people, none of them were known to him, and he was unknown to the whole world; so that, whilst he wept, he regretted his dungeon. At the name of the Bastille, which he often pronounced, and at the sight of his clothes, which marked their age, the crowd gathered round him, and expressed their curiosity as well as their pity; the oldest asked him many questions, but not one remembered the circumstances he spoke of. At length, accident brought in his way an ancient domestic, now an old porter, who, confined to his lodge for fifteen years, had

however, the populace of any country seldom know where to stop. That of France arrested not its headlong career until all rule and order

barely strength to open the gate; even he did not know the master he had once served; but he informed him, that grief and misfortune had brought his wife to the grave thirty years before; that his children were gone to distant countries, and that of all his friends and relations there was not one now remaining. The poor miserable man groaned aloud, and felt the greatness of his calamities even more than he would have done in the dreadful solitude he had just left. Overcome with sorrow, he presented himself to the minister to whose humanity he had been indebted for that liberty which was now a burthen to him: bowing down, he said, "Restore me again to that prison from which you have taken me! I cannot survive the loss of my nearest relations and my friends, and, in one word, of a whole generation! Is it possible in the same moment to be informed of this universal destruction, and not to wish for death? This general mortality, which to the rest of mankind comes slowly and by degrees, has to me been instantaneous. Whilst I was shut up, I lived with myself only: but here I can neither live with myself, nor with this new race, to whom my grief and despair appear only as a dream. There is nothing terrible in dying; but it is dreadful indeed to be the last." The minister was greatly affected, and ordered the old domestic to attend this unfortunate man, as he alone could talk to him of his family. This was the only consolation he had in the world; and he lived in the midst of Paris, in the same kind of solitude as he had done, whilst confined to his dungeon for almost half a century; but the grief of being thus alone in the world soon put an end to his life, and with it to his misery also.

were overthrown. M. Necker, of whom you will often hear as a celebrated financier,* made some efforts to restore tranquillity, and partially succeeded: but the nation was not in a state to be easily appeased. M. Necker retired from office, and matters grew worse.

The King and Queen, when too late, attempted to flee from the gathering storm. They were overtaken at Varennes, and brought back to Paris. Somewhat more than a year after this arrest, all order and laws being at an end, the King and Queen, with their son and daughter, and the Princess Elizabeth, sister to the King, were put in confinement, in a building called the Tower of the Temple in Paris. The King and his family were exposed to the greatest indignities whilst they were in this prison; but their affection for each other consoled them for everything they had lost, and fortified them against everything they had to fear. The education of the little Dauphin was their principal care; and, for the sake of his health, they went every day to walk in the garden of the Temple, though the King was always insulted there by the people who guarded him. Louis taught his son geography, the Queen taught him history, and the Princess Elizabeth gave him lessons in

* Financier, a manager of the public money.

arithmetic. Some months after the royal family had been thus imprisoned, the persecuted monarch was brought to trial, and condemned to be beheaded. During his trial, which lasted six weeks, he was not allowed to have any intercourse with his wife and children; but the night before the sentence of death was to be executed, he was permitted to take leave of them; and the scene of their meeting and their parting forever was affecting and tender in the extreme. The King went into the room where they were to join him, and which was only separated by a door from that where two guards were constantly on duty. This door was formed of panes of glass from top to bottom, like a window, so that these two men could see all that passed. The Queen came in first, leading her little boy by the hand, and they were followed by the two princesses. They all threw themselves into the arms of the King, and a mournful silence prevailed for some time, which was only interrupted by sighs and sobs. The door was then shut, and the King sat down, with the Queen on one side, and his sister on the other; his daughter sat opposite, and the little prince stood between his knees: all leaned on the injured sovereign, and often clasped him in their arms. This scene of sorrow lasted an hour and three quarters, during which Louis told

his family that he was to die the next morning, and it could be seen through the glass door that their agitation and grief were dreadful. At length, the King rose to go: and they all followed, breaking out in the most agonizing lamentations. He bade them farewell in so impressive a manner, that their groans were renewed, and his daughter fainted at his feet. Once more, he embraced them most tenderly, and then tore himself from their arms:—"Farewell! farewell!" said he, and rushed out of the room into his own chamber. There he remained some time praying with his confessor, the priest who had been permitted to attend him; and then he went to bed, where he soon fell into a sound sleep. At five in the morning, he awoke, and, as soon as he was dressed, his confessor again prayed with him for a long time, and administered the sacrament to him. The King then came out of his closet, and called for his faithful servant, Clery, who had attended him with the most dutiful respect during his imprisonment; to him he gave a ring, a seal, and a small packet, saying, "You will give this seal to my son, this ring to the Queen, and assure her that it is with pain I part with it: this little packet, which contains the hair of all my family, you will give her also. Tell her, tell my dear children, and

tell my beloved sister, that though I promised to see them again this morning, yet I have resolved to spare them the pangs of so cruel a parting. Tell them how much it grieves me to go without receiving their embraces once more." He wiped away some tears, and then added, in the most mournful accent; "I charge you to bear them my last adieu." At length the door opened, and the guards came to say that the hour was near for the execution. "It is enough," said the King; "I will join you directly; but I wish to pass a few moments alone with my confessor." They retired together, and the King, falling on his knees, said: "All is over, give me your last blessing." This good priest was the Abbé Edgeworth, whose name well deserves to be remembered; he would not desert his King in his last moments, though his own life was in great danger from attending him, as the people hated all the friends of Louis, and treated them with the greatest cruelty. The King then threw open the door, and said to Santerre, the commander of the guards, who waited for him, "Let us go! I am ready!" He walked through the court of the Temple, strongly guarded, and found a carriage ready for him; one very fierce-looking soldier got in before him, and he and the Abbé followed, when another soldier got in also.

As they passed, the streets were lined with guards, and nothing was heard but the beating of drums. As the carriage went very slowly, the King asked the Abbé for a prayer-book, and his majesty continued reading in it till they stopped near the scaffold. The executioners opened the carriage-door; Louis got out, and, having thrown off his coat, was going to ascend the scaffold, when they seized his hands, to tie them behind his back. As he was not prepared for this last insult, he was going to resist; but the Abbé, knowing that resistance would be vain, and only expose the King to more violent outrages, said to him, "Sire, this new humiliation is another circumstance, in which your majesty's sufferings resemble those of that Saviour who will soon be your reward." This observation instantly removed the King's unwillingness, and with an air of dignified resignation, he presented his hands to the wretches; and as they were tying the cords with all their force, the King, addressing them mildly, said, "There is no need to pull so tight." While he was mounting the scaffold, the pious Abbé who supported him, exclaimed: "Offspring of St. Louis, ascend to heaven!" When the King came to the scaffold, advancing with a firm step to the part which faced his palace, he desired the drums

to cease beating, and was instantly obeyed, notwithstanding the orders they had received to the contrary. He then said, loud enough to be heard in the gardens of the palace; "I die innocent of all the crimes I have been charged with. I forgive my enemies—I implore God, from the bottom of my heart, to pardon them, and not to take vengeance on the French nation for the blood about to be shed." He was going on, when Santerre pushed furiously toward the drummers, and ordered them to beat without interruption. The executioners at the same time laid hold of their royal victim. As soon as the head was severed from the body, a young wretch, who assisted on this dreadful occasion, seizing it by the hair, danced round the scaffold, holding it up to the people, and crying out repeatedly, "Long live the Nation!"

After the death of Louis, his family were every day more cruelly treated; and the young Dauphin was ordered to be taken from his mother and the princesses. As soon as the little prince heard this order, he threw himself into the arms of the Queen, and entreated with violent cries, not to be parted from her. The poor Queen exclaimed, that "they had better kill her than tear her child from her." An hour was passed in her resistance, amid the threats and insults

of the officers, and the prayers and tears of the two princesses. At last they threatened to kill the boy, and the Queen was obliged to give him up. The two princesses dressed him, for his mother had not strength; but, when he was ready, she took him, and gave him into the hands of the officers, bathing him with her tears, foreseeing that she should never behold him again. The only consolation the Queen now enjoyed, was seeing her child through a chink, as he passed from his room to the tower, and at this chink she used to watch for hours together, The cruelty with which this poor child was treated, cannot be described. He was committed to the care of a man, of the name of Simon, a shoemaker, and at that time one of the officers: to this inhuman wretch, the boy's crying at being separated from his family appeared a great crime: and he soon terrified him so much, that the prince did not dare to weep. The cruel treatment he received, affected his mind as well as his body, and he died a victim to the inhumanity of those around him. The poor Queen and the princess ELIZABETH, a most amiable and pious woman, were taken from the Temple one after the other, and put into a common prison, whence they were subsequently conveyed to the scaffold, and beheaded. The princess

royal remained six months in the Temple, after the death of all her family, exposed alone to the insults of her enemies; but she was released, at the age of seventeen, and a few years afterward married to her cousin, the Duke of Angoulême.

After Louis was deposed, all titles of honor were abolished, and "Citizen" was the address to all classes of persons. Religion was entirely overthrown; and such of the clergy and nobles as escaped death, fled for safety from their native land; many of these unhappy emigrants found refuge in England. Robespierre made himself chief of the National Convention, and his reign was a time of bloodshed and iniquity too horrible for description; at last he fell from his height, and was executed by the very guillotine* to which he had sentenced thousands of his fellow-creatures. Another of this party, Marat, was stabbed by Charlotte Corday, who imbrued her hands in blood, to rid the world of a monster.

But I cannot pursue the horrid detail of transactions in France during this hideous revolution; a hundred accounts have been written of it, any one of which will suffice to impress the terrific narrative on your minds. The powerful inter-

* I leave this hideous machine, and the fate of its inventor, to be verbally described.

est it raises, insures its indelible impression; and, I dare say, you will suffer too much in the perusal to desire a repetition of such reading.

But the French soon found that, in their mad fury, they had sacrificed a gracious and legitimate monarch, to make room for a stern and low-born usurper. Napoleon Buonaparte, a Corsican, raised himself from the rank of ensign in the army to the throne of France. He was, unquestionably, a man of uncommon powers of mind; you will think so when you have read his history. But, vast as was his genius, his ambition was still more extensive. At one time, he might have been confirmed in his title of "Emperor of the French;" but, in desiring to grasp more, he lost all. The states of Europe combined against a man, whom no concessions would satisfy. The battle of Waterloo finally decided the fate of the usurper. Buonaparte fled from Paris, surrendered himself to Britain, and was sent to the Island of St. Helena, where he resided till his death on the 5th of May, 1821. Whilst emperor, he divorced his wife Josephine, that he might marry one of the daughters of the Emperor of Austria; and by that princess he left a son, who died in 1833.

On the downfall of Napoleon, the brother of

the unfortunate Louis XVI. who had lived in England during the season of French turbulence, hastened to Paris, and was proclaimed king by the title of Louis XVIII. Charles X., another brother, succeeded Louis XVIII. in 1825. In 1830, an attempt to carry certain arbitrary measures into execution, produced an insurrection of the people of Paris; when the King, his son the Duke of Angoulême, and the Duchess, the daughter of Louis XVI., were once more driven into exile, and the crown of France was transferred to Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans.

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## CHAPTER LXXII.

### CONCLUSION.

I CANNOT refrain from subjoining the names of some of the many celebrated persons who died after the accession of George III. They will make themselves hereafter better known to you by their works, and I think you will feel high satisfaction in seeing how rich a store of amusement and instruction lies before you, in the numerous publications of so many illustrious writers.

1761. Samuel Richardson, novel writer.
1765. Dr. Edward Young, poet.
1768. Rev. Lawrence Sterne, satirist.
1770. Dr. Mark Akenside, poet.
—— Dr. Tobias Smollet, historian, &c.
1771. Thomas Gray, poet.
1774. Oliver Goldsmith, poet.
1776. David Hume, historian.
1777. Samuel Foote, comedian.
1778. Voltaire, historian, &c.
—— Linneus, the great naturalist.
—— Rousseau, novelist, &c.
1779. David Garrick, the great actor.
1780. Sir William Blackstone.
1782. Metastasio, the Italian poet.
1784. Dr. Samuel Johnson, lexicographer, &c.
1787. Count de Buffon, naturalist.
1790. Dr. Benjamin Franklin, philosopher.
—— John Howard, the philanthropist.
1791. Mrs. Catherine Macauley, historian.
1793. Dr. W. Robertson, historian.
1794. Edward Gibbon, historian of Rome.
1796. Robert Burns, poet.
1800. William Cowper, poet.

You cannot peruse the slight sketch of history here given, without remarking with surprise the high rank which England has borne,

and now bears, in the civilized world. How small appears that little island by the side of so many extensive empires! Yet how vast is her influence! Respected and feared by the states of Europe;—possessing considerable territories in Asia, Africa, and America, there is no part of the globe but does honor to her fame, or pays homage to her authority.

How has this little island acquired this eminence? By the talents and virtues of her inhabitants. The same means that obtained distinction for her, have in an astonishingly short period of time exalted our country to an equal rank among the nations of the world, and they only can insure a continuance of prosperity and glory. The inhabitants must continue to excel in wisdom and in virtue. Every individual who constitutes a portion of this favored population can help to uphold the dignity of their country. Let this truth be deeply impressed on each youthful heart; let love of country add energy to every other claim on exertion; be grateful that you are Americans; be earnest to do honor to that title.

THE END.

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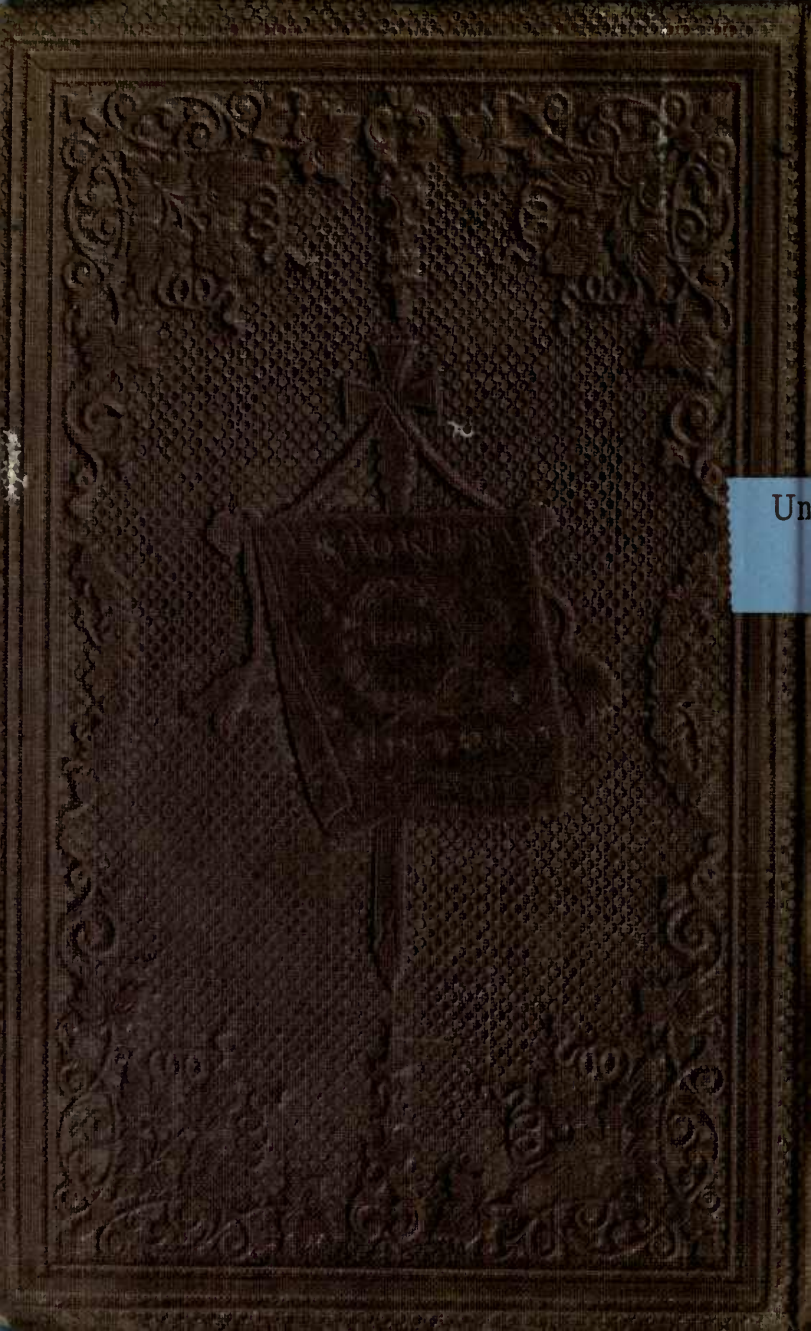
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